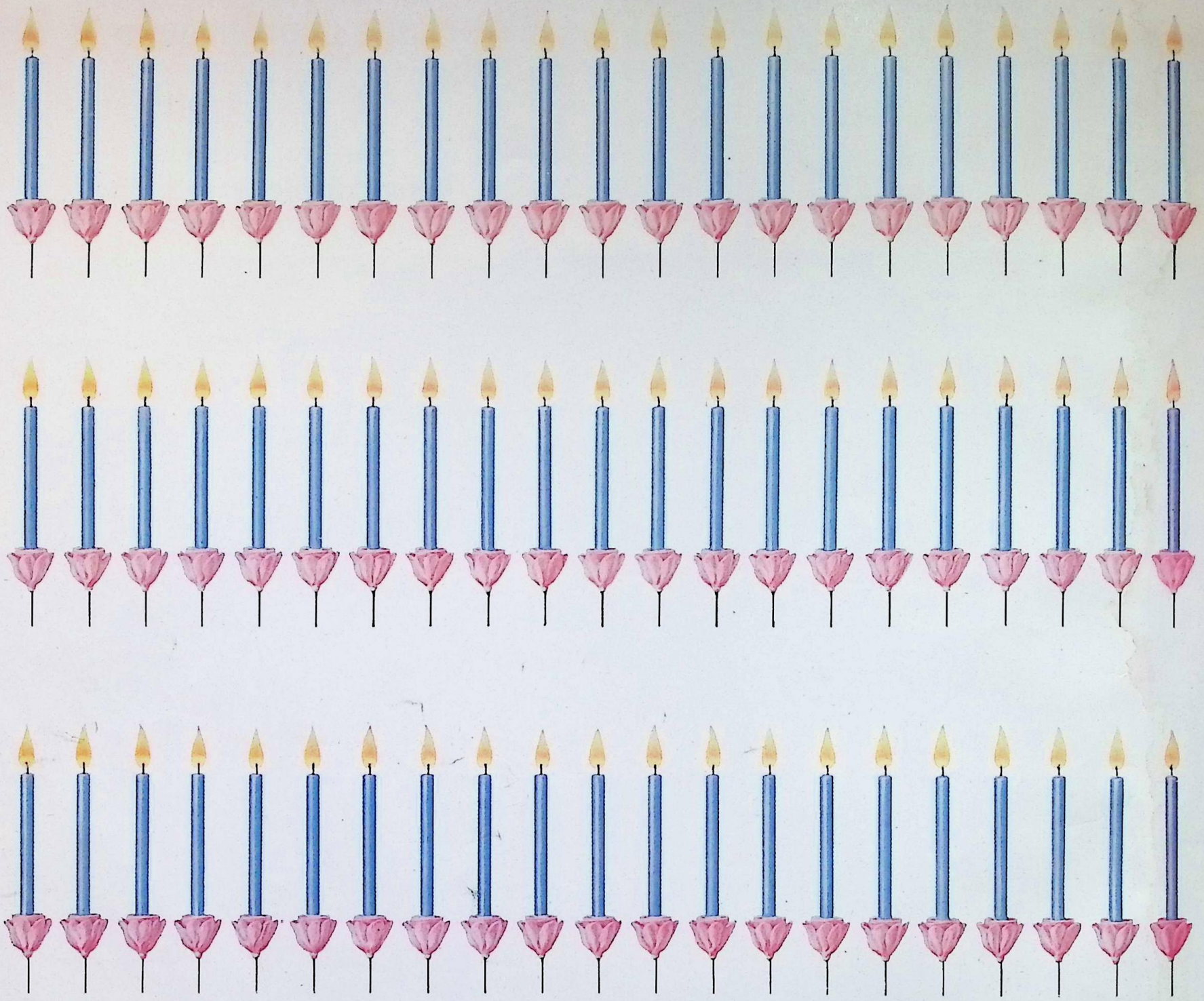
The Saturday Evening
POST
December 29, 1951 — 15¢

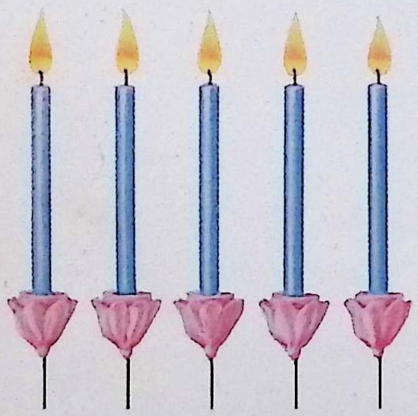
STALIN'S TROUBLES WITH THE UNDERGROUND

VANCOUVER, B.C.

Are Top Secrets Demoralizing Washington?

By DEMAREE BESS





IN A WAY, the familiar birthday candles represent the most important—and the most gratifying—advance of our times. In 1900, the average man lived to see only 50 of them on his last birthday cake. Today, he can look forward to a cake with as many candles as there are on this page.

This added gift of years has been made possible by thousands of men and women who work together to make and keep our country the healthiest nation in the world—doctors, dentists, nurses, pharmacists, public health workers, and others. Their work has not only increased the span of life — it has also helped to fill these years with more useful and more enjoyable living.

One of medicine's greatest problems is to get people to take advantage of the help it can offer them. And *you* are the only one who can solve this problem. Remember, every time you act on a warning that may mean trouble—every time you take full advantage of medicine's resources to build, conserve, and restore health—you increase your chances of adding more candles to your birthday cake.

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You'll discover new comfort . . . better looks . . . and far, far easier care in shirts of fabulous new Du Pont Orlon.* For "Orlon" is a natural-looking fiber, a friendly-feeling fiber, a completely care-free fiber. Next time you choose shirts, choose just one shirt of "Orlon" acrylic fiber. It'll be your favorite shirt all the New Year!

☆ Washes in a basin . . . dries ready to wear

☆ Keeps its professionally laundered look.

☆ Stays rumple-free!

☆ Cool, dry and porous . . . breathes with you!

☆ Right weight! Right feel!

*Du Pont's trade-mark for its acrylic fiber
Du Pont does not make shirts—makes only the "Orlon" fiber

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KEEPS ITS FIRST-DAY LOOK

DU PONT
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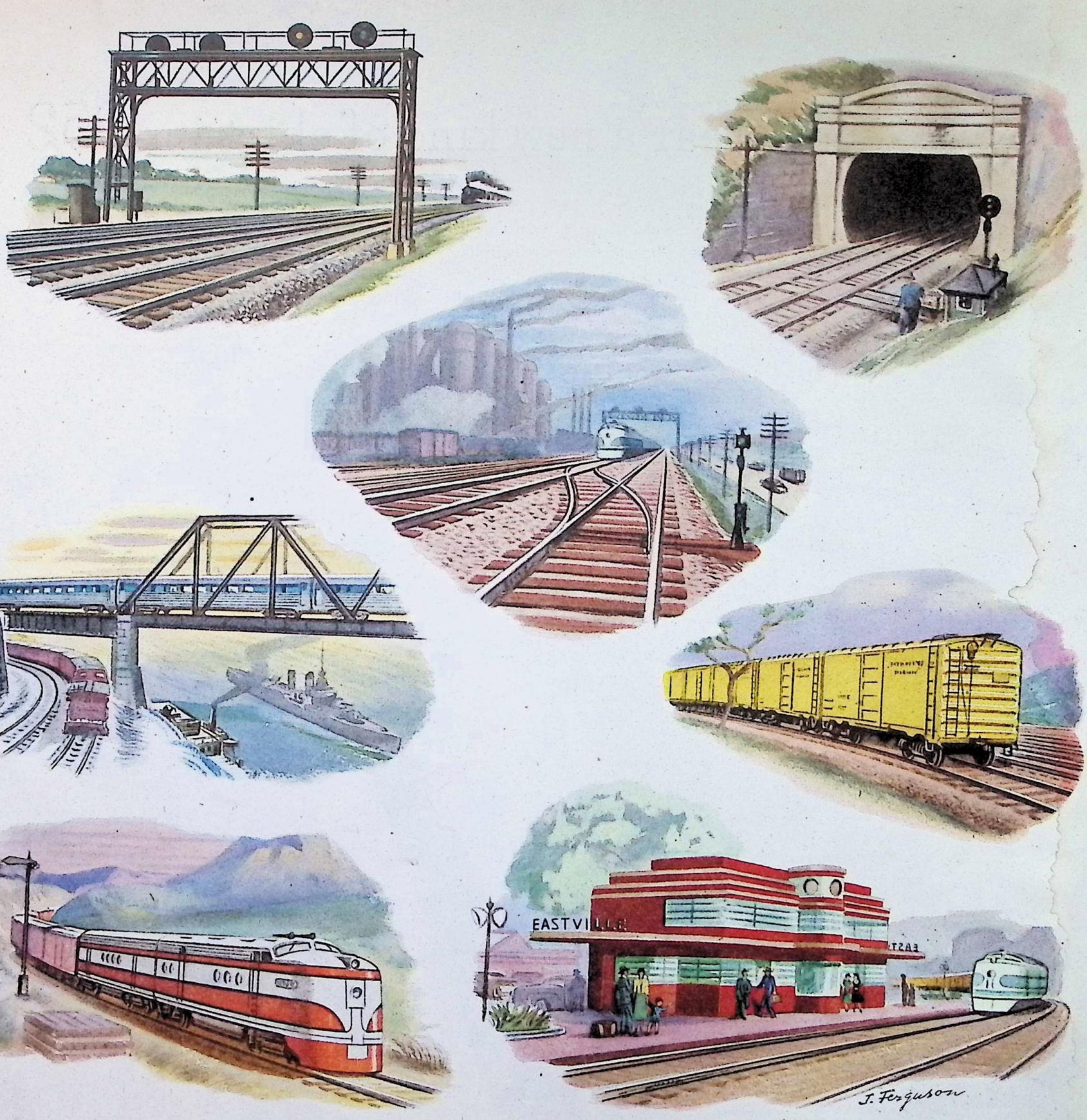
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY



These pictures have a bearing on your pocketbook. For the railroads alone of all forms of transportation pay every nickel of the cost of everything they use. They build and maintain their own "steel highways." They pay all the cost of their tunnels, terminals and bridges — their own signal systems, and safety devices.

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Fair Play for You — and America's Railroads

AMERICAN RAILWAY CAR INSTITUTE

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THIS WEEK'S COVER

One snowstorm is magnificent, also fine, bracing exercise, but another, in rapid succession, is a crowd. The thoughts crystallizing in Papa Shoveler's mind could not adequately be suggested by Painter George Hughes, for that front sidewalk is seventy-five feet long. As a bonus, there is a driveway containing 650 square feet. Presently all the snow on the roof will slide off on this driveway, and let us hope that Papa is not underneath it. Let us hope he is safe in the back yard, removing precipitation from Junior's skating rink, which blankets 780 square feet. If the second storm turns to rain, making vichysoisse, a white soup, and if this freezes, maybe it would be better to live in very Southern California or Florida.

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Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

NOW—GET ALL 3 with
Futurized Raytheon TV

- All 83 new UHF channels!
- Razor-sharp TV pictures!
- Extra fringe area power!

THE STARLIGHT, RC1720, fine 17" TV—AM radio—3-speed record player combination, 24 tubes. Price includes tax, warranty extra; subject to change; higher West and South. $349.95

ENJOY fine reception of razor-sharp pictures by turning only *one* dial. Raytheon uses *all* the tubes and power needed for wonderful, clear-focus pictures—no "short cuts", no dim, fuzzy pictures!

Be ready, too, for the new Ultra High Frequency channels. New low-cost UHF tuner (optional) *gets all 83* new channels, becomes *part* of regular tuner *inside* cabinet—no messy outside boxes or wires!

Whisper-sensitive Tuner, specially designed and built by Raytheon, picks up and amplifies the faintest TV signals, gives clear pictures even in distant fringe areas.

See Raytheon TV now. You can buy *Futurized* Raytheon TV with confidence!

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Tells mistakes to avoid in buying TV. Ask your Raytheon Dealer, or write Belmont Radio Corporation.

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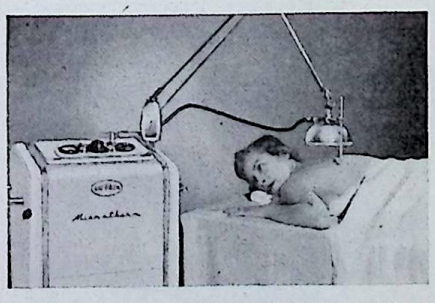

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Built around the famous "magnetron" tube, Raytheon Microtherm® generates penetrating energy for deep heating. Used by leading physicians and hospitals. No electrodes, pads, arcs or shocks! Avoids TV interference!

RAYTHEON TELEVISION

TUNE IN John Cameron Swayze sponsored by Raytheon, NBC Radio Network, Sunday afternoons. See local paper for time and station.

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RAYTHEON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
WALTHAM 54, MASS.

Why does your engine wear out faster in winter?

Ask your mechanic—and he'll say it's because it takes time for oil to reach engine parts after starting. And in winter, cold oil is sluggish, moves slowly. So friction works longer . . . causes "Metal Ulcers" as dry metal grinds against dry metal.

But not when you use Miracle Power in your gas and oil! The colloidal synthetic graphite in Miracle Power clings to surfaces . . . lubricates until oil gets there. Reduced friction means your engine *starts easier, runs with less effort, uses less gas.* Next time you get gas, get Miracle Power.

THE AP PARTS CORPORATION • *Miracle Power Division* • TOLEDO, OHIO
Manufacturers of: AP *Mileage Getting* Mufflers and Other AP Quality Products

8 FLUID OUNCES
U.S. MEASURE
Miracle Power
COLLOIDAL SYNTHETIC GRAPHITE IN SUSPENSION
PUTS THE "PURR-R-R" IN ENGINE PERFORMANCE*
Every 1000 Miles Use in Gas and Oil

AAA certifies use of Miracle Power in 500 mile race

Certified car (Andy Linden's) is one of eight to finish of thirty-three starters . . . comes in fourth . . . with oil consumption of *one quart* instead of normal *two or three gallons.*

At better service stations, car dealers and garages, 75¢ per can.

STOPS DRY STARTING
Cause of "Metal Ulcers"

LETTERS
TO THE EDITORS

Communist Tactics

We of the Philips Company of Eindhoven have been reading Robert Vogeler's articles [I WAS STALIN'S PRISONER, October 27–December 1]. We have great sympathy for Mr. Vogeler's personal difficulties but we feel bound to take strong exception to certain of his statements and implications about the Philips Company.

The facts were that the Philips Company, like Mr. Vogeler's parent company, I.T.&T., was endeavoring to save the plants of its Hungarian subsidiary from seizure by the Communist government of Hungary. On June 20, 1949, the Hungarian government submitted demands which would have obligated Philips to make available specifications, drawings and technical information on all articles, including highly specialized electronic equipment, manufactured by us in Holland. Philips turned down this proposal cold. A later arrangement, signed on August 19, 1949 (and which did not save us from expropriation in December) was limited to unimportant civilian articles like flashlights, car radios and medical x-ray tubes. The Hungarian Communist government, of course, proceeded with its plans and expropriated both the Philips properties and the I.T.&T. subsidiary on the same day, December 29, 1949.

Thus, Philips never agreed to give the Hungarians any advanced electronic information, and most emphatically never agreed to supervise the production of cathode-ray and micra-wave "peanut" tubes used in radar. The "secret draft agreement" with Philips calling for such items, which Mr. Vogeler stated he saw, must have been either a fake, designed to help the Hungarian government in their negotiations with Vogeler, or the Hungarian proposals of June which Philips had already flatly rejected.

THE BOARD OF MANAGEMENT OF N.V.
PHILIPS' GLOEILAMPENFABRIEKEN
Eindhoven, Holland

▶ Vogeler replies: "My thanks to the Philips Company for an interesting sidelight on how the Communists do business and my apologies for erroneously attributing to them a willingness to disclose important electronic information. I did not know until now that the Philips Company signed an agreement for its subsidiary on August 19, 1949. The 'secret draft' which I stated in my story I showed on November 11, 1949, to Jules Smith of the American Legation did contain the provisions which Philips disclaims. I gladly take Philips word that it was either a fake document or the Hungarian proposals."—ED.

Rockwell's Thanksgiving

Your Post cover of November 24th by Norman Rockwell is one of the most gripping he has ever done. It is a sermon in itself, and I'm sure it will do more good than many a spoken word. . . . All our married life—over forty years—we have taken the Post, and now that my husband is gone, I'll never be without it. Thank you for that wonderful sermon. . . .

MRS. ARCHIE E. MCCREA
Muskegon, Mich.

. . . It is obvious that in his studio at West Arlington, Vermont, Norman Rockwell did a lot of thinking. . . .

For a lot of people who have seen the cover a fog that has obscured their vision has now evaporated. They, too, stopped in more than reflection when they saw the cover of this week's Saturday Evening Post. . . .

I have been looking at the cover all evening and thinking . . . hard.

PETER L. STEVENSON
Lock Haven, Pa.

. . . In a day when most of our news stands have bowed to the knee of materialistic America, it is wonderful to see a magazine cover that is not pornographic—to see a picture of a lady and boy giving thanks to God. . . .

PHILIP A. WALTER
Wilmington, Del.

Norman Rockwell's . . . magnificent portrayal of the varying emotions on the faces of those within the orbit of the gentle old lady's sublime humility and awesome simplicity of faith has resulted in a masterpiece.

JUNE I. MCKAY
Bremerton, Wash.

▶ The model for artist Rockwell's Thanksgiving cover was Mrs. May Cooledge Walker, of Arlington, Vermont, who also posed for the inspirational Freedom of Worship painting, see cut below, which appeared in the Post on February 27, 1943. Unfortu-

nately, Mrs. Walker died before the Thanksgiving cover was published. For further details about Mrs. Walker, see this week's KEEPING POSTED, Page 80.—ED.

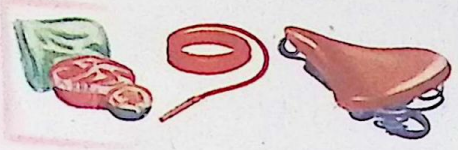
Another Point of View

In your issue of Nov. 10, you printed a letter from a Dutch sailor, in which the latter tried to explain why many Europeans dislike the Americans. . . .

I have no doubt that the greater part of the American people will be sensible enough to realize that the arguments used are rather feeble. But there will also be another group of less informed readers who will be susceptible to such a series of overstatements.

I have recently come to the United States from the Netherlands. . . . I want to assure you that the great majority of the people of the Netherlands

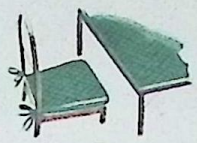
CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



Bowl Cover Sets, Food Bags, 40c-$2.25 Garden Hose, 50 ft. $9.80 Bicycle Seats

IF THEY DON'T HAVE THE LABEL THEY'RE NOT REAL KOROSEAL

Koroseal BY B.F.Goodrich



Quilted Table Covers, about $4.50; Chair Pads, about $1.98

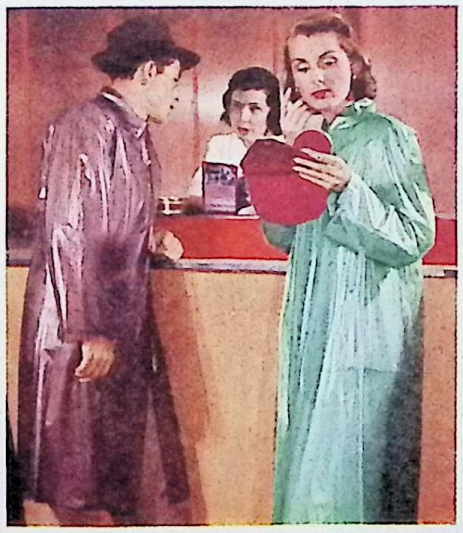
Luggage, $17.75-$90.00

Brief Cases, $10-$20

Baby pants, 49c-$1

Shower curtains, window curtains, $2.95-$9.50; hamper, $8.95-$11.95

Aprons, 69c-$1.95; tablecloths, about $1.98; bibs, 25c-$1; high chair pads, $2.25-$3.75



Men's raincoats, $4.95, $7.95, $8.95; women's $3.95-$7.95

Hide-A-Bed, about $300; chairs $29.95-$39.95; draperies, $2.95-$3.95

If they don't have the label they are not real Koroseal

APRONS that are proof against cosmetics, soap, oils . . . luggage that is almost scuffproof . . . furniture that stays new looking for years . . . garden hose you can leave in the sun year after year . . . raincoats you can stuff away wet without sticking or tearing—these and fifty other equally desirable things are in the stores for you now—*if you look for the Koroseal label.*

Some things may look like Koroseal when they're new but not for long. That's why everything of genuine Koroseal flexible material is labeled for your protection. Here's what that label assures:

1. *Easily washable*—for upholstery, baby pants, crib sheets, tablecloths, draperies.
2. *Strongly scuff-resistant*—able to stand extraordinary wear—ideal for upholstery, brief cases.
3. *Permanently waterproof*—important in raincoats, garden hose, shower curtains, window sealing strips, play ponds.
4. *Highly resistant to grease, soaps, stains*—essential for tablecloths, shower caps, shampoo capes, aprons, work clothing.
5. *Tasteless*—vital in food bags, beverage hose, bowl covers.
6. *Lasting beauty*—Koroseal flexible material can be made in any color, shape or form. Wrinkles shake out easily; Koroseal looks new and beautiful long after most materials would be soiled and old. That's what makes it ideal for draperies, bedspreads, curtains.

When you see a Koroseal label on any article you know it was made by a reputable manufacturer, from Koroseal flexible material developed to serve you best. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Koroseal Division, Marietta, Ohio.*

Koroseal—Trade Mark—Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Koroseal
FLEXIBLE MATERIALS
BY
B.F.Goodrich

How PARKER saves you money!

Motorist, housewife, and manufacturer—all can count real savings from Parker products which control rust and corrosion, guard the paint finish, and lengthen performance.

On your car, longer finish life means less refinishing cost, rust control means fewer replacement parts, wear control means longer trouble-free performance.

In your home, laundry appliances and kitchen equipment are protected from rust, look new for years, and save money through long satisfactory service.

Manufacturers save money because fewer finish failures and reduced corrosion damage mean greater customer satisfaction, longer wear means fewer service expenses.

The products which have Bonderite to anchor the paint, Parco Compound to resist rust, or Parco Lubrite to control wear on friction surfaces, are built to give superior, money-saving performance. Choose them confidently.

SPECIAL SAVINGS WHEN SHORTAGES STRIKE

Versatile, adaptable Parker products supply metal surface treatments which can replace tin on food cans, zinc and lead for many uses, cadmium, chromium and nickel used in plating.

Bonderite, Bonderlube, Parco, Parco Lubrite—Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

PARKER
RUST PROOF COMPANY
Detroit 11, Michigan

Plants in: Morenci, Michigan • Maywood, California • Windsor, Ontario

LETTERS, CONTINUED

today feel nothing but admiration and gratitude towards the Americans, in spite of, shall we say, the somewhat rowdy behavior of a few G.I.'s.

ANTONIE D. VAN GALEN
Stanford, Calif.

I am a Dutch girl, and have lived in this beautifull country, Canada, for the past two years.

I am very disgusted about the point of view of this "Dutch coastal seaman." . . .

His letter is a disgrace and a blame on all the other Dutch people who thank the Americans, and other Allies, from the bottom of theyr hearts for saving them from the terrible nazieism and theyr attempts to save the world from more wars. . . .

ANNE M. POSTMA
Arnprior, Ont., Canada

Undeclared War

I read with much interest the article WHY WE WENT TO WAR IN KOREA [by Beverly Smith, November 10].

Since the article mentions the possibility of Chinese aid to the North Koreans, I would like to have someone explain why our troops were allowed to cross the 38 parallel.

Because our army was sent across the 38th parallel, I lost a fine Christian son; a Signal Corps radio technician transferred to an infantry rifleman without combat training except for basic training a year before he went to Korea.

I'm sure there are many grief-stricken parents who would like to know why our boys were sent over the 38 parallel into enemy country without a declaration of war from the proper authorities, the Congress of the United States? Are we not an aggressor in doing so?

MRS. LAURA W. RITCHEY
Toledo, Ohio

. . . If there were so-called "leaders" summoned to the conference who acquiesced to the "police action," they, including the President, knew or ought to have known that under the Constitution the President or all of them cannot or should not have undertaken or precipitated the country into a foreign war without declaration or consent of Congress. Or doesn't it mean anything any more that we go to the polls and vote for representatives to Congress? . . . It only goes to prove that U.N. is primarily a vehicle whereby American boys are sacrificed and money sluiced away from the economy of our country.

Anyway we are proud of Senator McCarthy. . . . AXEL LONNQUIST
Madison, Wis.

Now that we've had the White House alibi for starting the Korean War, when will you publish one for not winning it? H. REYNOLDS
Raymondville, Texas

Doctor's Life

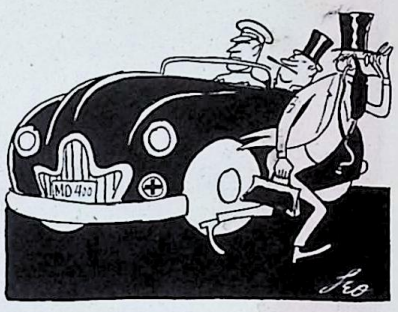
I'M A DOCTOR—AND I'M HUMAN by Robert K. Webster, M.D., of Brazil, Ind. [as told to Greer Williams, November 17] is delightful to read. It proves my contention that the average doctor needs a psychiatrist even more than the poor, belabored public needs a doctor. . . .

I say that the public is treated shamefully and contemptuously by altogether too many doctors. So the doctor needs vacations—who doesn't? Does the average mother of a growing family get a vacation? No. Does the farmer? Very seldom. . . .

HELEN HUDDLESTON LONG
Columbus, Ind.

. . . Is it not curious that whenever the medical profession makes a bid for sympathy, the case of a friendly, Midwestern, overworked, underpaid, general practitioner is presented?

The trouble with the medical profession lies in the higher echelons—



among the specialists, heads of departments and professors.

Could Mr. Williams convince us that a high-priced, pompous, patronizing, prestige-logged Eastern physician is human? JANET MCKENNA
Taunton, Mass.

. . . I suggest that you permit one of us patients . . . the publication of the other side of the same story, under the title . . . I'M A PATIENT—AND I'M HUMAN, TOO. HARRY O. STORM
Clay City, Ind.

. . . Your article . . . reminds me so much of my own calling, the ministry of healing spiritual needs. We ministers, too . . . are called at any one of the 24 hours of the day, must go out in all kinds of weather, have some people who are unreasonable, etc. . . .

Don't get me wrong; I wouldn't trade it for an eight-hour-a-day job.

ARTHUR S. KOSHEWA,
Pastor, Faith Evangelical and Reformed Church
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dictator's Weapon

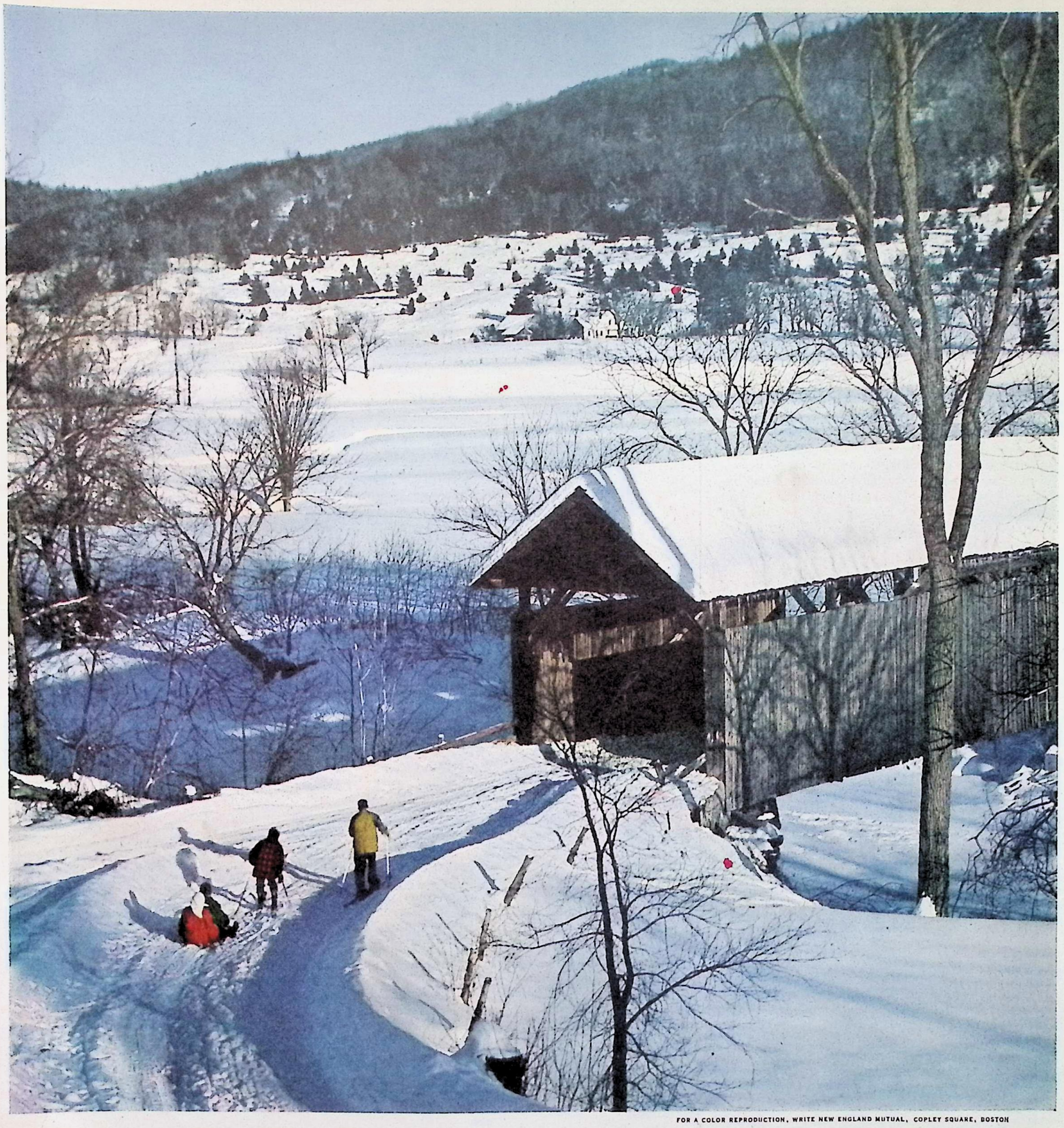
I trust that everyone of your millions of readers have read your editorial DEMOCRACY CAN'T ENDURE IF TRUTH IS "TOP SECRET" [November 10]. . . .

It must give our Soviet friends (?) much satisfaction to find that we are blindly following in their footsteps by our attempts to gag the press in order to cover up corruption in our National Government.

Why should the Soviet Government resort to war to enforce communism on the free countries of the world when they can accomplish their end by the infiltration of their ideas and their adoption by our own Government officials. . . .

The stifling of free speech and the free press is the final step toward the establishment of a dictatorship. . . .

Coral Gables, Fla. W. J. LOVETT



FOR A COLOR REPRODUCTION, WRITE NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL, COPLEY SQUARE, BOSTON

ANTICIPATE THE CHANGING SEASONS OF A LIFETIME

WINTER's gleaming white has replaced the russets of autumn in this New England valley. Change is constant —in nature, and in families as the years roll by. Is your life insurance planned to meet the changing needs of *your* family? Let a trained New England Mutual career underwriter help you make their future *sure.*

The NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL *Life Insurance Company of* Boston

THE COMPANY THAT FOUNDED MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA—1835

EDITORIALS

Defense Doesn't Require America To Go Socialistic

WE don't know how the average American feels about "world government" or even about the less ambitious Atlantic Union, but our guess is that most of us want American participation in collective organizations to be limited to specific projects and uncompromising as to the retention of American control over American internal affairs. Nevertheless there are indications which suggest that the United States is being nudged toward acceptance of international government with no understanding by the man in the street of what is going on.

The October issue of Freedom and Union, the organ of Atlantic Union, *né* Union Now, contained a report on the Ottawa Conference in September which introduced a new pitch to this far too generally neglected meeting of the representatives of the NATO countries. Clarence Streit, the big wheel of Atlantic Union, reported that, "for the first time since the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was created, the possibility of Atlantic federation was talked about officially and the talk was followed by action which, though it did not mention union, clears the way for it."

In the same article, L. B. Pearson, Canada's foreign minister, is quoted as describing NATO as "the nucleus of a future North Atlantic community of free nations, a community in which the promotion of closer political co-operation and the improvement of economic and social conditions is a major goal." The conference received better coverage in Canada than in the United States.

A good case can be made for federation, and federation is the goal of a considerable group of Americans. On the other hand, the Washington news letter Human Events describes the Ottawa agreement and subsequent arrangements reportedly made at Paris as a plan to "sell out American independence as a nation." The secrecy which has distinguished discussion of Atlantic defense plans lends credence to this extreme view. It is certainly important to know whether what is being talked about means the pooling of specific functions for defense of the West or whether the Canadians are right in regarding Ottawa as the prelude to a new boondoggle at the expense of the American taxpayer. It looks as if Winston Churchill were plagued by similar doubts.

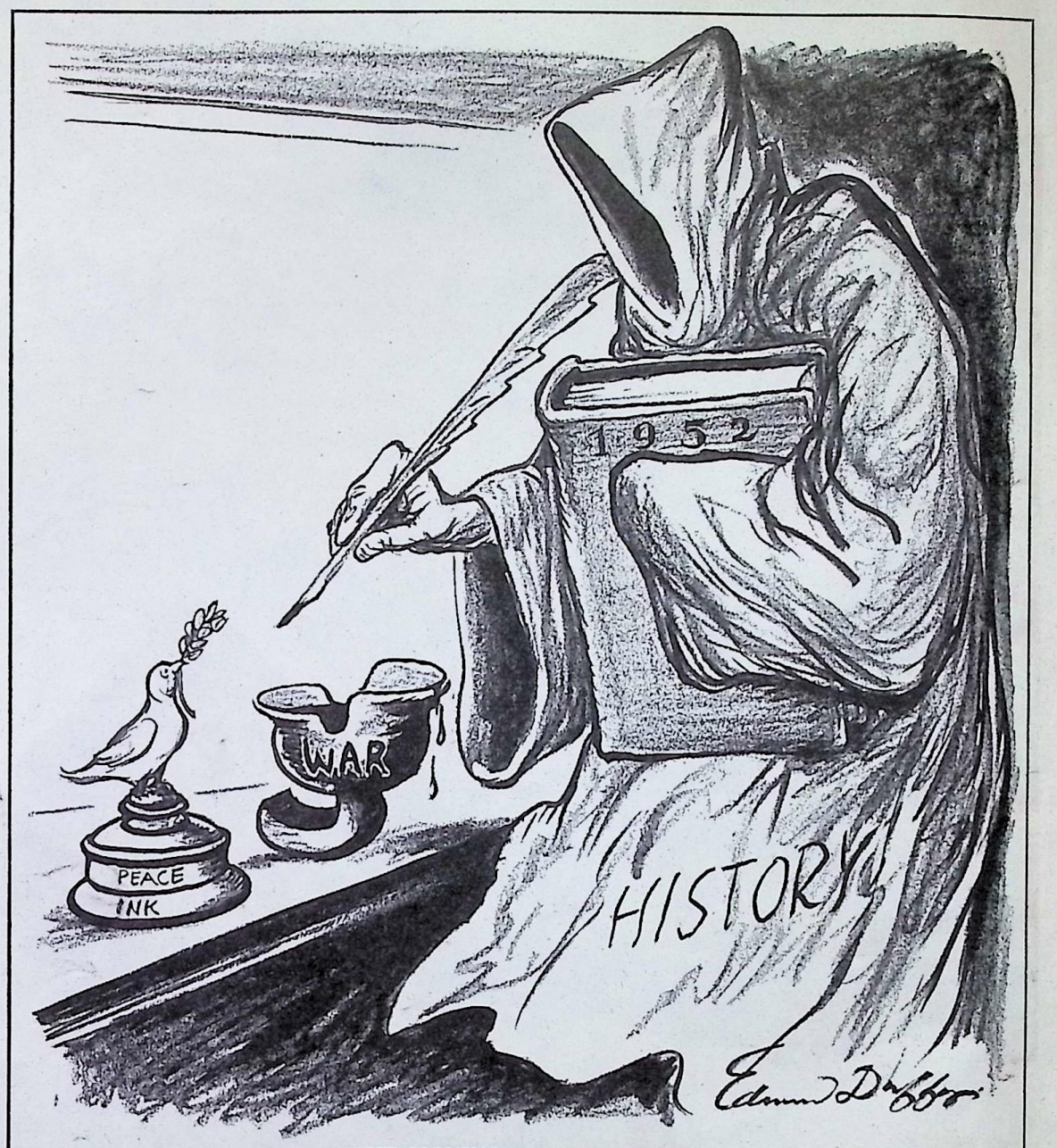
This is not the only back door which calls for a watch dog. Other attacks on American autonomy are continually being made by means of high-sounding and altruistic resolutions adopted by the United Nations. Such pious expressions, if adopted by the Senate in the form of treaties, may obligate us legally to adopt domestic measures which compromise American sovereignty to an absurd degree. The Supreme Court of California, for example, took the view last year that an obscurantist and discriminatory state law excluding Japanese from land ownership was invalid because it conflicted with the UN's Declaration of Human Rights, which, according to the court, we had accepted in the treaty by which the United Nations covenant was ratified. Article VI of the Constitution does define treaties as "the supreme law of the land." Perhaps stretching a point, the California court attributed this status to the United Nations Charter.

If the California court was right, we shall have to be awfully touchy about ratifying treaties. This has already been discovered by the American press, which lightheartedly undertook to help draft a United Nations resolution to promote "freedom of information." The American delegates soon found that the interest of most other delegations was not to promote freedom of information, but to restrict it. The result was that the American delegates spent the rest of their time attempting to block any action which might require this country to compromise one of its first principles, freedom of the press.

The Declaration of Human Rights contains scores of these jokers which could rise to plague us. For example, the article which declares that "everyone has the right to a standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of himself and of his family, including food, clothing, housing and medical care . . ." either means nothing at all, or it means that member states, including the U. S. A., could be required to socialize their economies in order to put this objective into practical effect. What is meant by "right," and who supplies the definition? It is time to realize that good intention is not enough.

As Felix Morley reminds us in his book The Foreign Policy of the United States (Knopf), there has been a surprising degree of acceptance by the American public of measures necessary to bolster our own defenses and shore up the economy of the free world as a whole. This is to the good, provided we "scrutinize every administrative proposal carefully" to be sure that, while defending ourselves against communism, our whole economy is not socialized from under us by international action.

But before we can scrutinize anything, we have to know what is proposed. To wring the news out of our leaders calls for enterprise, courage and plain cussedness by publishers, reporters and news analysts. Give the people the news and they will decide—probably at least 80 per cent right.

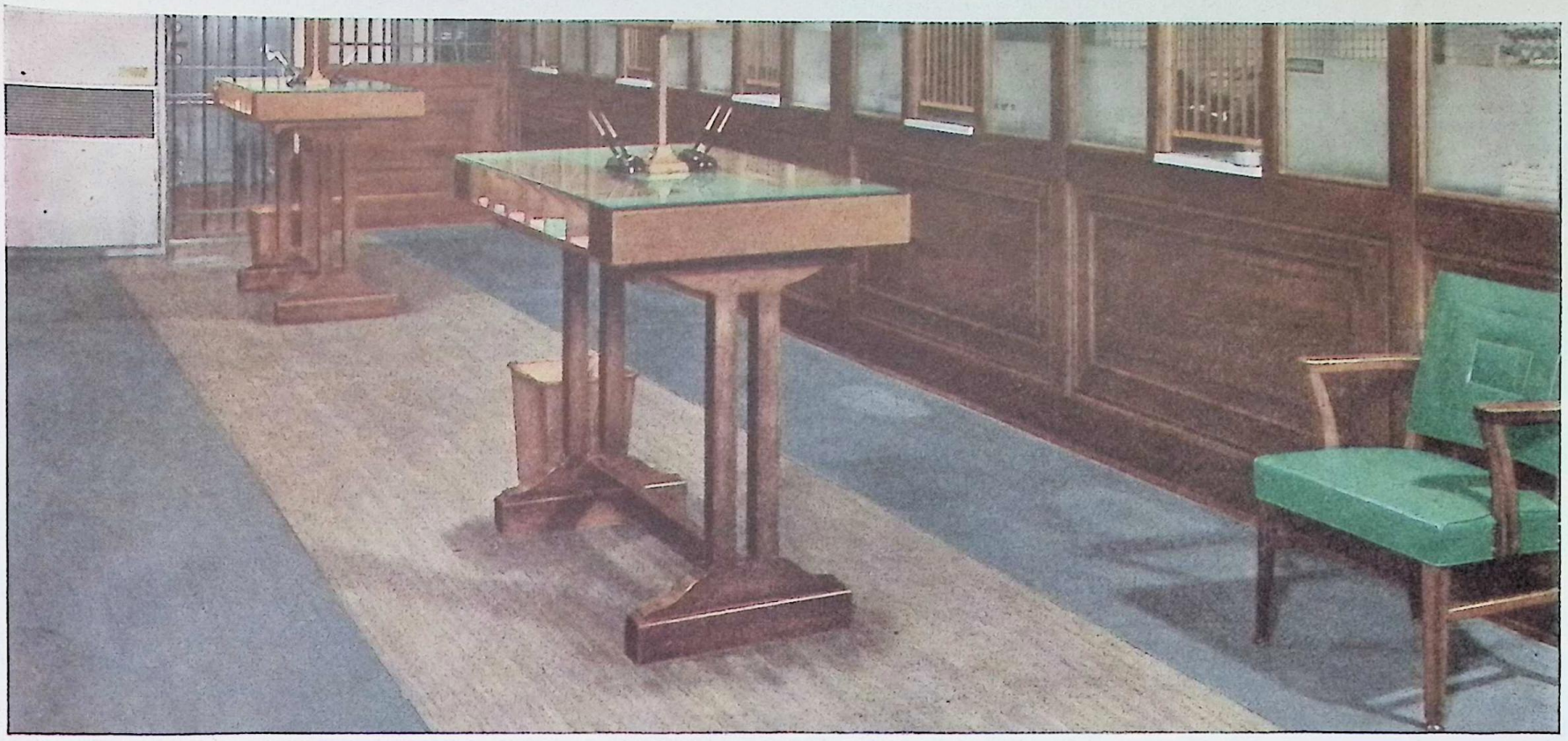


THE MOVING FINGER WRITES

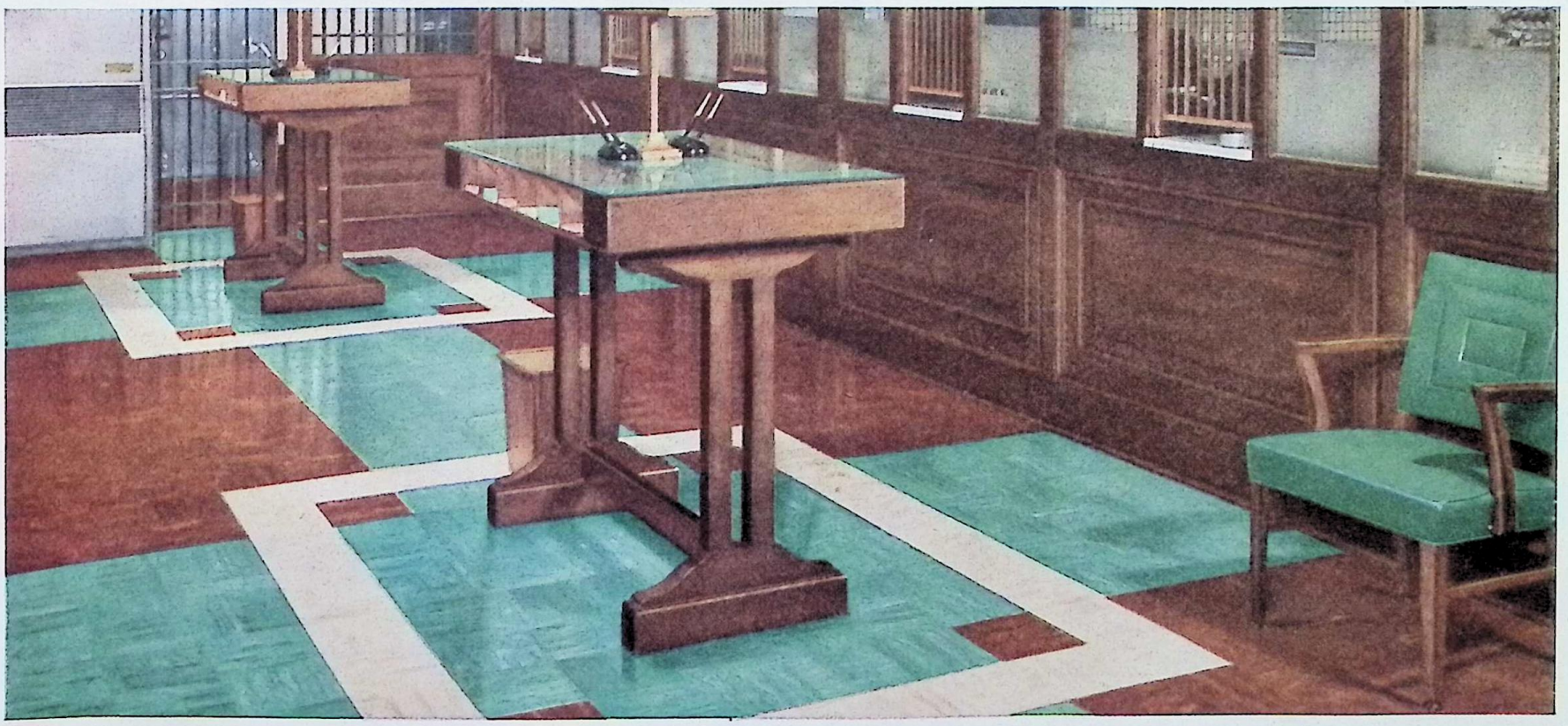
The Japanese Can't Say They Weren't Alerted!

VARIOUS postwar diaries reveal the efforts of statesmen to persuade the Japanese to accept reasonable peace terms. But as far as we know, no attention has been given to a V-Mail communication sent to Emperor Hirohito on May 7, 1945, by Father Divine. The letter urged the Mikado to surrender or "be totally annihilated and become extinct." The communication closed with assurances that Father Divine was "Well, Healthy, Joyful, Peaceful, Lively, Loving, Successful, Prosperous and Happy in Spirit, Body and Mind and in every muscle, organ, sinew, joint, limb, vein and bone, and even in every atom, fiber and cell of my bodily form."

But Japan ignored the plea of this healthy American, and look what happened to her! THE END



The new floor saved the cost of major remodeling



EXTENSIVE alterations had been planned for this bank, but high costs and restrictions on materials caused the officers to postpone major remodeling. They did decide, however, to go ahead and replace the old floor, since it was so dingy and worn. Their selection for the new floor was Armstrong's Rubber Tile.

The new floor proved to be a wise investment in more ways than one. The rich beauty of Armstrong's Rubber Tile seemed to take years off the architectural style of the interior. It made the existing fixtures and furnishings look better. The new floor alone gave the entire place a friendlier, more inviting atmosphere.

The photographs show the decorative advantages this bank gained with a new floor of Armstrong's Rubber Tile—but there are many other important advantages the pictures can't show.

Armstrong's Rubber Tile combines unusual durability with its handsome coloring and lustrous sheen. It's a floor that can take concentrated traffic without losing its beauty. It's easy to clean, too. Damp mopping at the end of the day is all the routine care required. Periodic washing and waxing quickly restore its luster. Add in the underfoot comfort and quiet provided by the cushioning action of Armstrong's Rubber Tile, and you get an idea of its excellent value.

Perhaps a new floor of Armstrong's Rubber Tile is all that's needed to give your place of business the appearance of being "remodeled." The wide variety of colors to choose from, and the way this floor goes down tile by tile, make it easy to create floor designs to meet any decorative requirement. Your Armstrong flooring contractor will be glad to show you color samples, suggest floor designs, and give you a cost estimate.

Which floor for your business? Because no one floor can meet every need, Armstrong makes several types of resilient floors—Armstrong's Linoleum, Asphalt Tile, Linotile®, Rubber Tile, and Cork Tile. Each of these different floors has its own special advantages. Choosing the one that's best suited for you depends upon the effect you want to create, the amount of money you wish to spend, and the type of subfloor you have.

Send for free booklet, "Which Floor for Your Business?", a 20-page full-color booklet, will help you select the resilient flooring best suited to your needs. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5112A Madison Street, Lancaster, Pa.

ARMSTRONG'S RUBBER TILE

Lasting Comfort for the Road Ahead

THERE'S a comfortable future in store for you, if you pick a car that's cushioned with AIRFOAM. It's a gentle, smooth-riding, jolt-smothering comfort that lasts the life of the car.

ALWAYS LOOKS ITS BEST

AIRFOAM is cushioning that never grows old, never loses its shape or its airy buoyancy. It stays pleasingly plump—uncrushed, unmarred, unceasingly restful through years and years of blissful riding.

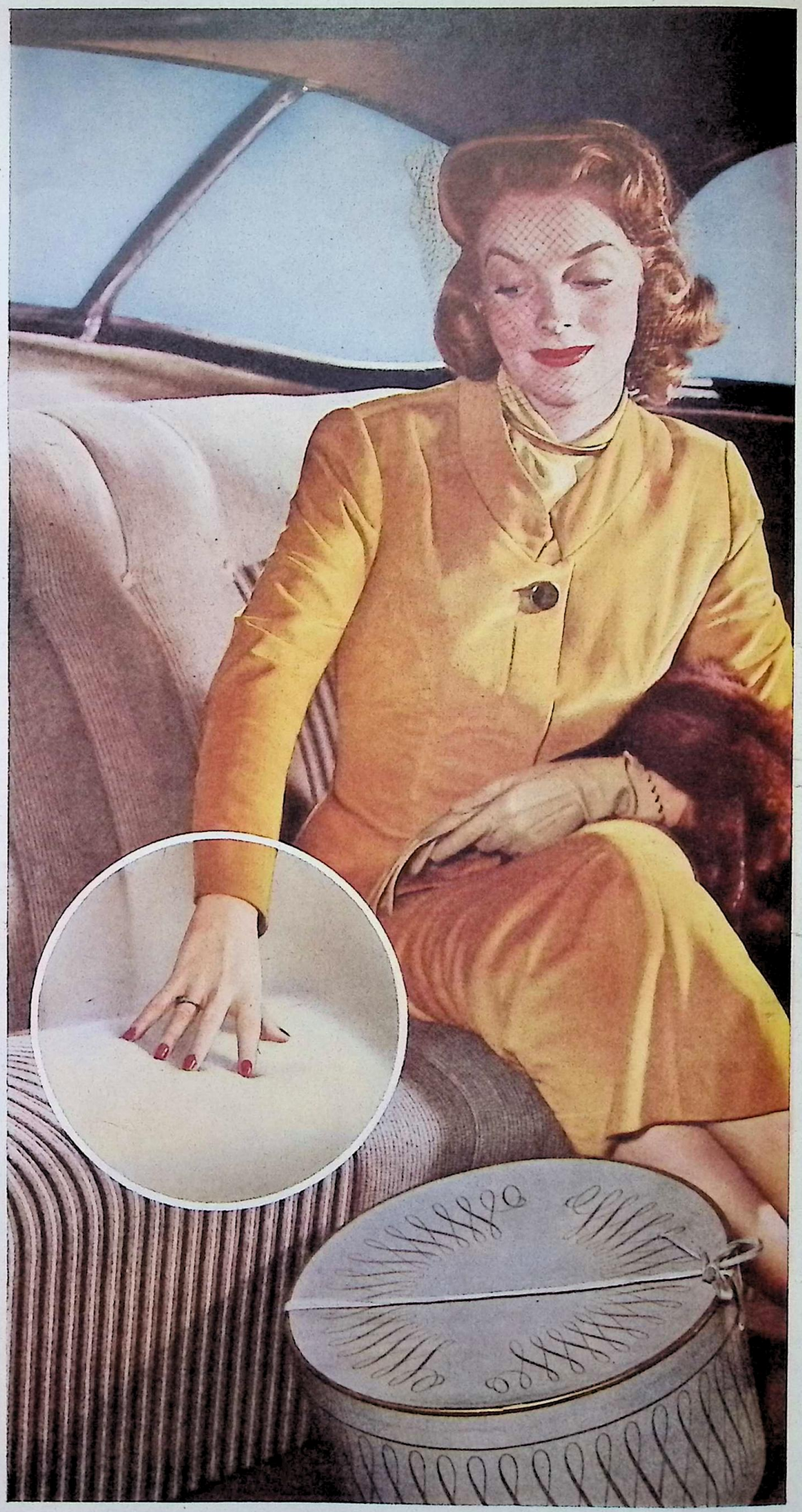
It's self-ventilating, too, keeps cool and clean even in hot, sticky weather.

NO OTHER EXTRA GIVES SO MUCH

AIRFOAM foamed latex cushioning is standard equipment on many new cars. On others it's available for a little extra. *No other extra gives so much comfort for so little cost.*

If you're looking for a new car, look first at the cushioning in its seats and backs. If it's AIRFOAM—made only by Goodyear—you're sure of lasting comfort, whatever the road ahead may bring. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

P.S. *In trucks and buses AIRFOAM seats reduce fatigue, increase safety, cut maintenance expense.*



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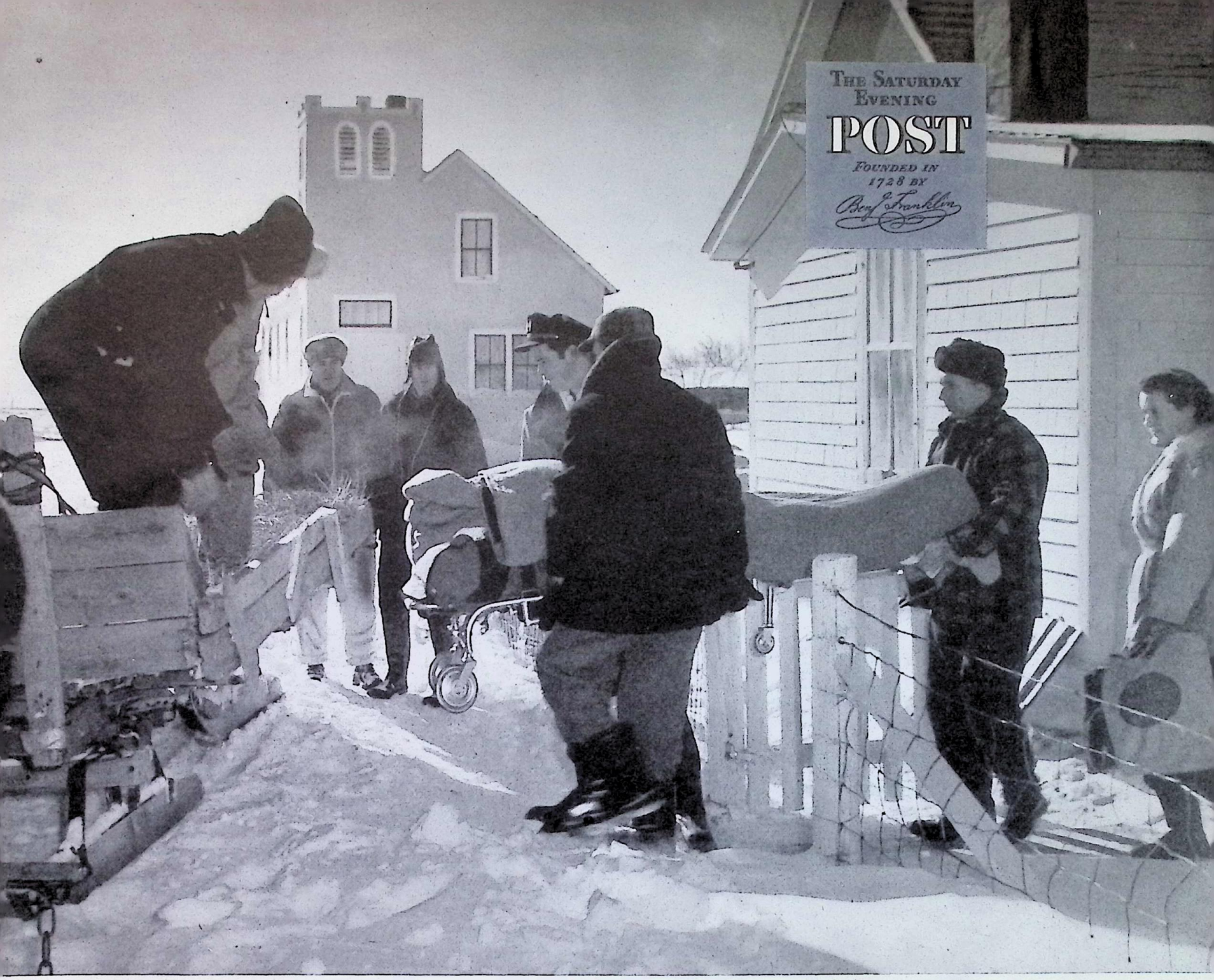


At Colgate, Saskatchewan, George Barker—a patient stricken with paralysis—is lifted onto a sled for transfer to a waiting Air Ambulance plane.

Here Comes the Flying Ambulance!

By BILL WOLF

A child is stricken with polio in a lonely prairie farmhouse. The people of Saskatchewan, having faced such terrors, now know the blessed hope brought by the daring young pilots and nurses of their unique Air Ambulance Service.

AT thirty degrees below zero most of the moisture in an airplane cabin condenses and freezes into a nearly opaque sheet of frost on the windows when the heater isn't operating. Pilot Cecil Carswell was trying to peer through such a veil. "Can you see it?" he asked.

Somewhere ahead of us was a twin-motored Beechcraft 18, also ready to take off into the night. By holding our bare hands against the ice and then wiping off the slush the body heat created, we could make out the dimly lighted runway of the Dafoe Airport north of Regina, in Saskatchewan. The Beechcraft swept into our range of vision, then disappeared down the runway in a swirl of snow.

The roar of the motor in our Cessna 195 drowned the whimpering of the child strapped in a stretcher behind the pilot. He was a five-year-old boy, ill with meningitis and alone in a terrifying world filled with strangers and noise, not comprehending that the upheaval which had torn him from his village home and placed him in this Saskatchewan Government Air Ambulance Service plane most likely would save him from considerable suffering or even death.

His woes, however, were left to Nurse Marg Rooney (chief nurse of the service at that time although she resigned later to enter private practice), who sat in the semidarkness beside him while Cece Carswell leaned forward, still trying to see through the frost, as he taxied for the take-off.

The runway down which the Beechcraft had vanished into the night was not for us. The larger Beech, which was another Air Ambulance Service plane taking a woman patient 350 miles east to Winnipeg, in Manitoba, was a wheeled craft for use on regular airfields. The Cessna was equipped with skis so it could drop down on any prairie field near isolated, stormbound farmhouses or villages to rescue the sick or injured in Saskatchewan's remote places and rush them to city hospitals. Carswell wouldn't trust the skis on the air strip for fear patches might have been swept clean of snow. We

Nurse Marg Rooney comforts a youngster during an emergency flight. The Saskatchewan Government started the Air Ambulance Service six years ago; patients are charged a flat fee of $25 for each air trip.

After a bobsled trip from his snowed-in Colgate home to the outskirts of town, George Barker is put aboard the Air Ambulance plane. In 1950 the Service carried 732 patients from remote areas to hospitals.

used the deeper and rougher snow to the side of the runway.

The nerve-racking take-off run was started. The skis banged and crashed on the frozen snow. The lights of the runway flashed past, dimly visible through the peepholes in the windows. The skis hopped from one snow crest to the next until the plane seemed to be flung into the air by a final resounding bounce. The 300-horsepower Jacobs motor pulled us steadily into the blackness. We climbed high above the snow-clogged highways, the drifted fields, the handicapped railroads and all the storm-choked earth below. The city of Saskatoon—and hope for the boy—was only ninety-five air miles due west of Dafoe, but many hopeless miles distant if it had been necessary to take him there by bobsled and train.

Saskatchewan is a land of 251,700 square miles, about the size of Texas. It extends from the Montana-North Dakota border 761 miles north to the Northwest Territories of Canada where the sub-arctic barrens start. Even in the southern half, where more than 75 per cent of its 875,000 people live, roads are few and seldom paved. Villages, towns, and even farmhouses are often many miles apart. It doesn't take a blizzard to make the plight of those stricken with illness or injury far from hospital care serious, but when a violent snowstorm and winds smother the earth in drifts, the situation "can get rather grim," as Saskatchewan folk understate it. Six years ago, before Air Ambulance Service was started as the first of its kind on the continent, it was entirely grim.

Defying a Blizzard—and Saving a Life

ONE of last winter's many severe blizzards had passed that way a week before this February night, but the boy in the stretcher was high above the handicaps of ground travel, traveling in a modern plane remodeled for stretcher cases, with a well-trained nurse to attend him. In a matter of minutes he would be in a city hospital with a good chance for health and happiness, and the cost to his family would be exactly twenty-five dollars. A flat twenty-five-dollar fee is charged any Saskatchewan resident who needs emergency airplane ambulance help—even for a flight of hundreds of miles. Further, the service is as close as the nearest telephone, telegraph or radio with which help can be called from Regina headquarters of Air Ambulance Service, or from the western branch at Saskatoon. In the far north of Saskatchewan, a call to Government Airways at Prince Albert will bring similar emergency help.

The boy was Gordon Guttormson, son of Mrs. Martha Guttormson, of the village of Naicam. He had been taken originally from Naicam to the town of Watson, which has a small hospital. His physician, Dr. A. V. Goldstein, decided the boy should be rushed to St. Paul's Hospital in Saskatoon, but you can't rush across the drifted prairie. Doctor Goldstein phoned Air Ambulance Service in Regina. Lorraine LaCharity, the headquarters dispatcher, took a look at the map. Watson was only some twenty miles north of Dafoe, and she knew that two service planes would be converging on Dafoe that evening: The Cessna with Pilot Carswell and Nurse Rooney bringing a woman patient there from the village of Nipawin, and the Beechcraft to meet the Cessna and transfer the woman to the larger craft for the long flight to Winnipeg.

"Can you get the boy from Watson to Dafoe by five-thirty?" she asked Doctor Goldstein. He said he thought he could.

Everybody met in Dafoe soon after night fell. Carswell and Rooney brought Mrs. Cornelia Relland, forty-nine, wife of P. F. Relland, a garage owner in Nipawin, into the hangar offices at the Dafoe airport. Former Supervisor Keith Malcolm—who first proposed the Air Ambulance Service nearly six years ago and headed it until his resignation in the summer of 1951—and Nurse Betty Cameron arrived in the twin-motored Beechcraft. Young Ronald Sprouls brought Gordon Guttormson down by road from Watson, at Doctor Goldstein's request.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE KESTERTON

At the end of a hazardous trip from Bethune to Moose Jaw, Nurse Irene Sutherland holds a week-old baby as its mother is put into an ambulance.

The small boy and Mrs. Relland waited on stretchers while the planes were serviced. Gordon was strapped down under the blankets on the stretcher, and the only part of him that showed between blankets and the wool cap on his head was a pair of unhappy eyes. He started to cry. He wanted to go home. He didn't want to be the first boy in Naicam to fly in a plane. "He's so little to be taken from home without any of his family along. He doesn't understand," Mrs. Relland said compassionately, her own illness forgotten. Nurses Rooney and Cameron avoided being obvious in their efforts to cheer and interest him. When we carried him out, the cold metal of the stretcher rim burned our bare hands, and the interior of the Cessna was frigid when his stretcher was locked into position.

In such manner Gordon Guttormson came to be aboard the Air Ambulance speeding toward Saskatoon. Soon after we were airborne the heater started operating and warmed the cabin. The three Cessnas and the Beechcraft in the service have superior heating systems to make patients as comfortable as possible. We were in a snug little world of warmth, dimly illuminated by the instrument panel, as the miles slipped by beneath us. I looked back, surprised to see the stretcher empty, the blankets flung aside. Marg Rooney was cradling the sick boy in her arms, and he was sound asleep.

The night before, talking about the nurses' job in Air Ambulance Service, twenty-four-year-old Marg had said, "We start out in the morning with uniforms okay, hair and lipstick in place. But by the time you have broken your way through deep snow to a farmhouse, your hair is disheveled and there's no lipstick left. You look bad, but the people don't think so. They may not say much, but you can tell you look good to them. They may thank you later for saving their child's life or for helping an older person, or they may not, but they don't have to get down on their knees to let you know how they feel. You can see it in their eyes."

She must have looked good to Gordon Guttormson, because he slept until she strapped him back in the stretcher for the rough landing at Saskatoon.

They Specialize in Hazardous Landings

"I KNOW the runway's bare here," Pilot Carswell explained as we approached the city lights glittering in the clear, cold air, "and we must use the snow off to the side again." Landing on skis in the dark is always a tense business, but we came down safely. The instant the heater stopped working, the windows frosted, and Cece Carswell had great difficulty taxiing up to the airport hangar where the St. Paul's Hospital ambulance waited.

Marg made them back the auto ambulance right up to the plane's doors to transfer Gordon. He was whimpering, too tired to cry aloud, and then he was gone.

I later learned that Gordon spent a month in St. Paul's Hospital, and was discharged fully recovered. Mrs. Relland, the woman whom the Beechcraft took to Winnipeg, went home after a week, and recuperated nicely. Air Ambulance people seldom learn the outcome of cases they bring to hospitals, but the Saskatchewan Department of Public Health statistics show the mortality rate is fairly high because Air Ambulance is usually called only in extreme emergencies. Without Air Ambulance, however, death would be an even more frequent caller upon the province's country people.

Air Ambulance maintains an office, a Cessna plane and a pilot-nurse team at Saskatoon to take care of the western part of the province. Carswell and Rooney entered the office at the airport, to learn that Pilot Jack Turner and Nurse June Dowling were out on the most dangerous mission the service ever encounters—a night flight involving a landing and a take-off on a snow-covered farm field. The Saskatoon team had been off duty that day, but an urgent call had come in from a farm near the small town of Cando, where a young wife had developed acute appendicitis, an extremely ugly complication, since she was pregnant. Delay in getting her to the nearest hospital at the city of North Battleford might cost her life. Turner and Dowling had responded without question. It was now nine-thirty, temperature thirty below, and they were unreported on their flight. **(Continued on Page 42)**

The last clip was used up. There wasn't much time left—they would make their rush any minute.

THE CHARGE OF THE JUNGLE BATTALION

By VERNE ATHANAS

Out of ammunition and surrounded, the chief knew he was a goner. He held onto his empty gun, just hoping he could smash one enemy face with it before he died.

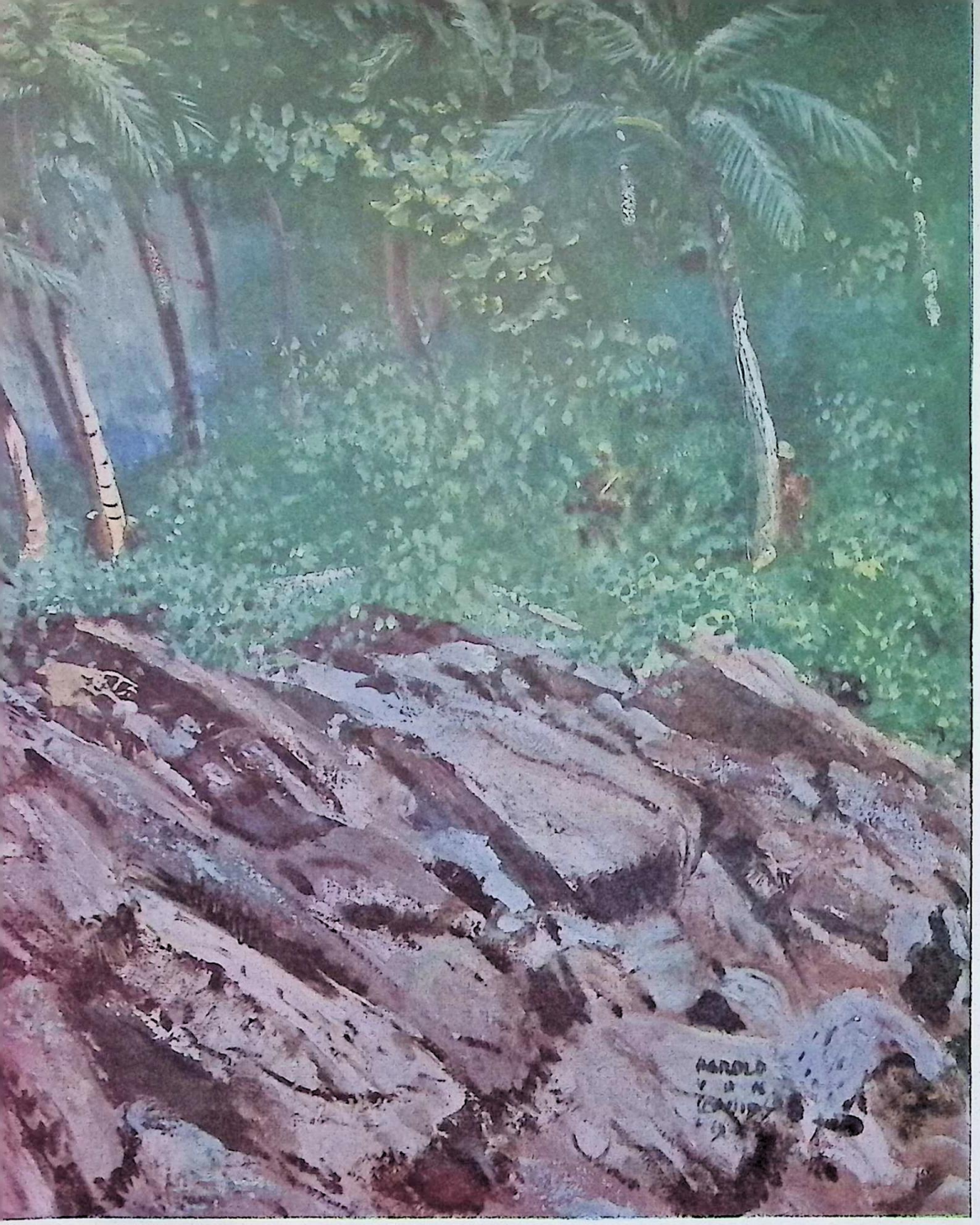
I NEVER told this to anybody before, not even when I was a little drunk and needed one they couldn't top. I guess I wouldn't be telling it now if I hadn't seen this thing in the paper a while ago.

Wasn't much of an item; you probably read it. About this circus hand that got burned up trying to get some of the animals out. He wasn't even a trainer or anything, I guess. The paper called him a roustabout. But it was the same name, and I'll bet it was the same man. And somehow, I'd like to get this off my chest now.

His name was Luther Stillcum, and he was a replacement for my outfit, the old Umpty-ump Construction Battalion—if you were in the Seabees you'll know the outfit, and if you weren't it won't make any difference here.

I had a good outfit. Me being Russ Murphy, who'd had a chief's stripes hung on me mostly because I'd straw-bossed a few jobs and put in a hitch back in the thirties, I guess. I was about as Navy as a plug hat, and so were most of the rest, but we had a good outfit. Like Lippy Dorr, my shovel runner, a Machinist First who could take your watch out of your pocket with a two-yard bucket and never muss the wrinkles in your pants. Or my head mech, Ike Halloran, a real old greasy-thumb, who could remember how many threads there was on a rear-wheel lug bolt to a Stutz Bearcat and hadn't forgot a thing since. With guys like that in the outfit, Luther Stillcum sort of stood out.

I didn't want him, not after I'd had him around for three days. He wasn't a bad kid, maybe in his early twenties, smooth-faced, and, well, innocent-



looking. But he had no mechanical sense at all. I thought at first he was just stupid, but that wasn't it. He just didn't latch on to anything remotely mechanical, which made him about as useful as a handful of thumbs in my outfit. The only thing he showed a knack at was ropes. He could throw a pretty fair hitch, and when he said go ahead, you could depend on it holding. But once we got the rigging beached and squared away a little, he got all the throw-off details that nobody else wanted.

So he dug pits for latrines with a No. 2 shovel, and stood night guard and about every piddling thing there was to be done, till we pretty near forgot he was there. He just didn't fit, if you follow me.

The name of the island isn't important any more, either. I guess the brains must have wanted us right at it, because it seemed to me the first wave ashore was Marines, and the second was Seabees—us. It wasn't much of an island, but it seemed the brass had decided they needed an airstrip right there right now, and so we went in while the Japs were convinced it was still theirs, and the Marines were doing their best to convince them otherwise.

Seabees ain't supposed to be combat troops, but the admiral was busy just then and I didn't get a chance to remind him. We went on in.

So we were middling busy for a while. I requisitioned a carbine from a Marine who didn't need it any more, and I got to know it better than most staff officers know their wives, but by and by things got settled down so we could go to work. They got some more gyrenes ashore and finally some Army, and they went off into the jungle to earn their buck and a half a day and we got the beach squared away and a hospital set up and a line on what they wanted built where. That's when I first got in with Luther Stillcum.

I had him with a squad hacking brush with machetes, to get some sort of a grade line laid out, and I'd just come up when he stopped hacking all of a sudden and stood with his head cocked. Then he said without looking at me, "Chief, they's somebody up ahead."

"Sure," I said, sarcastic, "the Army, the Marines, an' six Seabees."

"No," he said. "Not any of ours." It was funny, the way he said it, with his head cocked to one side like he was harking to something—but it wasn't like he was really listening, either.

I said, "Look, let's get this ——"

He said, just like he hadn't heard, "He's up in that big tree up ahead. Not one of ours."

I had two boys up there who were as bad as the brass. They hadn't heard about Seabees not being combat troops either. A long, skinny squirrel hunter from Tennessee, and a little black-whiskered Oregon ridge runner. They'd stopped and heard what Luther said, and they looked at each other and said, "Let's go see."

They were gone before I could do anything about it, and both of them had carbines they'd requisitioned someplace.

They slid out in the jungle and were gone a while, and I'd just opened my mouth to put the chill on Luther, when I heard that high-pitched *whang!* that wasn't never nothing but one of them Jap 6.5 mms. Then the carbines cut in with their flat little handclaps, and I spun around on my heels and bawled

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

down the line to take cover and get the arms unlimbered.

Then Luther said in a quiet voice, "He's dead."

Just that. No hint of any question in his voice. Just, "He's dead." Then he took his machete and started hacking at the brush again.

The ridge runner and the squirrel hunter came out onto the trail in a minute. The ridge runner had an extra rifle, and the squirrel hunter had a Jap helmet with leaves and twigs in the netting and a package of Jap cigarettes.

"Sniper," said the ridge runner. "He was right up in the forks of that tree." He was looking right at Luther. "I was within thirty feet of him, and I never spotted him till he shot, an' nobody's low-rated my eyes. That tree's a good two hundred yards up there, an' you can't make out but the few top twigs from here."

He was asking Luther a question, the way he put it, but Luther never let on. The ridge runner gave him a long, funny look and then looked at me and shook his head. I didn't know, either, so I just looked back. And that's all we got out of Luther.

That was the first time. There were screwier ones than that. The Japs were stubborn about letting go where the brains wanted the airstrip, and we filled in with road work. I had the dozers cutting and filling, and Lippy ditching a wet spot with the shovel. It turned out, like I said, that Luther Stillcum couldn't even tend a generator unit without it falling to pieces on him, so I had him tending along with a dozer with a No. 2 muck stick.

Luther's sniper hadn't been the only one, and I had boys lined to cover; my Oregon ridge runner and the Tennessean, and a couple of others who could remember which end of a carbine you squirted the lead out of.

The machines were racketing away and moving dirt, and the guards were taking it easy and keeping an eye peeled. Then Luther stopped and leaned on his shovel and said conversationally, "Somebody coming."

My ridge runner, Jesse Lee, was the nearest, and he flung himself around like somebody'd stuck him with something, and stared at Luther. Then he looked back, and he brought the butt of the carbine up under his armpit and slid the safety off. The Tennessean caught that, from up the road, and he got set. The dozer man, who couldn't hear, of course, but who wasn't no complete fool, slapped the throttle shut and the clutch out, and he came down off that tractor and under the possum belly like he was a fireman coming down a pole.

We'd cut a corner of the jungle away from a little opening here; just a sort of a hole in the jungle where a sort of a rye-looking grass grew maybe three feet high. That was where Luther seemed to be looking, and that's where the rest of them were pointing, for dead sure.

Somebody wagged the other dozer man down, and then Lippy, on the shovel, and things got quiet around there, real sudden, with the blasting Diesels shut down to a chuckling idle. But still we didn't see nothing.

Then Jesse said softly, "Hah!" and began to ease the carbine up, and then I caught it; just a little ripple in that deep grass, that might have been a wind ripple, or might have been somebody crawling, slow and easy.

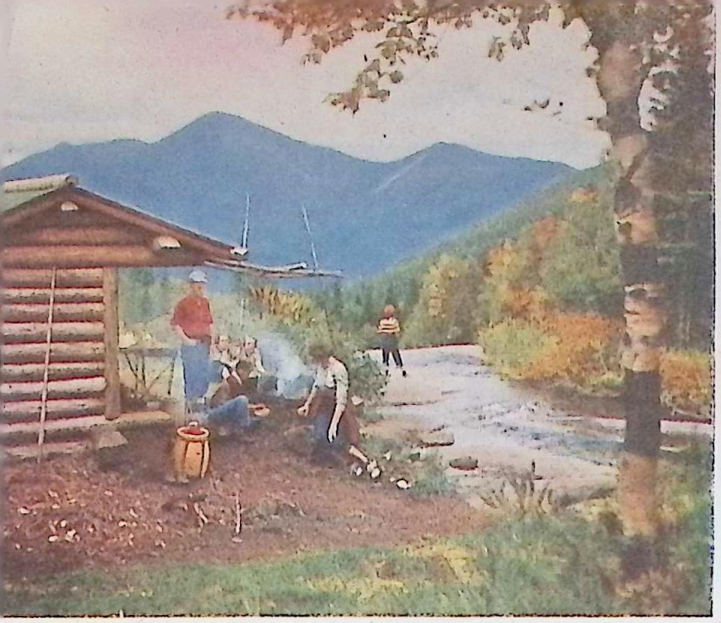
Nothing happened then for a while, and I saw Jesse flick a look at Luther, just a single sidelong look that didn't move his eyes off that grass for more than a tenth of a second.

Luther just stood there, still leaning on his shovel, with a sort of a dreamy look on his face, and he nodded, almost to himself, and said again, "Somebody coming."

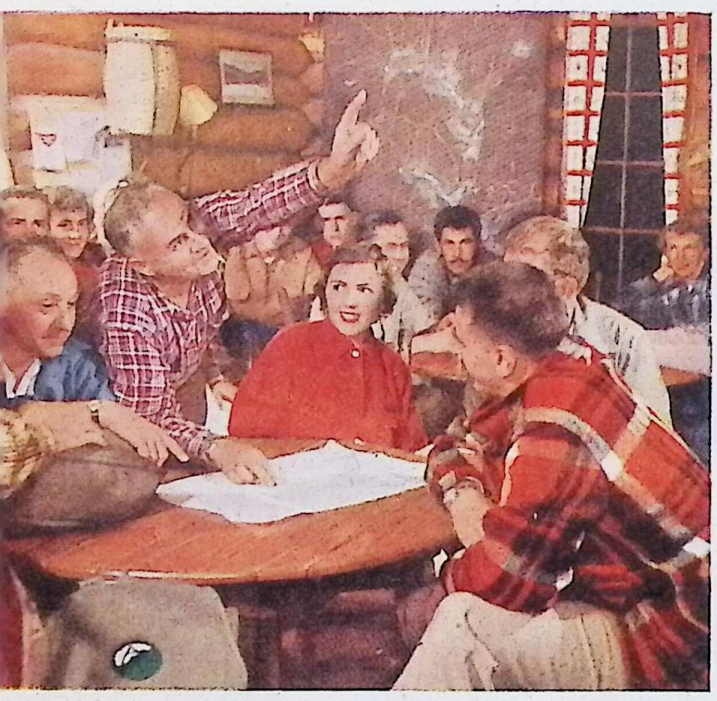
The grass rippled again, up close, and then a hand came up and parted it, and a face peeked out. Jesse brought up the carbine and cut loose.

I didn't see Luther move. But he got to Jesse and jogged his elbow just a little; not much, just a touch, so that the bullet went clipping through the grass way out in the middle of the opening, and Luther said, "Wait."

Jesse cussed and jerked away and shoved at Luther with the carbine, and the face ducked down. But Luther kept moving in (Continued on Page 75)



Hikers headed for the top of Mount Marcy, N. Y., stop to cook a meal in the lean-to at Indian Point.



Joe Dodge (pointing) manages the Appalachian Mountain Club's huts in the White Mountains.

What a Way to Amuse Yourself!

By HAL BURTON

One 45-year-old hiker walked 55 miles over 17 peaks in a day—just for kicks. A young couple climbed 46 mountains for their honeymoon, painting trees as they went. No one is more irrepressible than those who wear themselves out walking—for pleasure, they say.

SEVERAL summers ago, in the remote mountain wilderness south of Lake Placid, New York, hikers in search of solitude were amazed to discover, atop their favorite peaks, a strange mathematical symbol, painted in a blinding shade of yellow on boulders and tree trunks. This evidence of previous human visitation, calculated to enrage any lover of unspoiled nature, was not confined to the twenty-five major Adirondack summits which can be climbed with comparative ease by following marked footpaths. More adventurous walkers stumbled on the same design atop a number of trailless mountains, reached only by charting a compass course through swamps, around spruce thickets and up slippery ledges.

The left-hand number was a bold "46." The right-hand segment, separated by a diagonal line, was also a numeral, though never the same on any two mountains. There is no jungle telegraph in the high Adirondacks, but news gets around just as rapidly by word of mouth. In due course, simple mathematics solved the mystery. The anonymous artist was climbing the forty-six Adirondack peaks which rise more than 4000 feet above sea level, and the right-hand figure indicated his numerical progress toward this goal.

Hikers being both volatile and voluble, cherishing the wilderness much as a she bear cherishes her cubs, a flood of complaints poured in on William E. Petty, district ranger for the State Conservation Department.

"Somebody," said the objectors, "is defacing our mountains." Petty's territory, roughly forty miles square, comprises the most rugged section of the 2,178,240-acre Adirondack Forest Reserve, and includes all but six of the 4000-foot summits. After confirming the facts by climbing one of his mountains, Petty began a discreet investigation. The finger of guilt soon pointed at a newlywed couple from Connecticut, who had been seen on the trails toting a can of yellow paint, and willingly explaining what they planned to do with it.

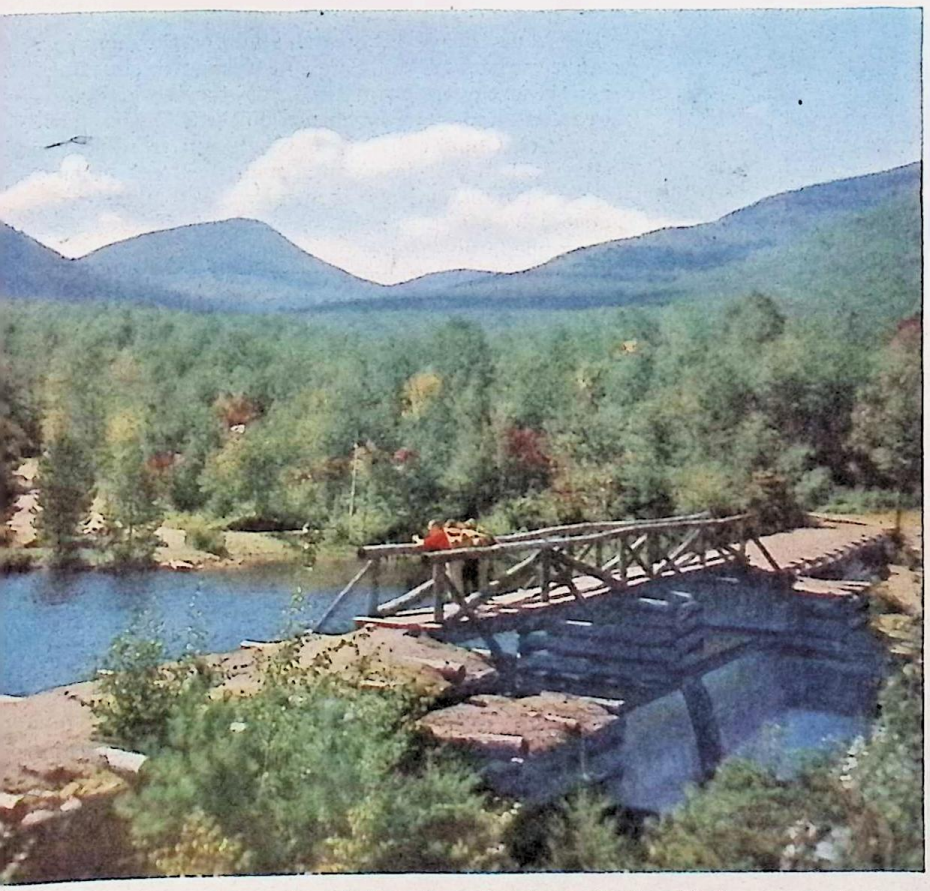
Their primary object, as spelled out for those who cared to listen, was to (Continued on Page 36)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE BURNS

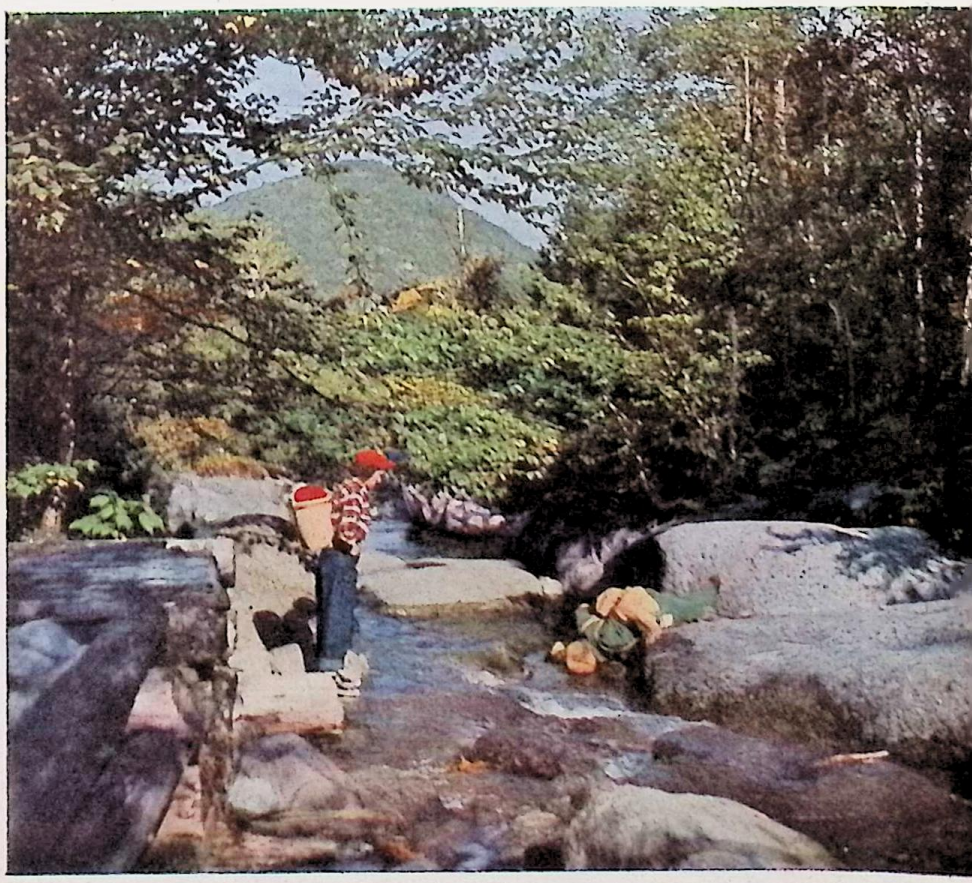
Ed Horton, Lo-Yi Chan, Paul Goddard and Thomas Green rest after climbing Huntington Ravine, the toughest climb on Mount Washington, N. H.

Robert Franklin and Winston Ellis bed down in the Marcy Dam lean-to. Their camping gear is stowed overhead to protect it against marauding porcupines.

Hikers, including high-school girls from Keene Valley, N. Y., take in the view from the 5344-foot summit of Mount Marcy.



Members of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Outing Club pause to look at Marcy Dam, two miles in from the highway along the Van Hoevenberg Trail.



On the trail to Mount Marcy, a hiker takes a drink from one of the many streams in the area. The mountain was first climbed in 1837.

Looking at Ewing, she said scornfully, "Why don't you go eat with your Yankee friends?"

He couldn't tell
even the girl he loved that
he was there as a spy.
He had to endure the contempt
she felt for a

Turncoat

By SIGMAN BYRD

PROCEEDINGS of a regimental court-martial convened at Galveston by order of Col. X. B. DeBray, commanding Military Subdistrict of Houston, Confederate States of America, for trial of Sgt. Silas Ewing, chief of piece, Battery F, Colonel Cook's Regiment.

10 o'clock, A.M., Jan. 15, 1863.

The court met pursuant to above order. Present: Col. Jos. J. Cook, Maj. L. Smith, Lt. J. Madden. Capt. D. Charles, judge advocate. Sergeant Ewing, the accused, also present.

Charges were read aloud by the judge advocate, viz.: (1) That Sergeant Ewing, during the attack on the Federals at Kuhn's Wharf on the morning of Jan. 1st, disobeyed an order to shell a certain target behind the enemy line and, instead, directed the fire of his piece elsewhere. (2) That Sergeant Ewing, on the occasion of the first flag of truce sent out by the defeated enemy, did, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, leave his position without orders, go out to meet the flag, and then and there embrace bearer of said flag, same being a young female citizen of Galveston.

To which the accused stood mute.

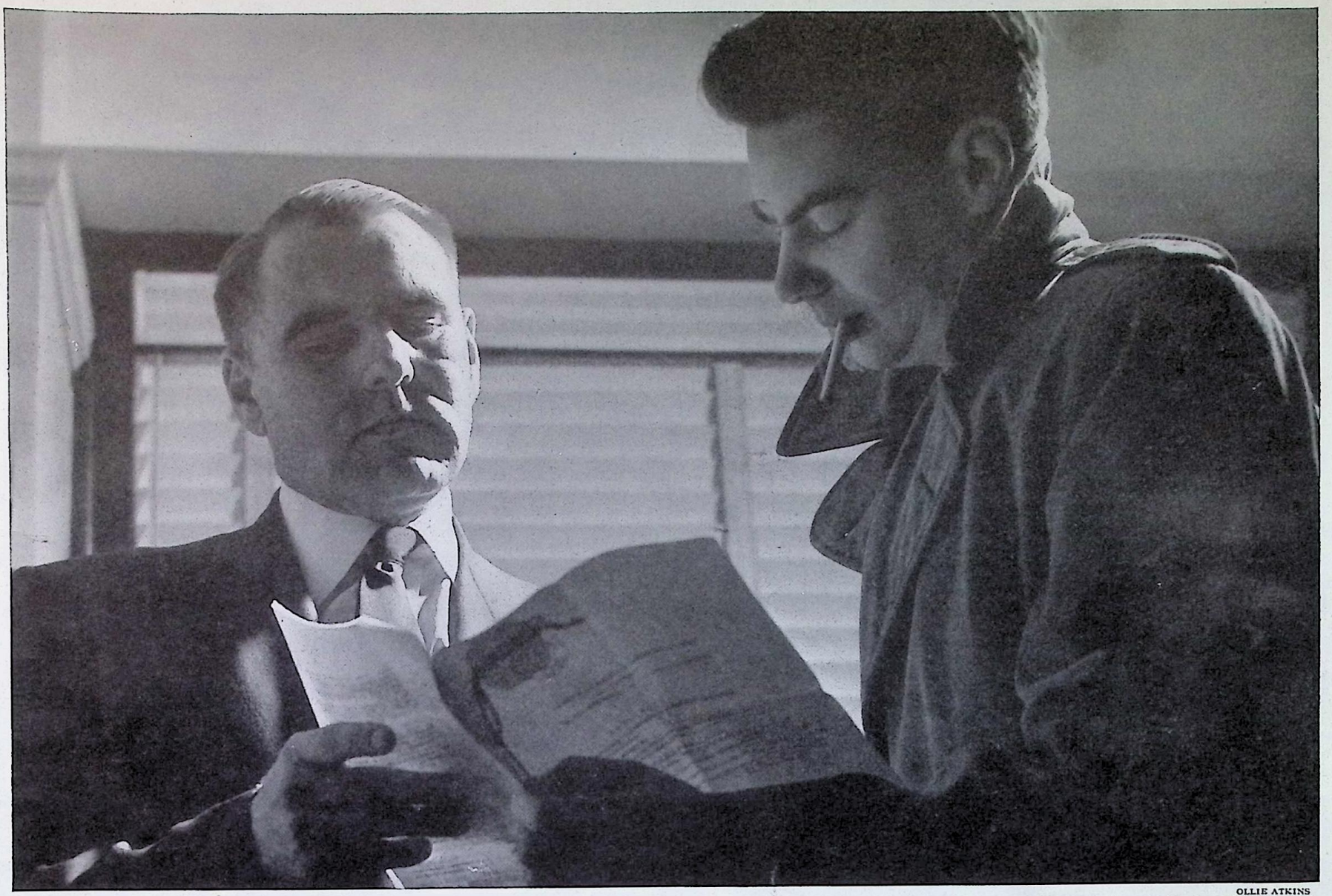
The judge advocate having presented all the evidence for the prosecution, Maj. Gen. J. Bankhead Magruder, commanding Military District of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, was duly sworn (testimony appended). After which the accused—a journalist in citizen life—presented, in his own words, a defense so moving that the judge advocate, acting as recorder, was diverted from making a running copy of the proceedings. However, a fair record of the defense was made subsequently by the president of the court, and approved by the other members and the judge advocate, as follows:

It seems that about good daylight on the morning of December 31, 1862, Sergeant Ewing was standing at the north window of the third-story tower room of an oak-and-cypress mansion on Bath Avenue just south of Church Street. The sergeant is a clean-shaven, sun-bleached young man, well set up, so that an impartial observer might well have concluded he would present an excellent military appearance in uniform.

Sergeant Ewing, however, was wearing a flannel nightshirt, and although the house was being watched, it was from a distance, and not by an impartial observer. Besides the nightshirt, Ewing was equipped only with a brass-tubed spyglass belonging to Col. Jos. J. Cook, commanding officer of his regiment and president of this court-martial. This glass Ewing held to his left eye and focused it briefly on the warehouses of Kuhn's Wharf, twelve squares to the north and east. Then he swept the harbor, counting the vessels that stood against what the accused referred to as the pearly sunrise.

He cursed each vessel roundly as he identified it, speaking with wholehearted hatred. Then he descended a narrow spiral stair to the one furnished room in the house. It had been a woman's room. The floor was bare then, and no doubt there had been a dressing table, a chaise longue, an escritoire and other feminine refinements before the invasion. But now the room contained only a half-testered walnut four-poster bed, a plantation desk with a sperm candle burning in a silver candlestick, a gentleman's chair and a horsehide trunk. (Continued on Page 45)

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE



OLLIE ATKINS

Dr. V. Stefan Krajcovic (left) is chairman of the National Committee for the Liberation of Slovakia, the U. S. branch of Slovakia's anti-Red underground.

Stalin's Troubles With the Underground

By DR. V. STEFAN KRAJCOVIC

Chairman, National Committee for Liberation of Slovakia, with SIDNEY SHALETT

Beyond the Iron Curtain the forces of resistance are wrecking, raiding and retaliating. Elusive anticommunists torment the Russian bear, daily grow more powerful. Here's a report by one of their leaders.

ON June 16, 1950, shortly after five P.M., a voice of freedom and resistance went out over the air in communist-dominated Slovakia. The MVD Russian secret police, cursing as they monitored the broadcast, gave the usual futile orders for puppet troops, whose backbones were laced by Soviet cadres, to track down and destroy the secret, will-of-the-wisp radio transmitter of the underground. This day the underground radio had a particularly juicy story to tell.

"We present the case," said the grim voice of freedom from its hiding place somewhere in the Carpathian Mountains, "of Mrs. Lydia Sotnik, twenty-six years old, wife of the well-known footballist, Sotnik, at Bratislava. Lydia Sotnik is a murderess. You, Slovaks, who know her, tell her that the White Legion knows all, that the day is not far off when we will bring her to justice for her part in the death of a patriot."

There are 330,000 radio sets in Slovakia, which is the eastern province of the Czechoslovak state. Throughout Slovakia, probably 1,000,000 of the population of 3,700,000 were listening as the underground radio went on to tell what the traitoress, Lydia Sotnik, had done. One Jan Hledik, from the town of Brodske, had been a slave laborer for the Russians in the uranium mines at Jachymov. He escaped over the border, eventually reaching Vienna and a tenuous freedom. Before he could continue with his plan to reach the American zone of Germany, the communists sent the Sotnik woman to Vienna to bring Hledik back.

Posing as a fellow refugee, she told Hledik a story of having left a secret hoard of money in Bratislava. Hledik agreed to sneak across the border to recover her funds.

"The secret police, informed by Lydia Sotnik, awaited Jan Hledik at the border," the underground radio continued. "They shot him. He is dead. His betrayer, on her return to Bratislava, received her reward—100,000 koruny [approximately $2000]."

The foregoing—taken from smuggled dispatches which have reached headquarters of the National Committee for Liberation of Slovakia, in Washington—is but a fragment of the ceaseless war which the Slovak underground is carrying out against the communists. Against the backdrop of world-wide Soviet aggression—ruthless and insatiable—the story of our underground resistance is a small thing. As yet, the Slovak underground movement is but a thorn prick in the foot of the giant Russian bear. But already the thorn is beginning to make the bear growl and limp.

The thorn is being manipulated with increasing effectiveness by three organizations welded together in common purpose. In the rugged mountains of Slovakia there is the Liberty Legion, the band of fighting patriots who wreck Soviet trains, blow up arsenals and factories, and execute home-grown traitors. In the towns and cities there is the ghostly White Legion, which operates as a psychological-warfare arm and keeps alive the resistance of Slovak patriots now under Red domination. Then there is the political force behind these underground legions, the National Committee for Liberation of Slovakia, with headquarters in Washington.

The full story of the Slovak underground until now has been largely secret—for obvious reasons. As chairman of the National Committee, I tell this story now, in the (Continued on Page 58)

BILL SHROUT

Members of an ECA team—Trijntje Bosman, Helga Dreibholz and Nora Willner—hear about U. S. supermarkets from Mrs. C. A. Massey, of Knoxville, Tenn.

They Find Us Hard to Believe

By BEVERLY SMITH

Washington Editor of The Saturday Evening Post

The Frenchman's eyes popped at American laborers driving expensive cars. The Britisher concluded that the U. S. production secret was our wives' greed. The Italian went mad over supermarkets. Here's how we look to Europeans sent here by ECA.

Columbus sailed the ocean blue
In Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-two.

THAT was Europe's first discovery of America. The second discovery is now under way, as an unforeseen by-product of the Marshall Plan. The Europeans are at last trying to understand what one Britisher described to me as "your vast and incomprehensible country." They want to know what makes America tick—and click. They are coming over here by the thousands, not as tourists, but as teams of earnest investigators bent on finding out how Americans live and work, in their homes and offices, their farms and factories. These are the so-called "Technical Assistance Teams."

They go back to Europe to spread a strange new gospel known in French as *productivité*, in German as *Productivität*, in Italian as *produttività*, and in Dutch as *productiviteit*. What surprises them most about this mysterious productivity, by which Americans outproduce their European counterparts by sometimes as much as two or three to one, is that it resides only partly in our fancy machinery and mass-production methods. More importantly, they find, it grows out of the entire attitude and spirit of the American people.

As a Norwegian engineer observed to me, "The strength of America is not in the turn of a lathe, but in a turn of mind." And he marveled that this turn of mind is not confined to production experts, but pervades the entire population, whether corporate executives, machine tenders, farmers or housewives. As Lord McGowan, the British industrialist, said, after studying the reports of dozens of returning British teams, "Americans seem to have a fervent belief—one might almost call it a religion—that the discovery of faster, cheaper ways of doing a job and making better products for the service of man is everybody's business." We hope his lordship is right, though we can think offhand of a couple of million exceptions.

Even more revolutionary, perhaps, is the discovery by Europeans that Americans are comparatively normal human beings. I asked a foreman from Brussels, a member of a machine-tool team, what

had impressed him most in his study of America. Was it the skyscrapers? The millions of cars? The humming assembly lines? He shook his head.

"*Le home*," he said. Seeing that this puzzled me, he went on to explain. He was astonished, he said, to find that most Americans have happy and affectionate home lives, just like people in Belgium. But yes, he had been invited into many such homes; he had seen them with his own eyes. Hitherto he had judged America by the occasional Hollywood films he had seen. These films were very exciting, very dramatic, but he had not found in them anything he could recognize as family life. He remembered one picture, years ago, in which William Powell and Myrna Loy had seemed happily married, but since Monsieur Powell was a detective, there had been much drinking, shooting and *higlif*—not like a home. I started to point out that even our detectives do not live like M. Powell and Mlle. Loy, but decided to let that illusion ride.

Many of the visitors comment on this fact of American home life, until now apparently concealed from Europeans. As one French team revealed in their report: "*Nous pénétrons enfin dans le secret de la vie américaine—le home.*" They also noted with interest, after having read for years about the marital antics of our playboys, heiresses and movie stars, that not all Americans vacation in Reno.

These misconceptions are natural enough. While millions of Americans of all classes have roamed over Europe, in or out of uniform, the reverse traffic has been a trickle. For Europeans of moderate means the costs of a transatlantic tour make the U.S.A. as remote as the moon. The relative few who visit America have been mainly of the wealthier classes, traveling a New York-Florida-California plush-carpet route, and glimpsing the rest of the country through the windows of a plane or streamliner.

Consequently 99.9 per cent of the Europeans must pick up such secondhand impressions of America as they can. The movies display the glittering dream world of Hollywood. The newsreels, on the other hand, picture Americans as plagued by floods, hurricanes, riots, auto-race smash-ups, beauty contests and female wrestlers. The popular European press specializes in our strikes, gang killings and debauchery de luxe. To add to the confusion there is the steady short-wave drumfire from behind the Iron Curtain, asserting that millions of Americans are starving in the streets, while other millions slave under the lash of the Wall Street warmongers, taking time out only for lynching

ECA

C. P. Hutchinson (third from left) explains the workings of a St. Louis, Mo., packaging plant to Arie De Zeeuw, Rinse Johan Sinia and Rintje De Boer, of the Netherlands, here to learn U.S. methods.

parties. The Voice of America and Radio Free Europe strive to counteract this, but some of the communist propaganda sinks in by sheer repetitive suggestion.

Why don't the Europeans turn to American literature for enlightenment? Some do, but this also can have befoozling results. Writers such as Steinbeck, Mailer, Caldwell and Jones present a view of America as quaint as that of the movies, and more misleading to the stranger. One elderly Hollander, an industrial designer, prepared conscientiously for his technical-assistance trip to the U.S.A. He had heard about America's Nobel Prize-winning novelist, so he inquired about Mr. Faulkner's most famous book, and obtained a copy of Sanctuary to read on the ship coming over.

Later, to one of his American hosts, he confided his bewilderment. "I studied very hard to understand this book," he said, "and finally when no one was looking I dropped it overboard. In case of accident—you know—I did not wish my family to find it among my effects. Of course," he added, "I have read other things, pleasanter things about America. But reading is no good, pictures are no good, wireless is no good for understanding the United States. I had no concept of what it is like until the last few weeks, when I have seen how Americans really live and work. I still do not fully grasp your complex country, but I have some idea, some appreciation of it, and I will try hard to convey it to my friends and colleagues in Europe."

When Congress passed the law setting up the Marshall Plan, in April of 1948, one of its main objects was to increase the productivity of Western Europe, so that that area could eventually stand on its own feet. Therefore the law provided for technical assistance to friendly countries.

One obvious way to do this is to send American production experts to Europe to explain our methods and techniques, (Continued on Page 60)

BILL SHROUT

Frenchmen Jean Svoboda and Philippe Blachais (wearing jackets), studying the American oil industry, visit the Baton Rouge, La., home of oil worker Victor Gunderson.

ECA

Mynheer Van Manen explores a supermarket. European visitors to the U.S. are fascinated by our kitchens and vast food stores.

ARE TOP SECRETS DEMORALIZING WASHINGTON?

By DEMAREE BESS

The President blames the press for revealing "secrets" released by the Government; frightened bureaucrats stamp "restricted" on unimportant papers; patriots are slandered in whispers—and no one is above suspicion in a city gone secret crazy.

LAST October fourth a group of Washington reporters made a shocking discovery. The President of the United States, they learned, was embarrassingly unfamiliar with his own Administration's devices for protecting official secrets. At a press conference that day, Mr. Truman proved to be very much confused about the Government's elaborate loyalty-security system, most of which has been instituted since he entered the White House.

The President told reporters that he had been greatly disturbed after reading a confidential survey made for the Central Intelligence Agency by some Yale University professors. Mr. Truman said the Yale investigators had concluded that "95 per cent of the Government's secret information has been revealed by newspapers and 'slick' magazines." The President then went on to express the extraordinary belief that editors and publishers—not the security system—should be held responsible for this alleged wholesale leak.

Mr. Truman is popular with most correspondents who cover his press conferences, and several of them did their best to help him extricate himself from a position which seemed to be transparently absurd. But when they asked him for specific examples of secrecy violations by newspapers and magazines, they merely made matters worse for him. For in most of the examples which the President gave, editors had obtained clearances from responsible officials; and one item to which Mr. Truman objected had been a straight Government handout. Before the press conference had ended, the President had raised serious doubts about his own sources of information, about the Yale professors and about the Government's system for protecting secrets.

When correspondents tried to get copies of the Yale survey, they had no luck; they were told that the survey itself was an official secret. So the press and the public had to be content with the brief quotation which Mr. Truman offered from the survey: that 95 per cent of the Government's secret information has been published in American newspapers and magazines. What bothered the President was that he interpreted that to mean that most of our vital secrets are reaching potential enemies through the press.

Apparently it had not occurred to Mr. Truman that another interpretation would be more logical. If newspapers and magazines, without previous protest, had published most of the Government's secret information, that should mean one of two things: Either (1) the great bulk of so-called secret information is not secret at all, and should never have been classified as secret; or (2) the Government's protective system for official secrets is a colossal failure.

It so happened that I had been making a special study of our security-loyalty system in Washington for several weeks before that curious press conference. I had talked with dozens of the men responsible for safeguarding official secrets, and had plowed through the bulky pile of manuals dealing with the subject. Having tried to pick my way through the maze of security regulations which have mushroomed during the present Administration, I was in a position to sympathize with President Truman's confusion. This whole question of secrecy has penetrated every Government department and agency, and several top administrators confessed to me that it had them almost stumped.

This absorption with official secrets is comparatively new for Americans. Like a lot of other problems, it has sneaked up on us while most of us weren't looking. One of the first things I was taught as a cub reporter was to take a dim view of public officials who claimed the right to know more about my country's affairs than I did. I was told that it was my job to outwit such characters.

Secrecy and the Democratic Processes

THE only exception recognized in the American reporter's code was when the United States went to war. Then it was agreed that Washington must withhold a certain amount of information from the public to keep it from the enemy. But as soon as a war ended, it has been the American tradition to demand that secrecy in Government should be reduced to an absolute minimum, and to treat secretive officials as objects of suspicion.

That tradition still persists, but it is having rough sledding. For we Americans, since World War II, have got bogged down in an indeterminate struggle with Soviet imperialism which has no parallel in our previous experience. We have not formally declared war on anybody, and nobody has formally declared war on us. Yet we find ourselves engaged in a world-wide conflict which takes on all the aspects of war except the formal declaration. We are simultaneously waging military warfare and economic warfare and psychological warfare, all of which involve measures depending upon secrecy for their maximum effect.

This unprecedented situation has forced the American Government to develop, by fits and starts and with many misgivings, the kind of permanent security system which European military powers have taken for granted through centuries. Most Americans now admit that these abnormal times demand more secrecy in Government than we are accustomed to. Everybody agrees that vital secrets must be thoroughly protected, not only from enemy agents outside the Government but also from potential traitors inside it. The controversies which are agitating Washington today do not question the need of secrecy. What they do question is the facts. Some critics insist that official secrets are still in danger. Others argue that overemphasis upon protection of secrets is a greater danger.

So what are the facts? How safe are official secrets now? Who makes those secrets, and how do they do it? Has our security-loyalty system reached the saturation point beyond which it does more harm than good? Is it being perverted into a witch hunt against independent thinkers in Government?

There is one secrecy problem peculiar to parliamentary democracies which plays a part in the answers to all those questions. That problem is how to protect essential secrets while at the same time giving to the people enough information to understand what their Government is doing, and why. The MacArthur hearings provided a dramatic illustration.

When the Senate called those hearings, the big issue was whether they should be open to the public or closed. The man chiefly responsible for closing the hearings was Sen. Richard B. Russell, chairman of the investigating committees. He knew that the committees had asked for secret war plans, including transcripts of conversations between General MacArthur and the Joint Chiefs of Staff; he devised the method by which verbatim testimony could quickly be made available to the press, with only vital secrets deleted. Even so, the crucial vote on this issue in the Senate was extremely close, 42 to 40.

At Senator Russell's request, Secretary of Defense George Marshall selected the man for a job nobody wanted—the censor. The job required speedy decisions about scores of the Government's most closely guarded secrets, because newspapermen work in terms of minutes rather than hours. It demanded the release of enough testimony to satisfy the public—and opposition senators—that the Administration was not trying to cover up its own blunders. Above all, it demanded that the most dangerous disclosures should not be published.

Secretary Marshall chose for this onerous task a tough combat officer, Vice-Admiral Arthur Davis, a naval commander so shy of personal publicity that most Washington correspondents had never heard of his outstanding war record. The admiral was serving at the time as Director, the Joint Staff in the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and had never specialized in censorship or intelligence. He told me that when he asked Secretary Marshall for instructions, the reply came back in four words, "Use your common sense."

Admiral Davis is one of the very few censors on record who emerged from their ordeal without any scars. He succeeded simultaneously in pleasing hard-boiled correspondents, (Continued on Page 76)

Mary asked Johnny Cork the plain question. "Not looking for the easy way, are you?" she said.

The Man Who Sold Himself

By FRANK O'ROURKE

He had to raise some money—a lot of it—and fast. There was just one way he could think of to do it.

THE town dozed in dusty silence until late afternoon, scattered gadabouts leaving shallow imprints of their passage before Ferguson's store and the Bighorn saloon; at five-thirty, with the sun heat gone and shadows crawling from the west-side false fronts on Pioneer, the town stirred into life. People appeared in the upper town where the score of substantial homes bunched closely together in respectable aloofness; on lower Pioneer the saloons prepared for business, and Big Annie filled her doorway facing the tincan-littered cul-de-sac just off Pioneer, yawning prodigiously and studying the street with shrewd eyes. In the pleasant stillness Marshal Benton emerged from the jail office and began his leisurely tour of the street; and Lea Ferguson came down Pioneer to visit the milliner about a new hat.

On the west side behind the business district, Johnny Cork hung his battered saddle in the stable alley of Herbelsheimer's livery barn and turned into the side shed, walking on soft-boiled eggs and feeling the top of his sandy-haired skull bounce loosely somewhere high above in the sky. He stripped away the blue shirt and dirt-caked pants, tugged worn boots from his tired, burning feet, and crawled wearily into the water trough. He ducked under and then lay back and sloshed himself liberally, washed the dirt and sweat from his bruised, skinny body, cleaned his nose and ears, and closed his eyes for a restful ten minutes in the sun-heated water.

He remembered the last horse and decided there was a quicker way to make his fortune; and knew, drying off with a brown-stained gunny sack, that tonight he would lie in his bunk and ask himself for the thousandth time, *How can I get ahead, improve myself?* And the silent walls would offer no solution.

Johnny Cork dressed and walked slowly through the alley to Pioneer, his movement coinciding with the marshal's and Lea Ferguson's. Benton paused on the opposite corner, smelling the evening breeze, and saw Johnny Cork come from the alley in time to catch a fleeting look of Lea's skirt as she turned into the milliner's shop.

Johnny Cork felt the old surge of anger, not at Lea, but against the mother who had filled her with false ideas about her life. Her easy living came from the store, a general store that differed in no way from a hundred others, but Lea could not understand. Johnny Cork saw the bright flash of her skirt, leaving him with the futile anger of inadequacy, and crossed the street to stand beside Benton, slight and youthful against the marshal's wide, thick bulk. He looked upward with his quick, old-man's stare of acute knowledge; and Benton saw the fresh scratch on Johnny's left forearm.

"Will you ever learn?" Benton asked.

"I caught a devil the last trip," Johnny said. "He rubbed the fence on me." (Continued on Page 63)

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY PROHASKA

VANCOUVER, B.C.

By LESLIE ROBERTS

Perched between the Rockies and the sea, Vancouver has more scenery, rain and panhandlers than almost anyplace else in Canada. In the Dominion's perpetual boom town, there are no sacred relics and a man can still get rich with a big idea.

This is the 112th of a series of articles on America's most colorful cities. The next, which deals with the Eskimo village of Unalakleet, Alaska, will appear in the January 19th issue.

A WIDELY circulated anecdote relates that an Eastern visitor, after surveying the breath-taking setting of Canada's Pacific metropolis, remarked of Vancouver, "This place is too damned beautiful. Does anybody ever work?"

Vancouverites consider this fragment a combination of well-merited compliment and slander by implication. The beauties surrounding their city, wedged between the Rockies and the sea, fifteen miles north of the Washington-British Columbia border, are unquestionably inspiring. Peaks, often blanketed in snow while rain drizzles downtown, rise sharply out of the harbor to heights verging on 5000 feet. An island-studded horizon and a frontispiece laced by bays, backed by more mountains, are framed in the seaward picture window. A long narrow bight called Burrard Inlet reaches in from the Pacific and combines with the Fraser River delta and a sizable slice of the Strait of Georgia to flank three sides of the peninsula on which most of the city stands. No matter where the eye turns, a fabulous view waits to fill it.

The free-wheeling citizens of Greater Vancouver, approximately 500,000 in number, take full advantage of the spectacular endowments of nature. The mountain slopes are crisscrossed by busy ski runs. Good sailing water is right outside the citizen's door in half a dozen residential areas, some no more than fifteen minutes from the business district. The town abounds in enthusiastic sailors and in salt- and fresh-water fishermen. Fine beaches, manicured by machinery to clean up tidal flotsam, are numerous and crowded, as are swimming pools in sections which do not touch the sea. Gardening is practically an obsession, and the condition of the lawns, shrubs and flower beds around a man's house is regarded as a key to the state of his citizenship.

Even so, few of the people on Vancouver's high slopes, pleasant waters and beaches or pruning its innumerable rosebushes, between the hours of nine and five, weekdays, are likely to be adult male residents. A strongly held local conviction maintains that these recreational assets are intended for the use of residents only after working hours, a point of view which is readily explained by history. Vancouver was not founded by men who came to look at scenery, but by frontier busters intent on building a town and making money. Their heirs and assigns have always conformed to the only tradition Vancouver has ever taken seriously. The result is a boom-town atmosphere which not even occasional economic upsets can dispel.

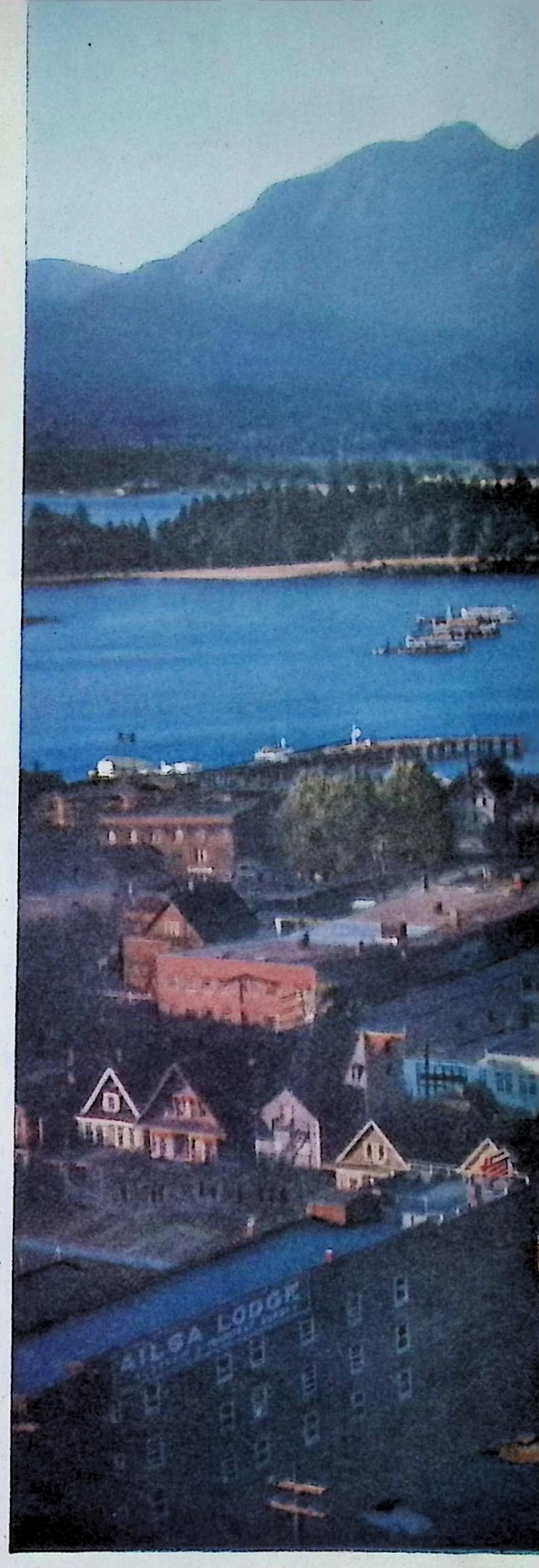
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE BURNS

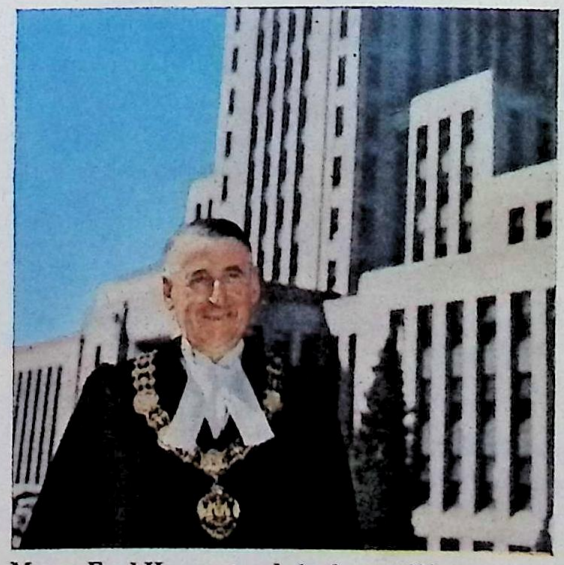
Two simple facts keynote the tempo of the city: From the time of Vancouver's christening in 1886—an event which it celebrated by burning to the ground—it has been Canada's fastest-growing community, and in sixty-five years it has literally come from nowhere to rank as the third city in the country. A typical sample of the way Vancouver feels about the future comes out, "This will be the biggest place in Canada before it is 100 years old!" Already the boosters, who can juggle a census figure or a civic boundary without batting an eye, describe it as "the greatest city of the Pacific Northwest," a phrase implying "bigger than Seattle," Vancouver's friendly rival and neighbor.

The christening was performed by a transplanted American, Sir William Van Horne, who touched off the explosion that became Vancouver by driving steel for the Canadian Pacific Railway through 500 miles of mountain gorges and onto the newly cleared flats beside Burrard Inlet. A brusque man, Sir William dismissed the suggestion of settlers who wanted to call the new town Granville, for Britain's Foreign Secretary. The residents compromised by naming a trail through the tree stumps Granville Street, now the principal north-south thoroughfare. With even greater abruptness, Van Horne brushed off the residents of offshore Vancouver Island, who insisted that they owned title to the name, by virtue of having adopted it earlier. The railroad builder demanded an appropriate name for "his" city, and it was on the record that the British explorer, Capt. George Vancouver, had sailed into Burrard Inlet in 1792. If people living on the island believed this likely to lead to confusion, let them change the name of their settlement.

The incident is still mentioned by residents of less lively communities as typical of the way Vancouver has always gone about getting what it wants. Critics of the mushrooming metropolis have also suggested that the railroad barons were hard-boiled men, interested solely in money. Such a statement, made in the presence of an established Vancouverite, can lead to an invitation to come out in the alley and repeat it. In the local estimate, the railroaders made Canada a nation by stringing steel across its great open spaces and through the canyons to the Pacific. The thesis cannot be denied. If they made a dollar in the process, so what? They opened up the country, didn't they? They also left a legacy to Vancouver—a determination to follow the pioneers' example and never be content to rest anywhere short of the top of the league.

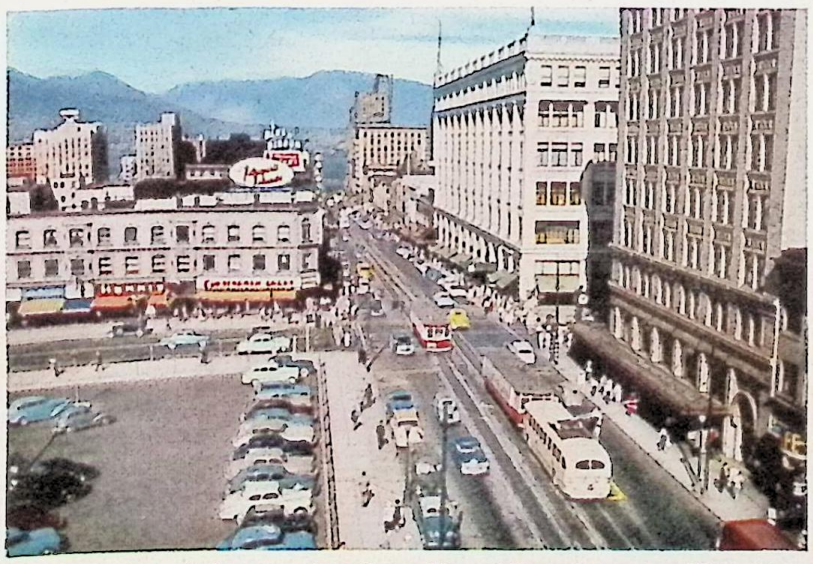
The first transcontinental train to reach what is now the heart of downtown Vancouver came out of the Fraser Canyon onto the Burrard Flats on May 23, 1887, and halted in the middle of a group of frame and log buildings, a short spit from the harbor tidemark. For ten months before that, service had come as far as Port Moody, twelve miles inland. The transpacific steamer, Abyssinia, came up the inlet three weeks later and tied to the new seaport's only dock. The junction of steel and tidewater has been a going concern ever since. Developed harbor frontage now totals more than (Continued on Page 68)





Mayor Fred Hume stands in front of Vancouver's modern city hall, which was built in the 1930's.

Downtown Vancouver on a clear day, looking across the bay toward the Rocky Mountains. The city was founded in 1886.



Vancouver's main intersection, Granville and Georgia streets. The white building at the right is the Hudson's Bay Company department store.

One of the swimming pools in Stanley Park, a one-thousand-acre recreation area in the western part of the city. Lyons Gate Bridge is to the rear.

Don't Marry My Mother

By GLENN W. CAMP

When a young widow and her daughter both fall for the same man, there's sure to be trouble—for all three.

SIX-YEAR-OLDS have a great proclivity for bringing home stray dogs and cats. Margie was different. She brought home stray men. "It's natural," her mother always explained. "You see, she never had a father."

Margie knew Red was something special the minute he spoke, hours before she led him over to look at her tadpoles. He was rebuilding a brick fence on the neighboring ranch when she wandered up behind him and stood silently watching in rapt enchantment as he worked deftly with the mortar and trowel.

Finally, he turned and winked at her. "One on two and two on one," he grinned. "That's the secret of bricklaying. Like to try it?"

She tried it, with rather devastating results to her jeans and blouse, and Red applauded mightily, saying: "You're doing splendidly. Before we finish this fence you'll be another Winston Churchill."

Margie didn't know Winston Churchill from one of her tadpoles, but her narrow little face beamed with pleasure. She was tall for six years, lean and tanned from outdoor activity. Two long, dark pigtails hung down to her shoulder blades and terminated in bows that had come unstrung from her fence building.

When she led him through the Northern California prune orchard and into her own back yard to see the tadpoles, she pointed and said, "That's my mother." Bent over in the garden so that only her stern was visible, Sue Ashton didn't offer much in the way of scenery.

"Lovely woman," said Red. "Let's get to the tadpoles." But Margie pulled him over and yelled, "Hey, mom!" Sue came to the surface. Her hands were muddy, her face smudged and an errant curl hung down over one eye from beneath her straw coolie hat.

"You lose something in there?" Red inquired pleasantly.

"Weeding," said Sue. "Who are you?"

"His name's Red," said Margie, "and he's a bricklayer."

Sue blew the curl out of her eye. "Really?" She shook the dirt from her hands, stepped over the low privet hedge onto the lawn and surveyed Red critically. A pleasant departure from the usual stray dragged home by Margie, he was so big that he should have been awkward, and so block-featured and square-jawed that he should have been ugly. Quite the opposite was true. She suddenly wished her face were clean and that she had on something besides a soiled pair of shorts and a T shirt.

"You working on the Mills place?" she asked.

Red hesitated. "I'm making some badly needed repairs around the property," he admitted.

She was instantly interested. "Then you must have met Arthur Mills, the brother John Mills left the ranch to when he died."

"I've met him, yes."

"What's he like?" she asked avidly.

"Charming fellow," said Red. "Honest, thrifty, hard-work——"

"Clean, reverent and mannerly. Yes, no doubt." She gave a gesture of impatience. "But what does he do for a living? What are his plans for the property? Is he going to sell it?"

"He hasn't yet made up his mind."

She bobbed her head emphatically. "I'll make up his mind for him, if I ever see the character," she promised. "I've been after that adjoining land for five years. I'd do most anything to get it."

"So I've heard," he smiled.

"Oh?" She cocked her elegant head and regarded him closely. "What else have you heard?"

"Well," he shrugged, "I heard your husband died a month before your daughter was born and that you've made Davis Agricultural College proud by doing a remarkable job of keeping this prune factory of yours out of the hole and on a paying basis."

"You heard right," she nodded.

"And I heard you're somewhat stubborn, aggressively persistent in getting what you want, and not without a bit of temper."

"My, quite well informed, aren't you?"

"I—ah—also heard you and John Mills didn't exactly hit it off swimmingly," he added.

She gave a sardonic little snort. "Not exactly. His mother deserted him and ran off with a sailor when he was eleven and his brother six. It must have poisoned his attitude, because he was a professional bachelor and woman hater. He was also an incompetent rancher. It always galled him to see me outproducing him. It rankled his soul to know a mere woman, who had to hire all her work done, was still netting more profit at the end of the year than he was."

She took off her hat and shook her brown hair free. "This brother who owns the ranch now, is he a woman hater too?"

"Arthur?" Red's eyebrows went up, then down into a thoughtful frown. "Well, I wouldn't say so." He grinned. "He's thirty-two and unmarried, but I've heard him speak quite favorably of Joan of Arc."

"Regular Casanova, eh? How come I've never seen him around?"

"He's been living in Oregon. Teaching history up there."

"A teacher?" She brightened. "Good. He'll be in need of money and snap up my offer."

"I wouldn't be too sure," said Red. "It's rumored his brother John's last expressed wish was that you never be allowed to get possession of his land."

"Why, the spiteful cad!" she exclaimed. Then she put her finger to her chin thoughtfully as Margie began tugging impatiently at Red's hand and he turned to go. "Let me know next time our boy Arthur comes around," she requested. "I want to meet him."

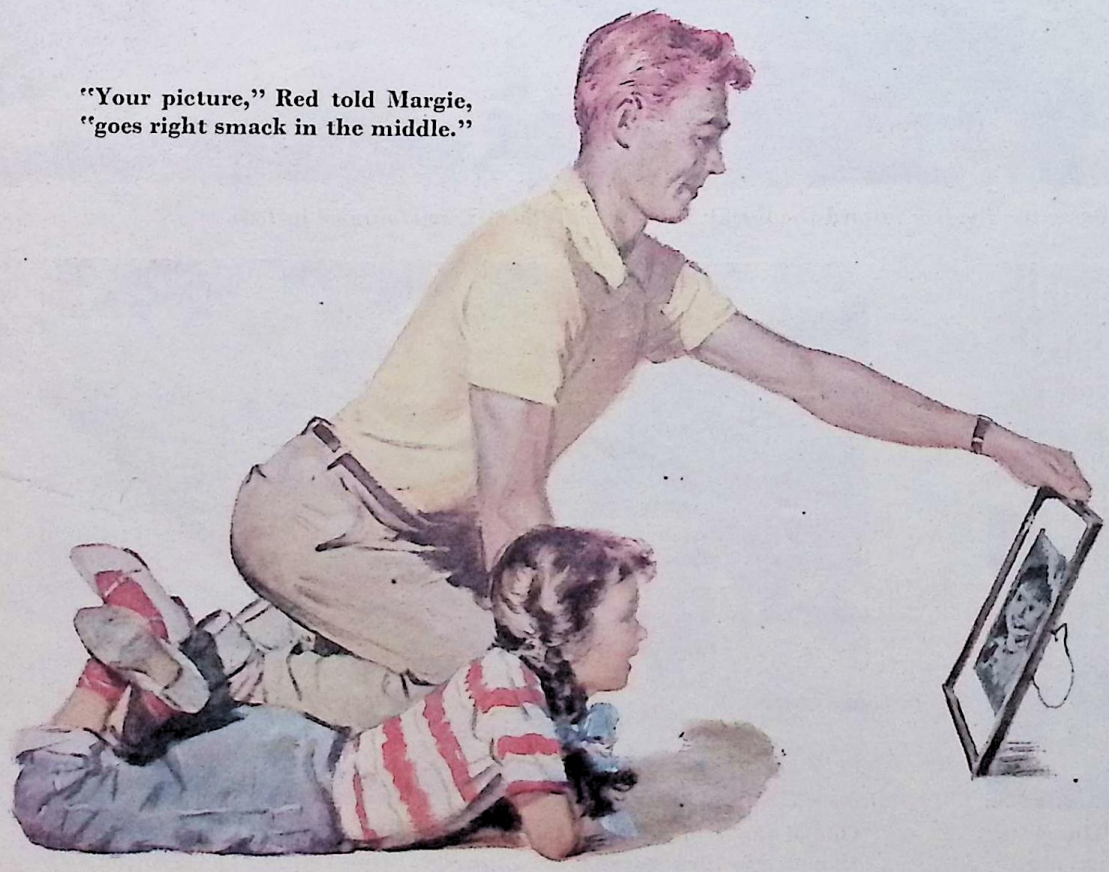
"You already have," said Red, following Margie. "I'm Arthur Mills. And my mother didn't run off with a sailor when I was six," he called back over his shoulder. "It was a soldier."

Long before the fence was finished, Margie and Red were as inseparable as the bricks that went into its companionable construction, and before they started rebuilding the pump motor, he asked Sue for a photograph of her daughter.

She sent over two framed portraits: one of Margie and one, on an impulse, of herself; and Margie watched while Red tacked hanging cord to the back of her picture.

(Continued on Page 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA



"Your picture," Red told Margie, "goes right smack in the middle."

Margie considered that she and Red were engaged, and she refused to give him up.

The McClellan triplets—Cheryl Ann, Karen Sue and Nancy Jane, aged five. In the United States, triplets occur in one out of every 7569 pregnancies.

What Would You Do With Triplets?

By LOUISE BAKER and GREER WILLIAMS

With three babies at once, you use nearly 400 diapers a week, spend seven hours a day spoon-feeding them—and the doctor may even charge you for three deliveries. If you think raising one child's a problem, consider what these mothers of triplets go through.

ACCORDING to the mysterious but apparently immutable mathematical laws governing human reproduction, in the United States one in approximately eighty-seven pregnancies results in twins, and one in eighty-seven times eighty-seven results in triplets. In other words, about one in every 7569 blessed events occurs in triplicate. It does not take a gambler to tell you that these are comfortably long odds, in the event you fear this little jam on Nature's adding machine. If, on the other hand, you happen to be the 7569th mother or the 7569th father, it is no gamble, but almost a sure thing, that (1) your first dumfounded reaction will sum itself up in eight classic words and (2) somehow you will survive the experience.

Take, for example, Mr. and Mrs. Earl V. McClellan, of 1452 Glen Road, Dayton, Ohio. They are the parents of Cheryl Ann, Nancy Jane and Karen Sue, now five years old. About midway in her pregnancy, Mrs. McClellan suspected that she would have twins. She had gained abnormally, and anyway twins run in the family. There are eight sets of twins on her side and also eight sets among her husband's relatives. Her doctor did not believe that she would have more than one, but three weeks before delivery he ordered a precautionary X ray because he planned to do a Caesarean section, the same as in the case of her first child, Larry.

Mrs. McClellan went to the hospital with her mother-in-law and, after the X ray was taken, asked to see it. The nurse told her no, the film would have to go to her doctor first. As she walked out into the hall, Mrs. McClellan saw at least a dozen nurses and doctors in a huddle. One of the doctors beckoned her over and said, "Maybe you'd like to see your X ray."

"Well, yes," she replied, "but the nurse said I couldn't see it."

"I think this is an occasion when we should make an exception," he said, and led her and her mother-in-law into the X-ray reading room, where he placed the film over an illuminator.

"Now, let's see," he said. "Maybe we'd better get you a chair to sit on before I show you the X ray."

"Oh, never mind," said Mrs. McClellan. "I know I'm going to have twins. It won't be a shock."

"But you are not going to have twins," he said.

"Well, then what's all the excitement about?" she demanded.

"You are going to have triplets—and maybe more!"

Mrs. McClellan saw tears come in her mother-in-law's eyes and felt a terrible blush rise in her own cheeks. The doctor explained that there were definitely three fetuses showing in the X ray, plus a shadow that might just possibly be a fourth. All Mrs. McClellan could think of to say were eight words: "What will I ever do with three babies?"

As soon as she got home that afternoon, she called her husband, who is employed by the Dayton Automatic Stoker Company.

"Well," he asked, "what did they find out?"

"I'm not going to have twins," she said.

"See—what did I tell you?" he replied. "All that worrying for nothing."

"Oh, I don't know," she said, and then let him have it. "They say there will be three—maybe four." There was a dead silence. "Earl, Earl, Earl!" she cried. Finally, as men will in times of sudden stress or astonishment, he quietly took the Lord's name in vain. Just as quietly, he hung up. Worried, Mrs. McClellan called him back. All he could say was, "What will we ever do with three babies?"

What you will do, not from choice, but through grim necessity, has been well established as a by-product of a study of human development being carried on by the Samuel S. Fels Research Institute, at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, not far from Dayton. The study, concerned with the interplay of heredity and environment in shaping life, includes four sets of triplets.

As Dr. Lester W. Sontag, director of the institute, points out, triplets are of great value in such a scientific investigation, particularly when they consist of identical twins, derived from the splitting of one egg cell, and a fraternal twin, who is the product of a second egg, fertilized by a different sperm cell. Three of the four triplet groups are of this type.

"In these three sets," said Doctor Sontag, "we have two children with the same genes and germ plasm, but we have a third of the same sex, born simultaneously, reared in the same home under the same conditions, but which has different genes." Thus the fraternal, or odd, triplet serves as a control in questions of whether heredity or environment is responsible for disease tendencies, variations of growth and like or unlike characteristics.

Fels records show, for example, that the identicals follow a pattern of growth unlike that of the fraternal brother or sister, despite similar nutrition. Comparisons of their own gains in height and weight match so closely, however, that (Continued on Page 72)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OLLIE ATKINS

Dale, Daniel and David Bremer are ten-year-old triplets. Daniel and David are identical twins, derived from division of the same egg cell; Dale is a fraternal twin and the product of a second egg cell.

The Bremer boys at Fels Institute, where Doctor L. W. Sontag (left) is doing research on triplets.

The McClellan car is filled whenever the family goes out for a drive. Eight-year-old Larry was the first person in his family who was able to tell one from another of his three sisters when they were younger.

Night of Plunder

By HARRY BEDWELL

These savages had never seen such luxury. There was no stopping them now. The diner and the Pullmans would be looted and despoiled.

THE Silver Arrow, a crack passenger streamliner, was blocked at a weakened railroad trestle in the desert. The train was safe, but at any moment the steel gang—a band of half-civilized, half-starved border jumpers from Mexico—might break in to plunder it.

Eddie Sand, a railroad telegrapher, foreman Alec Blee and the ragged steel gang had been ordered to Retreat to reinforce the flood-weakened trestle. The Silver Arrow and a freight train were halted on opposite sides of the bridge. Blee ordered the freight to start. When the boxcars were halfway across, Blee heard an ominous rumble. Tons of water from a flash flood in the desert came roaring down the draw toward the trestle. Before the train could be uncoupled, the flood hit the bridge, demolished it and the cars on it, and carried Blee away.

One of the boxcars was smashed. A barrel of whisky rolled free and burst open. Eddie, watching, knew that if there was any whisky left in the barrel the steel gang would get at it.

Alec Blee could have stopped them, but he was dead. The only other person who knew how to control the savages was the Mexican telegrapher, Manuelita—but she was miles away.

There was going to be violence and bloodshed—and there wasn't anything Eddie could do to stop it.

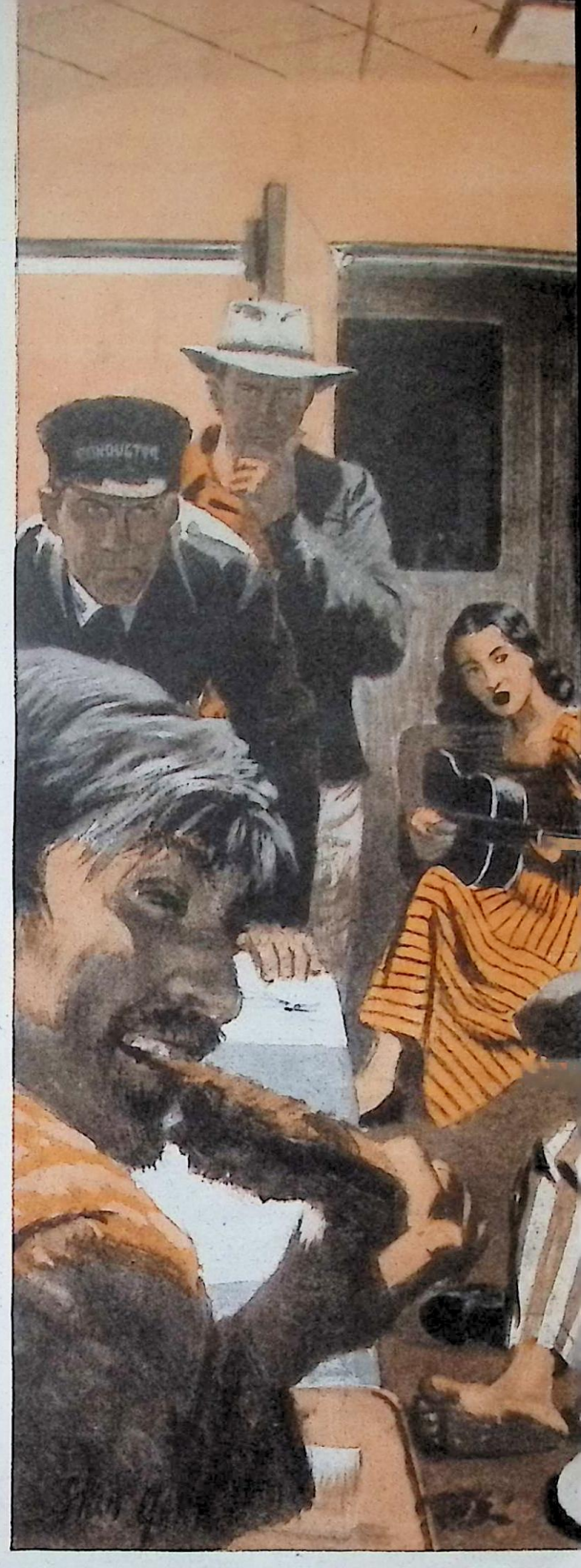
CONCLUSION

IT was over while you held your breath, and destruction was all around. The freight train was torn in two, cars were tumbled along the east bank, and there was a gap in the line where the trestle had stood so long. The last singing sigh of the flash flood faded into the big silence, and fire in the wreckage of the busted boxcar threw up yellow tongues and long shadows beyond the main track.

The steel gang huddled and stared. When they saw the broken boxes and cartons of merchandise strewn upon the rocky flat, a treasure they had never hoped to possess, their eyes glittered in the firelight. Red Indian gave a belly-shaking yell. Huarachos slapped the ground in a torrent of running feet. They streamed down and raced across and scattered among the plunder.

This wasn't a mirage. It was happening at a desert blind siding marked RETREAT on the mile boards and printed in the division timetable, the only places you were ever likely to find it mentioned. The Silver Arrow, twenty coaches of streamlined luxury, glowed like a jeweled necklace on the siding, aloof from death and destruction. Wetbacks—hunted illegal immigrants—plundered a wonderland of goods and gadgets that exceeded their wildest imaginings. Here were articles of attire they had never seen before, garments of many hues and textures. Here were canned foods and tobacco and shiny trinkets for their women.

Alec Blee would have stopped them before they got started. He would have lined them out and put them to work and made them like it. But the old construction man was down there where the flash flood had left him, buried in silt and gravel, broken cars and bridge timbers.



A stone splintered the window. It was the first act of open violence—but only the first.

As the cold shock died, Eddie remembered another item out of the catastrophe. Through the snarl of the flash flood as it lashed down the wash, the telegraph instrument had hammered a message into his brain, a brief report of flood conditions from the roadmaster to headquarters—miles of railroad track and highway under water to the east and the west. Traffic of all kinds was at a standstill. No relief trains could get through till the water subsided.

Eddie sat down slowly. Automatically he fumbled for the telegraph key, and it was like reaching into eternity. There was no responsive click of the sounder to the flick of his fingers. The poles had been torn down on both sides of the wash and three hundred yards of wires were gone. There was no longer any communication with the world beyond the horizon, where there was enlightened law and cops to make it stand up.

A porter opened the vestibule door and set his stool on the ground. Passengers streamed down the steps and knotted along the path beside the coaches, men in business suits and sports clothes, women in frocks designed and fabricated in famous establishments and selected from exclusive shops. Life could be enchanting if you worked it right. Worth a good try, if you ever got out of this one.

Dime-store jewelry scattered among the rocks, glinting in the fitful light, was scooped up and stuffed inside ragged shirts. Red Indian and Girl Face rummaged through broken cases of men's

For a moment Manuelita's guitar playing distracted them. Then she lost her hold on them, and the looting began.

apparel. They became blindly absorbed in selecting from so much at their disposal. They held up garments, comparing and contemplating, as critical as women trying on hats. There were gaudy jackets and shirts, slacks in striking patterns. They picked them over and made their choice. They stripped to their G strings—and the knives that were slung thereto.

Red gravely fitted on a crazy-quilt wool shirt, a yellow-and-black coat and powder-blue slacks. Girl Face chose a red smoking jacket as the outstanding item of his getup. Lizard Belly came and experimented with a pair of flamboyant shorts. He pulled them over his head, shoving his arms through the legs. They wouldn't work that way. He cast them aside and engulfed himself in flaming pajamas. He rolled the legs and arms into hard twists. The three of them struggled to put on shoes. They stumped about as if they were on stilts.

The passengers stood watching these vagrants. Top performers who played for your laughs, laughed at their antics. Grave men of science, of government and of industry looked on, and were amused. The notables who make the motion pictures showed professional interest. As a story in contrasts, they thought it promising.

Eddie liked better the sparkle of gems that hadn't come from the dime store, and the slither of silk. He estimated with satisfaction that he could smell a hundred dollars' worth of cigar smoke. He agreed with the movie makers that this affair had exceptional aspects. But it wouldn't run through the accepted pattern, and it might come out more lurid than their writers could contrive. These accomplished people who cooked up make-believe and sold it on the screen could find themselves playing bit parts in an unrehearsed drama they wouldn't like at all.

Trujillo's men hadn't hunkered down quietly, as they usually did the instant the task was done. Fear crawled in them. They had witnessed destruction and death, and caught the smell of raw life as lived by their distant kinsmen. It seemed as if the world was coming up by the roots.

Hipolito rolled the whites of his eyes. "Iss not s'good," he complained.

The same thought had been circulating in Eddie's mind. The Silver Arrow should be backed out of here, beyond the reach of those pillaging border jumpers before they found any remaining whisky in the barrel and recalled the glowing pictures they had seen through the windows of the cars. Maybe he could scare the conductor into doing it. Eddie stood up.

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN GALLI

Frobisher, the freight train's engineer, came over to him through the speckled light. "Is the dispatcher's wire working?"

Eddie said it wasn't. "And storm water is crawling all over the desert, so you couldn't go anyplace if you got orders."

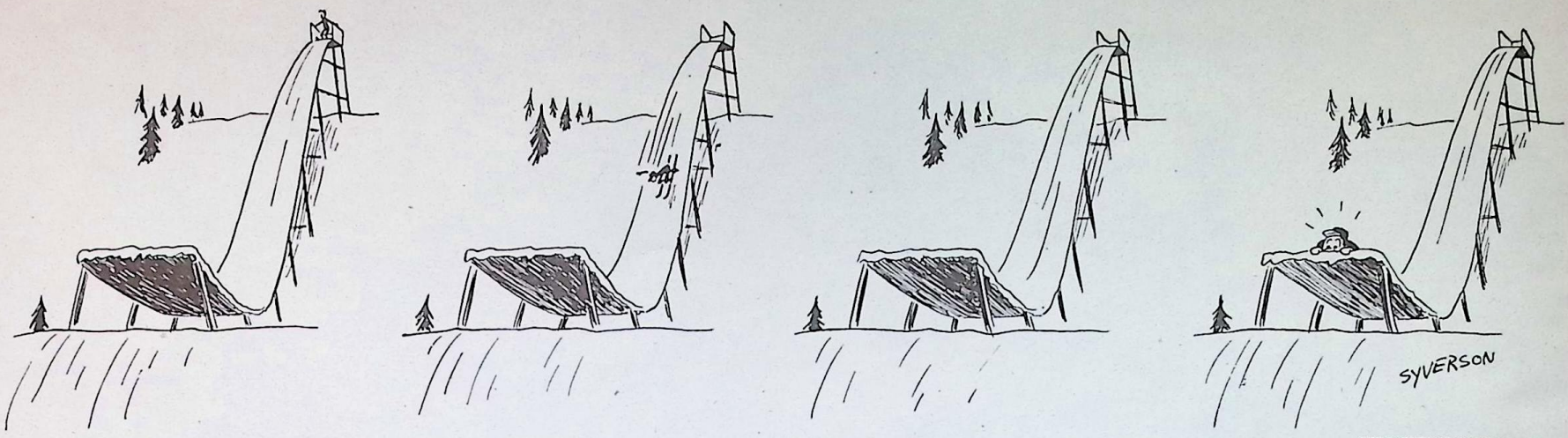
Frobisher knew better. "No trains out between here and Gravity?"

Eddie shook his head.

"I've been rolling 'em across this section of hell for thirty years," Frobisher estimated, "and I've seen wetbacks act up before. It'd curl your whiskers." He glanced at his watch. "I don't like this place, the way it's turned out. I'm going to take the head-end cars, and see if I can't make it to Gravity. There's never much runoff between here and there. I'll take it easy."

Maybe Frobisher wasn't scared, but he was eager to leave this place. He whistled off, and a cyclone of smoke boiled up against the stars as he widened the throttle. The exhaust bellowed. The drivers slipped and kicked sparks and streaks of fire.

Walley, in the quiet security of his fifth-story office, with a million people around him, would never believe that the steel gang was catching up on civilization, employing ancient methods to gain immediate wealth, and was capable of deeds of violence. Not if you swore to (Continued on Page 47)



POST SCRIPTS

Here's How!

THERE seems to be a steady demand for various types of guidebooks and how-to-do-it books these days. In fact, the fall catalogue of one of the bigger publishers—Onward and Upward—makes mighty interesting reading when you examine the titles of forthcoming books plus partial tables of contents:

Dental-Chair Tactics and Strategy. Position. The firm grip on the chair arm vs. the clenched fist. . . . Six reliable hand signals for conveying information. . . . The cotton wad and its effect on pronunciation, complete with diagram and phonetic chart. . . . How to run the gamut from mild concern to excruciating pain, with special emphasis on the admonitory gasp, the warning grunt and the full-scale groan. . . . Dependable stalling tactics: drink of water—conversation—object in eye.

A Guide to Phone-Booth Behavior. How to amuse yourself when standing in line. . . . Reliable ways of recognizing long-winded talkers. . . . Correct stance and posture when inside booth. . . . Ventilation hints. . . . Dangers of cigar smoking. . . . Proper coin manipulation. . . . Appendix, including up-to-date penal codes of all forty-eight states.

So You're Going to Scrub Your Boy. Bathtub techniques. . . . How to locate soap under the water. . . . Dependable grips on the arms, neck and ears, with correct countermeasures for attempts to break them. . . . Three ways to cure splashing without resorting to physical punishment. . . . Facecloth vs. the bristle brush. . . . How to cope with paint, tar, pitch and bubble-gum stains. . . . Is sandpaper ever justified?

How to Open Up a Charge Account. Correct attire. . . . The casual attitude. . . . Control that Adam's apple! . . . Smoking as a calming influence. . . . What to do if your hands start trembling. . . . How to give references. . . . Handy alphabetical list of 100 wealthy national celebrities whom you can claim to know. . . . How to accept defeat philosophically if turned down.

Committee Chairman's Manual. How to call a meeting to order. . . . Silencing the long-winded speaker. . . . How to make others do the work. . . . Rephrasing a motion so it can be understood. . . . One dozen graceful ways of resigning from your chairmanship.

—PARKE CUMMINGS.

A LADY from near Rising Sun,
She flattened her boy friend in fun,
Saying, "Don't worry, kid,
That's for nothing you did;
It's for something I dreamt that you done."

—OGDEN NASH.

Words to Songs That Will Never be Written

It's January in January

I THOUGHT when Cupid shot me with
An arrow from his quiver,
I'd have my love to keep me warm,
But lately I just shiver;

The rain is icy and the fog
Is thicker than molasses;
Our neighbor's wife is in a play
And we have two free passes;

It's ten below and we allow
Ice skating in the attic;
They tore the furnace down today
To make it automatic;

Snow, sleet and hail are racing in,
And sleet looks like the winner;
I drive to speak on Safety at
The Parent-Teachers dinner;

My wife got up a bridge game, which
On wintry nights is dandy,
But I must fight the blizzard to
The drugstore for some candy;

Some travel far for winter sports
Because they find it pleasing;
I find it winter sport enough
To try to keep from freezing.

—LOYD ROSENFIELD.

Enjoy a Taste of Summer

Luscious garden veg'tables,
Join with a beef stock fine
To make this soup a fav'rite
With folks like yours and mine!

How deeply satisfying it is, on a winter's day, to sit down to a plate of Campbell's Vegetable Soup. This "garden in a bowl", steaming and fragrant, goes straight to your heart—warms and cheers and delights you. And no wonder! For its 14 different vegetables are mingled in a sturdy beef stock.

Folks welcome this hearty, substantial vegetable soup—at lunch, at supper. Children cheer it and mothers are glad, for they know it's "almost a meal in itself". You'll find it pays to have it *always* on your soup shelf—*often* on your table.

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

Almost a Meal in Itself—

BACKGROUND FOR MURDER

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The girl was half-crazed with grief, but she made her deadly purpose clear. She was to be their executioner.

A STRANGE man had died of bullet wounds in Peter Mortain's apartment. Peter was convinced that one of two people—Tod Arundel, a famous band leader, or Elia Anor, a singer in Arundel's troupe—knew the answer to the murder.

As producer-director of Arundel's musical variety television show, Peter knew that Arundel had been coerced into hiring Elia Anor, and that she was a troublemaker. Although Mortain and Arundel were close friends, Arundel wouldn't—or didn't dare—talk about the man who was blackmailing him.

Lieutenant McReady, of Homicide, who was working on the murder, turned up at Arundel's country estate the day the band leader was giving a party for his troupe. After questioning Peter and the show's comedienne, Sally Watts, McReady managed to get himself invited to the party.

Then, surrounded by Arundel's guests, McReady told a strange story about a blind violinist, a beggar, who had been stabbed to death in Times Square. The beggar's violin had turned out to be a costly Stradivarius. It had been stored at police headquarters, but someone had stolen it.

Arundel reacted violently when he heard the story. Worriedly, Peter slipped away to think. He went to the property room of the little theater on Tod's property. There, Peter noticed a violin case among the other theatrical props. He opened it. Inside was a Stradivarius.

Was it the same one that Lieutenant McReady had spoken about?

IV

TOD ARUNDEL, offstage, was not a startlingly impressive personage. He seemed younger than his actual age. He dressed neither carefully nor carelessly; he had no mannerisms. Indeed, he was commonplace. But the instant he stood upon his podium with the eyes of the cameras focused upon him, there came a transformation. In an instant the commonplace vanished. He radiated color. Every movement, every facial expression, was individual, interesting, somehow exciting. Even when he stood surrounded by his company, by beautiful women and handsome young men, it was Tod the audience saw. His stage presence was a combination of natural instinctive showmanship and shrewd calculation and rehearsal. Never for an instant did he permit his audience to forget that this was a Tod Arundel show and that he dominated it.

Now, at the start of the Sunday-afternoon final rehearsal, he stood center stage, at the end of the signature music, ready to speak the introductory commercial. His eyes were upon a concealed monitor in whose screen he could watch the performance and see exactly how he looked in the living rooms of the nation, and watch the show appraisingly as it proceeded.

His memory for words was uncertain, so, at a distance of some feet, a subordinate stood holding up a large card on which his speech was printed in large letters. Unless you were there actually to see, you would not know that he was reading instead of speaking spontaneously. He had a way of his own of modulating his voice, of seeming to speak casually and of halting sometimes as if searching for a word. He made a production of every commercial.

He might have been there, present in your home, instead of standing on a little round platform in a cluttered and distracting workshop. He seemed to be speaking to you personally instead of to a sprouting forest of cameras and dollies and booms and light standards.

"Here you go, Sforza," the girl said.

The general performer gets inspiration from his audience. A roomful of live spectators or a mass theater audience contributes to or detracts from the performance of an actor or speaker. But Tod Arundel needed no audience. He was able to project himself, to be at his best, with no eye watching him, with no hands to applaud.

Behind him—they were actually over at one side, out of the way—were the orchestra and men's chorus, visible to the viewers. In front, invisible to the remote audience, were forty or fifty technicians of all varieties. Spaced around the cyclorama were fragments of scenery arranged in what seemed a meaningless way, and groups of performers ready to go upon their cues.

Tod finished his commercial and introduced the first number. Peter Mortain, in the monitor room, spoke to the operator of the big crane carrying No. 2 camera, "A shade closer, Two. . . . Hold it. That's right. Take two."

The final words put Camera 2 on the air, and the viewing audience saw and listened to the voices of the men's chorus. "Camera three, ready. Center. . . . Center. Take three."

Camera 3 captured Jerry Overton as he went into his solo. With crisply spoken directions, Peter superimposed a close-up of Jerry upon the background of the chorus; then switched to Camera 1, which showed Tod directing from his podium. And so it went, swiftly, competently. Sally Watts came next with her Barn Dance song and dance. Over in a corner was a bit of scenery depicting a fragment of the interior of a barn, but when it went out over the air the viewers were quite certain that they saw a large interior instead of a small space before a couple of flats upon which the camera concentrated.

The show swung along with few pauses for directions. The associate director seemed to be talking constantly to the stage in a low tone. The technical director, or switcher, pressed buttons at Peter's command—buttons which moved the picture on the screen from camera to camera. Everybody in the monitor room was tense, with the exception of Peter, who was responsible for it all. When he spoke, it was softly, courteously, without excitement. A camera fouled itself in sprawling wires at a critical moment. The technical director barked, "Get into position! Position!"

Although Peter seemed relaxed and at ease, tension actually was building up within him as they drew nearer to the Wishing Well number—to Elia Anor's first appearance with the company. At last it came, and he leaned forward to listen and to scrutinize. He was relieved to see her appear obediently in the costume of gingham—simple, as had been the intention, not revealing. But simple as it was, it could not conceal the opulence of her young body. She sang, not as Lila Conway would have sung the song, with wistfulness to bring tears to the eyes, but she sang it well. It was not her fault, perhaps, if she could not conceal the sultriness of her voice, or certain minute movements, not suggestive, but certainly not shy or heartbroken. It was adequate, as the reviewers say, but it lacked the wistfulness, the understanding, that Lila Conway would have given it.

"Damn it!" exclaimed the assistant director. "She makes you think she's waiting for a traveling man to come to town."

Max Morton made his entrance and joined in the duet. The two voices blended. Elia did not try to steal the scene, as Peter had feared, but her shyness and timidity managed somehow to be provocative instead of sad and frightened, as the composer had intended.

"She," whispered the assistant, "ought to be in Tobacco Road."

But it was not so blatant as Peter had feared. He sighed and relaxed when the number was over.

"If she holds to that tonight," he said, "it will get by."

"She's got a voice," said the assistant grudgingly. "But she could make a torch song out of a lullaby. Has she got a boy friend?"

"I wouldn't know," Peter said.

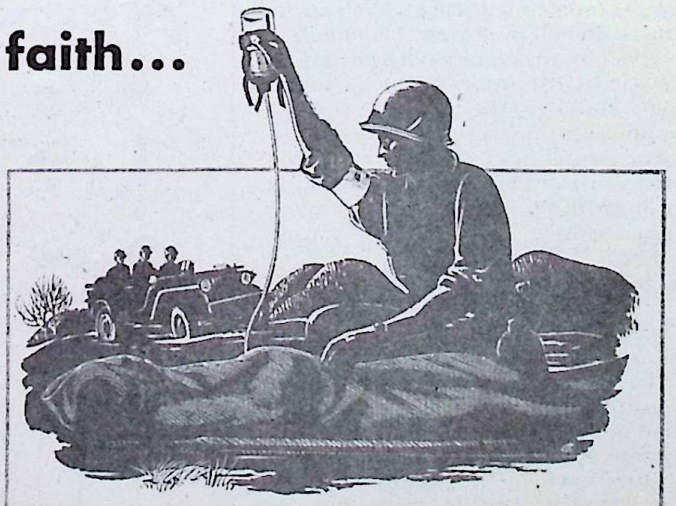
"I'm going to get a ration card and stand in line," observed the assistant. (Continued on Page 52)

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

From experience comes faith...

When you are very young you offer hand and heart to any living thing. Everyone is your friend.

Then come lessons in judgment. Mother's gentle warnings, experience earned wherever your life may lead, teach you many things: to listen for the hard facts behind soft words; to look for the evidence of integrity. Experience replaces simple trust with judgment in where to place your faith.



Blood plasma, sulfa drugs, penicillin and many other medicinals produced by E. R. Squibb & Sons mean life itself. Few services to man call for greater experience and trust than the services of the pharmaceutical manufacturer.

The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

SQUIBB

©E. R. S & S

WHAT A WAY TO AMUSE YOURSELF!

(Continued from Page 16)

conquer the forty-six highest Adirondacks in twenty-three days. This would establish a new record for speed and thereby make their honeymoon unique. In addition, it would admit them automatically to membership in the East's most exclusive hiking society, the "46'ers," composed of those who have set foot on every 4000-foot peak in the forest reserve. Their secondary object, which explained the can of paint, was to leave irrefutable evidence of their progress.

Petty is not a detective, but, by frequenting the foot trails, he managed to pick up enough gossip to confirm his suspicions. One day when word reached him that the wandering artists were coming out of the woods, having bagged their forty-sixth peak, he posted himself at a strategic trail junction near Adirondak Loj, a camp for hikers on the northern edge of the high peaks. After he had consumed one pipeful of tobacco and patiently answered the questions of fifty-seven passers-by, the happy but footsore honeymooners came strolling toward him.

"And may I ask," said Petty, blocking the path, "if you painted those numerals on top of our mountains?"

The husband proudly concurred.

"In that case," said Petty, reaching for his fountain pen, "it will cost you twenty-five dollars, assuming you wish to settle the case right here. Otherwise, since you have violated the conservation law, we will have to take you to court for defacing the mountains. This may run into some hundreds of dollars for legal fees, not to overlook a much larger fine if the judge finds you guilty."

The newlywed husband wrote out a check, though loudly protesting the purity of his intentions. The fine by no means paid the cost of expunging the offending numerals, since this messy job would have required the undivided attention of two forest rangers for nearly a month. But it served as an object lesson to others who, overcome by the grandeur of the scenery and the tonic effect of mountain air, might succumb to a similar impulse. Less ebullient 46'ers toted paint remover up the damaged mountains and restored them to their pristine state.

The Case of the Picaresque Walkers, though doubtless extreme, helps to establish the point that hiking has a strange and intoxicating effect on its practitioners, who may be found in every hilly or mountainous section of the United States. Slothful outsiders, who climb only those mountains equipped with railways, motor highways, chair lifts or aerial tramways, are prone to consider hiking a singularly drab form of self-immolation, and to inquire crassly, "What thrill do you get out of it?" This question is calculated to infuriate any dedicated walker. It also will reduce him to speechlessness, since the rewards so largely are spiritual.

To reap these rewards, the hiker must tote a heavy pack up one side of a mountain and down the other, thereafter sleeping at night in a three-sided shelter, open to the winds, where he cuts his own firewood, makes his own bed of balsam boughs and cooks his own meals over an open fireplace. The reward for this sweaty work is a superlative view from an isolated mountaintop, a mild feeling of triumph at having outwitted the twin forces of nature and gravity and—almost always—a compulsion to go on to bigger and better mountains. In addition, the cost of a hiking holiday is negligible compared to the bill for two weeks at a summer hotel in the mountains, where you may sleep in comfort on innerspring mattresses and spend the day lounging around a swimming pool.

Novice hikers, unaware that the sport is a narcotic, are apt to start innocently on the most-publicized mountains, those with well-marked and well-trodden trails all the way to the top. Mt. Washington, New Hampshire; Mt. Mansfield, Vermont; Mt. Marcy, New York; and Longs Peak, Colorado, fall into this category, all of them being higher than anything else in the immediate neighborhood. Before long, such innocents are in the grip of forces beyond their control. A bookkeeper in a city bank is apt to discover himself thrashing through trackless wilderness to a mountaintop so thickly wooded that any view of the countryside is impossible. If he selects twenty-one trailless summits in the Adirondacks, and makes his way up twenty-five others accessible by footpath, he will wind up with a gold "46" pinned to his wind jacket. This symbolizes his membership in the 46'ers.

A rural schoolteacher may choose the Green Mountains of Vermont for her summer vacation, planning to take only a few mild walks. Before long she may find herself trapped into walking 263.4 miles up the Long Trail, end to end, from Massachusetts to Canada, or vice versa. For this feat, accomplished by seventy hikers since the completion of the trail in 1931, the reward is an engraved diploma. The record is ten days.

More muscular hikers, unwilling to tote either food or sleeping bags on their backs, may attempt to break the fifteen-year speed record from Carter Notch, New Hampshire, to Franconia, New Hampshire, along the high-level trails connecting six huts of the Appalachian Mountain Club, which provide both food and lodging. The White Mountain record is held by Herbert L. Malcom, who both established and broke it at the age of forty-five during the summer of 1936. He made his first crossing of the peaks in twenty-two hours and three minutes. Just two weeks later, after adding a few more mountains to make the task more difficult, Malcom walked fifty-five miles, crossed seventeen peaks and climbed 19,000 feet in twenty-one hours and forty-three minutes, a time no youngster has bettered. Whoever sets a new White Mountain record will be rewarded only by bunions, since no insigne or diploma has been provided for the winner. Malcom in 1936 climbed 25,550 feet and covered fifty-two miles in the Adirondacks. The marathon took twenty-four hours, and has not since been equaled or often attempted.

Principally because such feats of valor have never been well publicized, outsiders continue to regard hiking as an ineffably dull and backbreaking sport, fit only for children attending summer camp or for superannuated professors toting butterfly nets. Thanks to smart public relations, those who scale cliffs or hack their way up an Alp are regarded as wacky in a glamorous sort of way. When all the evidence is considered carefully, it becomes apparent that hikers are wacky too. Nearly a dozen persons, possessed of a collector's mania, have made it their hobby to acquire the highest points of all forty-eight states. One of these towering eminences is Iron Mountain, Florida, 325 feet above sea level, atop which is a carillon erected by the late Edward Bok. Two other summits—Rainier, in Washington, and Hood, in Oregon—are actually alpine peaks, requiring the use of ropes and ice axes. Other record hunters have walked the 2050 miles of the Appalachian Trail, a footpath leading from Maine to Georgia along the backbone of the Appalachian Mountains. So far, only a handful of walkers have covered this distance in a single summer.

"She won't need a noisemaker. Exactly at midnight I'll drop an ice cube down her back."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

One of the first outsiders to discover the zany aspects of hiking was a city-bred, very plump and memorably profane photographer for the New York Daily News named Tom Watson. In 1937, to his great astonishment, Watson found himself climbing up and over Mt. Marcy in the Adirondacks, a seventeen-and-three-quarter-mile walk from Elk Lake on the south to Adirondak Loj on the north. The trip was not Watson's idea. A Daily News reporter who spent his spare time hiking had suggested the excursion to the photo editor of the newspaper, but carefully refrained from making the trip himself. Some hundreds of hikers were converging on the mountain to celebrate the 100th anniversary of its first ascent in 1837. Mt. Marcy, with an elevation of 5344 feet, is the highest peak in the Adirondacks, a great, gray dome of granite rising 800 feet above timber line. Watson, having no previous experience in the mountains, equipped himself with tennis shoes instead of the stout walking boots affected by most hikers. He reported to Elk Lake and joined a party of Adirondack Mountain Club hikers led by Archibald T. Shorey, campsite supervisor of the State Conservation Department.

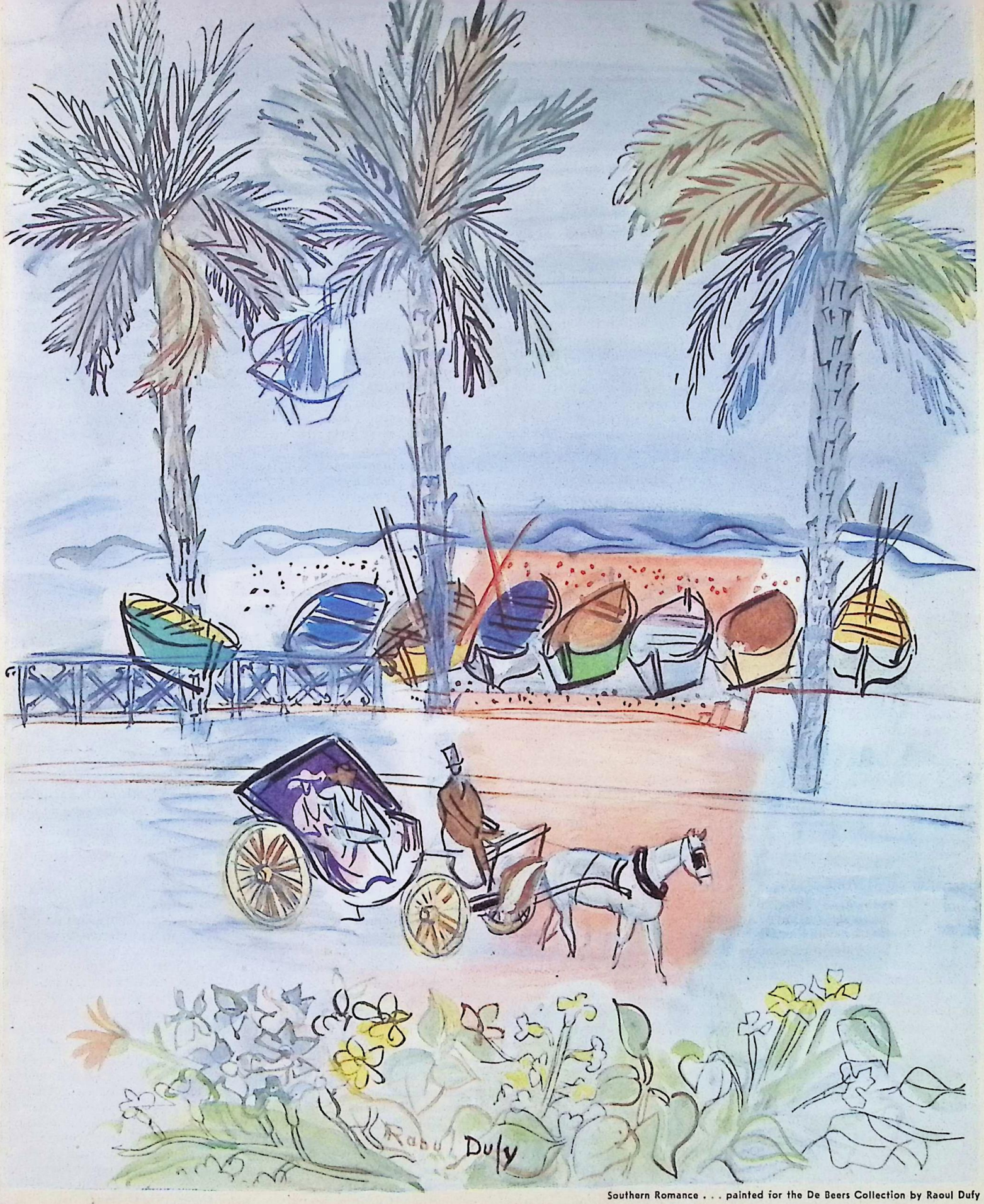
"It was a trip I shall long remember," muses Shorey, who has conducted thousands of hikers around the mountains. "First, we had to climb over the Boreas Mountain Range, about a thousand feet of vertical rise. When we got to the top, Watson, who was sweating profusely, turned to me and said, 'Thank God we're there.' I pointed out Mt. Marcy to him, some miles distant, and he was struck speechless for the moment. We then went down the other side of the Boreas Range. The trail was sort of muddy, with slippery logs and lots of swampy places. Watson fell in a few times, but we hauled him out.

"We then climbed about three miles up the side of Marcy—half the distance to the top. 'We must be pretty near there,' said Watson, who was breathing quite hard. By that time, I was carrying his camera case, and two or three other people were pushing him uphill. 'Not quite,' I said. We were at the bottom of Panther Gorge, a deep canyon leading up to Marcy. I pointed ahead, where you have to climb up boulders and small ledges. 'We have to go up there a ways,' I said, 'and then we get to Four Corners Lean-to, where we turn right and go on another mile up the rocks.' By that time Watson didn't care what any of us thought. He would hang onto a rock, catch his breath and then proceed to cuss us out. He seemed to feel that anyone who would walk up a mountain had holes in his head.

"We got Watson to the top of the mountain, but we all arrived too late for the ceremonies, which included the dedication of a memorial plaque and a short-wave broadcast by Lithgow Osborne, then conservation commissioner. Consequently, he got no pictures. Two hikers agreed to walk down the north side with him—by that time he was walking on the edges of his feet—but he gave out at Marcy Dam, just two miles from the highway. Fortunately, the state maintains a one-way road for fire trucks, ending at the dam, so we called the district ranger and sent in a truck for him."

Watson, after several days in the hospital, was well enough to return to New York, and to hobble into the office, wearing carpet slippers. The first person he saw was the reporter who had dispatched him on his trip. "You murderer!" shrilled Watson,

(Continued on Page 38)

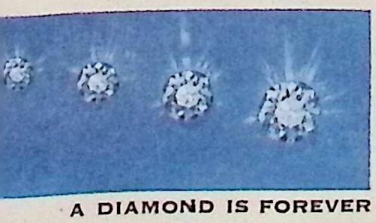


Southern Romance . . . painted for the De Beers Collection by Raoul Dufy

Eternal flame A message of love is written in fire in the depth of your engagement diamond. The flame that marks the thrill of your first promise will tell of hopes and dreams through days of waiting . . . and proclaim your joys forever more, as married life begins. Though it be modest in cost, choose your diamond with care, for nothing else on earth can take its place. And . . . may your happiness last as long as your diamond.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

¼ carat (25 points) $90 to $185
½ carat (50 points) $220 to $450
1 carat (100 points) $625 to $1105
2 carats (200 points) $1600 to $2835



A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

The prices shown were secured for your guidance through a nation-wide check in July, 1951. Jewelers were asked for the prices of their top-grade engagement ring diamonds (unmounted) in the weights indicated. The result is a range of prices, varying according to the qualities offered by different jewelers. Exceptionally fine diamonds are higher priced. (Exact weights shown are infrequent.) Add Federal tax.

When choosing your engagement stone . . . remember color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's beauty and value. It is important to seek the counsel of a trusted jeweler. He will help you find the size and quality and style of stone that is in keeping with your preferences, and what you wish to spend.

N. W. AYER & SON

(Continued from Page 36)

shaking a trembling finger at his betrayer. He then went home to recuperate for a week. Watson is still at work for the Daily News, and by now regards his ascent of Marcy as a greater feat than an ascent of Mt. Everest. He also insists that anybody foolish enough to make this or other mountain climbs is as batty as a bedbug.

The opinion seems to be drastic, since Marcy was a favorite walk for the late President Theodore Roosevelt, among others. Teddy, in fact, had just come off the summit and was catching his breath at Four Corners Lean-to on September 14, 1901, when a guide came hurrying up with the news that William McKinley, shot by an assassin eight days earlier, was dying in Buffalo. Teddy charged nine miles down the mountain to the Tahawus Club, where the highway ended. There he commandeered a horse and buggy, and set out on a thirty-four-mile night ride to North Creek, the nearest railroad station. While he was en route to the railroad, McKinley died and Roosevelt became President.

Gifford Pinchot, the forester, made one of the earliest winter ascents of Marcy, in 1899; and William James, the philosopher, who suffered a heart attack in 1899 after a fast trip over Marcy and the nearby Range Trail, nevertheless returned often to his favorite mountains. He died in 1910—largely, his friends said, because his strenuous hikes had weakened his constitution. The late Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, who spent his summers on the eastern slope of the high peaks, at St. Huberts, New York, considered Marcy one of his favorite climbs.

The sport of walking also attracts some unorthodox specimens. The late Chowderhead Cohen, a small-time racketeer in New York, got himself mixed up in the Lindbergh kidnaping case by talking too glibly. He thereupon found himself being trailed by detectives. Whenever he grew tired of being shadowed, Cohen would take a subway to Van Cortlandt Park, in the Bronx, and start strolling down its leafy pathways, admiring the lush beauties of nature. After a few minutes of this, the footsore dicks would give up the chase, permitting Cohen to go about his own business.

Cohen's motives were perhaps devious, but he was not the only New Yorker who liked to stroll about the city. The late Dr. John H. Finley, in 1937–1938 editor-in-chief of The New York Times, used to walk completely around Manhattan Island once a year on his birthday. John Erskine, the author, and Helen Worden, his wife, made it their object to walk down every street in Manhattan, a spare-time enterprise which kept them busy for a number of years. Though perhaps admirable, this does not qualify strictly as hiking—a hiker, by accepted definition, being one who walks up a mountain. It is possible to do this without carrying a pack, but it is not considered completely cricket, the simon-pure hiker being more preoccupied with equipment than the simon-pure skier.

Viewed in business clothes, a hiker is indistinguishable from anyone else. Dressed for the trails, he sheds his inhibitions and often emerges in a bright-red hat, a gaudy shirt, and trousers which would be better off for a laundering. His equipment is a matter of personal choice, and often the source of loud-voiced arguments with others he meets on the trails, hiking being one of the few remaining private enterprises not inhibited by Government regulation. Angry debates occur among those who prefer rucksacks, those who carry pack baskets and those who insist on packboards. A rucksack is a cloth sack, with shoulder straps at the top, into which food and sleeping equipment can be stuffed. Between the sack and the hiker's body is a steel frame, with a broad band of webbing at the bottom, which helps to distribute the load between the shoulders and the hips. A pack basket is a large wicker container, open at the top, which is also carried on the shoulders. Hiking equipment has to be packed carefully into a rucksack, item by item, but it can be thrown carelessly into a pack basket. A packboard is either a wooden frame covered by canvas or a piece of molded plywood with canvas stretched across the side next to the hiker's back. Along the outside are hooks. A heavy load, particularly if it includes boxes, can be tied on the outside of the packboard by a rope threaded through the hooks, and the whole shebang can be undone simply by twitching loose a single knot.

However the hiker transports his food and equipment, he is likely to insist on an eider-down sleeping bag in preference to blankets, which are heavy. Canned goods, though doubtless tasty, will be shunned because part of their weight consists of water, which is plentiful along most mountain trails. The professional hiker carries dehydrated vegetables, which are alleged to resemble the real article after water has been added. Some walkers exist solely on wheat germ or soybeans, but the majority of them tote along at least a little meat, such as bacon, a smoked-pork butt or a small ham. A light poncho, a flashlight and a light ax complete the load, which may weigh from fifteen to thirty pounds, depending on the duration of the trip. A few daring hikers insist on wearing shorts, though these are torture during the black-fly season, which extends from late May to late July in the Eastern mountains. Most hikers prefer slacks or dungarees, walking boots and wool shirts, since it can snow, rain or hail anywhere in the mountains during the summer, and often does.

The Eastern hiking season extends from Memorial Day to Armistice Day, when more than 250,000 walkers are on the trails in the Green Mountains, White Mountains, Adirondacks, Catskills, Appalachians and Great Smokies. The Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain season is shorter—from July first to September first. During this period 500,000 walkers, many of them first-timers, fan out over 130,000 miles of foot or horse trails in the 152 national forests and twenty national parks west of the Mississippi. Doctors in adjacent towns can rely on a substantial though fluctuating income from blistered feet, wrenched backs and so on.

Fatalities are infrequent among hikers, the most lethal mountain being Mt. Washington, New Hampshire, on which twenty persons have perished from exhaustion or exposure during the last 100 years. Washington, being equipped with a motor highway, a cog railway and twenty separate trails, is overrun with walkers during the summer.

"Them goofers will start off to the summit in business suits or in shorts, halters and sandals, and then get caught in the fog or a sleet storm," snorts Joe Dodge, who manages the Appalachian Mountain Club huts. "Then we send out a searching party and spend the next two days picking 'em off the side of the mountain." The worst offenders used to come from children's camps, which dot the White Mountains. One counselor turned twenty youngsters loose in a fog on top of the mountain and instructed them to go down to Pinkham Notch, where a state highway cuts through the mountains. "The next thing I knew," says Dodge, "I drove through the village of Gorham, north of here, and them kids were all over the lot. Most of 'em were having a helluva time riding on freight cars being switched in the Grand Trunk Railroad yards."

Another classic White Mountain case involved a party of forty youngsters who started out in the fog from Madison Springs Hut, on the northern end of the Presidential Range, to walk six and a quarter miles south to the Summit House atop Mt. Washington. When the party of forty arrived at the Summit House, it was a party of thirty-nine. The missing boy, named Brennan, had last been seen on the side of Mt. Clay, an intervening peak. "Oh, come along," said the counselor, himself in his teens. "He'll get here eventually." Before he could take his flock down the mountain on the cog railway, Elly Wright, proprietor of the Summit House, intervened. A searching party found the boy long after dark, half frozen behind a boulder on the side of Mt. Clay. Things are better now, Dodge says, camp counselors having developed a sense of responsibility.

Because it is easy to reach, Washington attracts both the zaniest and greenest hikers, all of whom gravitate to the Lakes of the Clouds Hut, an overnight lodging place maintained by the Appalachian Mountain Club on a path 1200 feet below the summit. Chuck Rowan, a student at the University of Utah, is on duty at the Lakes each summer. "We really get the characters," he says. "One girl, a good hiker, came up the mountain with an escort this summer and decided to give the people at the hut something to talk about. They got behind two rocks and changed their clothes. She walked in wearing a trailing evening gown, and he had on a Tuxedo. They were toting a bottle of champagne, which they drank at dinner while the rest of the popeyed guests were sipping their coffee."

A pair of city boys from Brooklyn provided the second biggest sensation of the summer. Some skillful sporting-goods salesman had sold them everything in the store. They arrived at the hut, elevation 5000 feet, wearing chamois gloves to keep the burning sun from their hands, and sun goggles to save themselves from high-altitude blindness. Such gadgets are suitable at 15,000 feet on Mt. McKinley, Alaska, but are regarded as superfluous on Mt. Washington. Rowan, who may expect seven guests for supper and wind up with 107, some still wearing sun goggles, has developed a philosophic attitude toward his work.

"One night," he recalls, "one of our guests was violently ill. We have a radio circuit to Pinkham Notch Camps, so I got on the phone and described the symptoms to Joe Dodge, who relayed them to Dr. Harold Shedd, in North Conway. From all the earmarks, it was a case of acute appendicitis. We had a nurse staying at the Hut, and Doc Shedd told her what to do. But, come to find out, the fellow believed in faith healing. He asked Joe to call a practitioner way down on Long Island. Joe called the practitioner and told him that the man was at the Lakes of the Clouds, a very remote place in the mountains. 'He'll be all right in the morning,' said the practitioner. And, by gum, he was! We started carrying him up the trail to the summit on a stretcher. A third of the way up, he insisted on getting off and walking. He made it all right, rode down in a car and he was perfectly all right by the time he reached the valley." In all, there are nine Appalachian Mountain Club huts, which—to indicate the volume of White Mountain walking—served 35,000 meals and housed 13,000 hikers last summer.

The biggest White Mountain problem of the moment revolves around college students, who have developed a prankish habit of hauling down signs above timber line, thereafter taking them back to school to satisfy some fraternity's initiation requirements or to decorate their rooms. Since no hiker enjoys arriving at an unmarked trail junction, particularly in the middle of a storm, this practice has created some resentment.

"I drove past the Bowdoin College campus, in Brunswick, Maine, one day," says Dodge, "and saw on a fraternity-house lawn a Forest Service trail sign that had come off the top of Tuckerman Headwall. I told the college president, 'You better tell them hayshakers in Maine that if they want to do somethin' fancy, they better do somethin' that won't endanger lives." Students from another Eastern college, as a fraternity-initiation stunt, climbed the wind-swept and icy carriage road to the 6288-foot summit of Mt. Washington last winter, there to collect signatures from the men on duty in the weather observatory. One youngster just barely made it, and suffered a slight case of frostbite to boot. Sign collecting has become so popular among passing motorists that the Appalachian Mountain Club now installs its boards 200 feet in from the highway. In the Adirondacks, where major trails are marked by colored disks at 200-foot intervals, the souvenir hunters removed so many—to the confusion of uninitiated hikers—that the Adirondack Mountain Club finally posted an appeal, and offered to sell its own trail markers at a quarter apiece.

The Green Mountains, being lower than the Whites, are less troubled by stormbound hikers. Of the twenty-three major peaks along the Long Trail, only Mt. Mansfield (4393 feet) and Camels Hump (4083 feet) have any appreciable area above timber line. Nevertheless, five persons have vanished mysteriously in the southern Green Mountain wilderness during the last seven years. One of those to disappear was Paula Welden, an eighteen-year-old Bennington College sophomore. State troopers and rangers spent a year searching for her. The grisly suggestion that a panther killed all five persons has been advanced by David Dunklee, of Brattleboro, a long-time hiker and woodsman. The last panther was reported killed in Wardsboro, Vermont, some seventy-five years ago. Dunklee, however, has recently collected reports of a large, silvery black animal prowling the woods, which emits a hiss, a snarl and "a terrible scream" when surprised by hikers or farmers. "Let all people who go in the woods assume that panthers still exist in Vermont," Dunklee warned his friends of the Green Mountain Club. "Let those who go in the woods travel in groups of two or more. Hikers should plan to reach their destination before dusk and, if not, to build a campfire by dusk." Naturalists, who are skeptical, say that the worst menace in the Eastern woods is the porcupine. This

prickly and harmless animal loves to dine on boots, leather pack straps and any article of clothing made salty by perspiration.

The pranks of the porcupine can sometimes cause trouble, as evidenced by the case of two hikers from Troy, New York, who spent the night in Gothics Lean-to, an open shelter high on the Range Trail in the Adirondacks. This eleven-and-one-half-mile footpath from Keene Valley to the top of Mt. Marcy traverses six rock-walled and precipitous peaks. One hiker, due to a childhood operation, was forced to wear an artificial larynx. The other, extremely nearsighted, couldn't get along without thick glasses. At night, the speechless walker put his larynx in a boot, which he left outside the lean-to. The nearsighted walker stuck his spectacles on a log near the fireplace. The porcupines in the neighborhood, being hungry and curious, dragged both artificial aids off into the woods. In the morning one man found himself unable to speak; the other was unable to see. Some passing hikers, who came down off the top of Gothics Mountain, managed to search out the missing articles.

The physically disabled represent more of a problem in the Adirondacks than do the lost or the stormbound. One September day a middle-aged hiker camped at Lake Colden, five and a half miles from the nearest highway, and took his usual injection of insulin to counteract the diabetes from which he suffered. Whether he took too much by accident, or whether the altitude of 2764 feet magnified the effect, he began to experience insulin shock, a condition which can be fatal. Fortunately for him, some 200 members of the Intercollegiate Outing Clubs Association, from sixty Eastern colleges, also were camped at Colden for their annual outing. The ranger telephoned a doctor over a rickety fire line, and an antidote was brought in by car over a fire road, closed to the public, to Marcy Dam, three and one half miles from Colden. IOCA members then stationed themselves at 1000-foot intervals along the remaining distance to Colden. The antidote was passed from hand to hand in relay fashion, each college youngster running 1000 feet. The man's life was saved, and he walked out the next day. This feat was simple for the outing clubbers, who often tote a 150-pound canoe or a 100-pound pack over the steep and narrow five and one half miles to Colden from the main highway without more than a pause or two for breath. Hiking being a sport that can be pursued as long as the legs hold out, older walkers also perform prodigies of strength consonant with their ages. A Brooklyn physician, Myrtle Lothrop Massey, used to climb the major Adirondacks at the age of seventy, starting in the middle of the night so she could see the sunrise from the summits. Dr. Orra Parker Phelps, who died at the age of eighty-two, was still going up mountains when eighty, at which advanced age she celebrated her birthday by camping out in a lean-to at Marcy Dam.

The other great Adirondack problem consists of people who get themselves stuck on the sheer sides of Mt. Colden, elevation 4713 feet. The western slope of Colden is a massive, sloping slab of rock which culminates in a cliff 300 feet above Avalanche Lake. This slab is split by a steep, rocky gully known as a trapdyke. A trapdyke is a vein of soft rock sandwiched between walls of harder rock, which over the centuries slowly washes away, due to the action of wind, water and weather. The climb up the dyke is a simple one, provided you get out on the face of Colden at the proper point. In the last seven years, eight persons have managed to maroon themselves at the wrong point. The last three, all girls, by screaming, were able to make themselves audible to walkers 500 feet below. The ranger hustled up from Lake Colden, to be overwhelmed by frantic calls for help.

"Just you stay there!" he bellowed soothingly. "It's getting too dark! One of you keep awake while the others sleep, and we'll come and get you in the morning!" The girls were stuck on a ledge six feet wide, so there was no immediate peril. True to his word, he appeared at dawn with ropes and helpers, and brought the somewhat nervous hikers down to the valley floor.

The job was a simple one, compared to some the rangers have to undertake. Before the war, when two Boy Scouts marooned themselves on the Wallface Cliff, a 1000-foot-high wall climbed only by experts, it took the rangers and state troopers three days to pry them loose. A rope, let down from above, broke as the rescuers hauled on it. Fortunately, the youngsters dropped back to a broad ledge. A second rope held firm, and they were dragged 600 feet up through rocks and brambles. The rangers worked hard, since Wallface is five and a half miles from the highway, and all supplies had to be backpacked. Their only compensation was to see how life in the woods affected the state troopers, who rarely budge off the roads and regard the rangers as glorified Boy Scouts.

"Boy, were they fly-bitten and dirty!" said one ranger, with obvious relish. "I guess they found out that being a ranger ain't so easy."

This same comment, without elaboration and with the change of a single word, also applies to hikers. To make your way up forty-six mountains, twenty-one of which require brute force and a sixth sense of direction, implies a resoluteness generally credited only to alpine climbers. So far, eighty-six persons and one dog have completed the forty-six tallest Adirondacks. Their rewards are multiple, since the most enjoyable things in life are generally those for which you work the hardest. Kipling once wrote: "Something lost behind the ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!" What you find may be a magnificent stand of virgin forest, a waterfall hidden away in the woods or a shadowy pond where the only sound is the lonesome voice of the loons. You may come out on a mountain peak, on a crystalline day in late fall, to see the glistening summits of another range, rising out of the clouds 100 miles away, or watch deer, at dusk, feeding in an upland meadow. Such experiences help to explain why people like to hike—and, wacky or not, hiking is a satisfying way of life for nearly 1,000,000 Americans. THE END

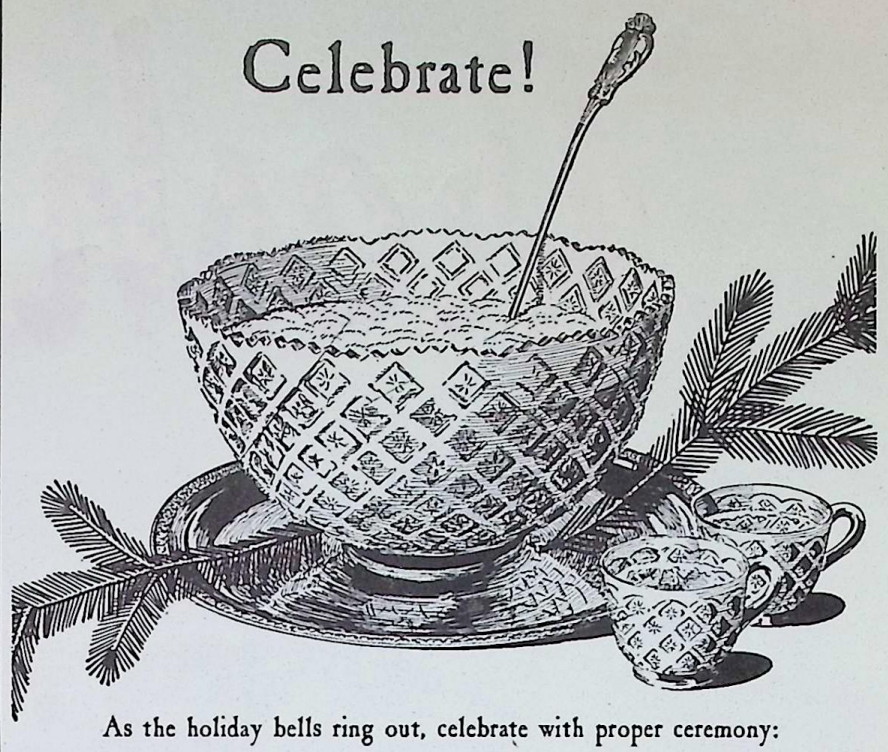
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

IT'S ALL IN THE VIEWPOINT

Those silver linings
Through dark clouds shine
Much brighter when clouds
Are yours, not mine!

—S. OMAR BARKER.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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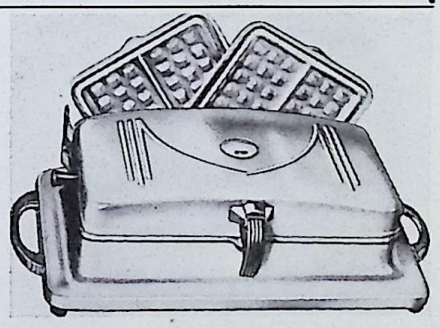

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HERE COMES THE FLYING AMBULANCE!

(Continued from Page 13)

Carswell and Rooney brewed coffee and waited. They showed quiet relief a half hour later when the missing Air Ambulance plane taxied in. Jack Turner and the nurse came in, elated by the successful completion of a most difficult trip.

"I had to use two magnesium flares," Turner reported. "They had lights to mark the field where I landed, but they were just signals. I couldn't see anything. First flare was carried away by the wind drift before I could put the kite down, but the second did the job. Lighted up the ground like day. I think we got her to North Battleford airport and the ambulance in time."

June Dowling at the desk calmly completed the log of the trip. She didn't know until later that they saved their patient's life—an operation performed immediately at the North Battleford hospital had been successful, in the nick of time. Ten days after the flight, the young wife was released.

In any other flying circles, that night flight would have been considered heroic, but the extraordinary has become commonplace in Air Ambulance Service. It is no exaggeration to say the crews chance their lives every day. Yet they have a proud record of no passenger fatalities or serious injuries in more than five years, although crack-ups sometimes do occur. In 1950 they carried 732 patients 210,115 miles safely.

"You have to be a pilot to appreciate the fact that the 'flat' prairie isn't really flat," Keith Malcolm had said back in Regina. "You look down, and you think to yourself, 'I wouldn't land there if in my right mind,' but you know somebody sick or injured is waiting near that uncertain field, and you go down."

Keith Malcolm, now thirty-one, was the young ex-lieutenant in the RCAF who came out of World War II with the shining new idea that started the Air Ambulance Service. He had talked to Australian aviators who told him of the "flying hospitals" which brought city medical and surgical aid to remote places down under. Australia and his native Saskatchewan are not greatly unlike, Keith thought, with both possessing flat areas, vast distances, sparse population and not too many cities with good hospitals. So he went to T. C. (Tommy) Douglas, then minister of public health and present premier of the province.

"Why not start a government-operated airplane ambulance service?" Keith proposed. "But instead of taking the hospital to the people, as in Australia, let's bring the people to the hospitals."

Tommy Douglas asked what it would cost to get started. Keith estimated at least $75,000.

Douglas whistled. "Can't private-airplane-charter outfits handle such cases?" he wanted to know. The answer was no. They had no planes equipped for it, no nurses to accompany the pilots, and their charges would have to be so high that they would be beyond the reach of the average Saskatchewan resident. It would have to be a government enterprise, operated as a public service like outpost hospitals, and it would cost money. But it would be worth it. It would destroy the helpless terror that comes when sickness or injury strikes persons far from aid.

Between them, they got it going, with one pilot and one pilot-nurse team. Now in its sixth year, the service has four airplanes, four pilots, four nurses, seven maintenance men, one radio technician, and much specialized equipment. Headquarters is at Regina airport and there is a branch office at Saskatoon. The excellent safety record is due in large measure to the efficient ground crew under Chief Engineer George Hambley, which beefs up bulkheads on the craft to withstand the shock of field landings, overhauls engines at regular intervals, and replaces all worn or damaged parts instead of attempting to repair them. The ground crew also designs and builds stretchers, enlarges the Cessna doors to admit the stretchers and redesigns plane parts to fit the service's needs.

The service has some small income. It rents space in its hangar to transient and other planes. It charges a twenty-five dollar fee for emergency patients, ten dollars for any passenger who accompanies the patient, and thirty-five cents a mile to take a patient home from a hospital or on a long flight. The longest flight ever made was to California and return with a Saskatchewan patient. The service once rescued a Saskatchewan invalid stranded in Idaho by a rail strike. Trips to the clinics at Rochester, Minnesota, Chicago and other American cities are frequent, as are flights to large cities in various Canadian provinces.

The operational cost is about $150,000 annually, or less than twenty cents each for Saskatchewan's population. The service is probably the only government enterprise that has no real opposition in the province. The party

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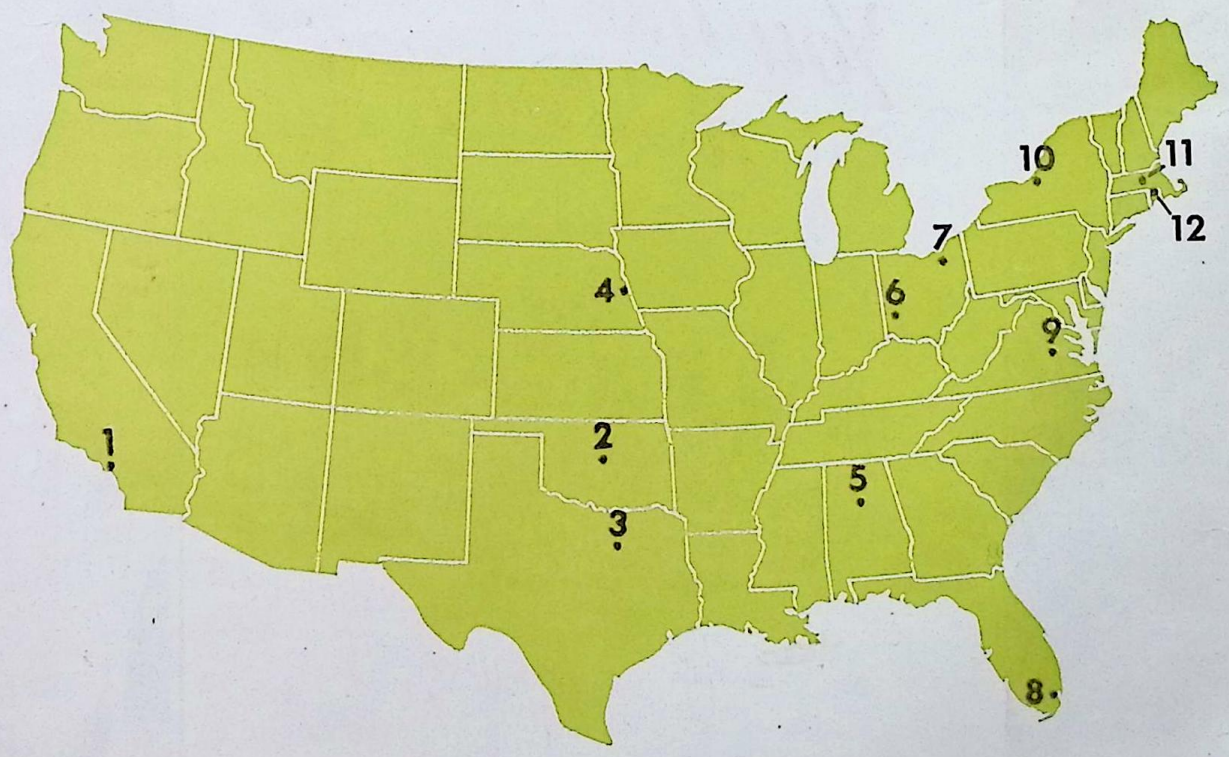


Are You "City-Minded"?

AN even dozen cities in the United States now have populations in the size group between 200,000 and 300,000, according to the 1950 census. The locations of the twelve are spotted on the map and numbered in order from west to east. All are important urban centers in their respective areas. How many of them can you identify?

—PARKER HOBART.

(Answers on Page 45)

TURNCOAT

(Continued from Page 18)

The bed and the candlestick were the property of Miss Cassie Worsham. Once it had seemed important, the accused told the court, that she had left him these intimate items, but now their significance had waned. This was no longer a woman's room. Even the last faint scent of perfume was gone.

Putting the glass away in the desk, Ewing sat and began writing. He wrote with ink on India paper, in a fine, cramped hand:

COMANCHE: Ensign of tyranny still flies from Kuhn's, foot of 18th St., where Cos. D, G & I, 42nd Mass., quartered. Ten enemy vessels in harbor, viz., Harriet Lane, 4 heavy guns, 2 24-lb. howitzers; flagship Westfield (at Pelican Spit), 8 heavy guns; Owasco, same; steam propellers Clifton & Sachem, 4 heavy guns each; 2 armed transports, 2 large barks, 1 armed schooner. Reporting at Virginia Point by noon *re* any enemy preparation for Chapultepec. Time 7½ A.M.—SIOUX.

Half an hour later, wearing a baggy white linen suit and a brown felt hat that looked as if it had been stomped on, Ewing stood among the rank weeds and riotously blooming roses in the kitchen yard of the mansion. He held a small gray pigeon in his hands, but now he was screened from view by the cookhouse and two tall, unkempt oleander hedges.

Examining the capsule on the bird's leg, Ewing said, "I could eat you, feathers and all." Then he tossed the pigeon into the air and it flew off in a westerly direction.

Ewing unlatched a latticed gate under an arched trellis that was shaggy with untrimmed wisteria and walked briskly down Bath Avenue, singing softly to himself. His song went, "*In Dixie's Land I'll take my stand, to live* ——"

The song froze on his lips at the sound of shotgun fire, once repeated, coming from no more than two squares away.

Ewing stood in his tracks and felt his blood run cold. The sky to the west was empty. He felt that he was being watched, but that feeling had become as familiar as the pangs of hunger. He walked on to the corner and turned west on Church Street.

Grass waved knee-high in the deserted street, and the windows of the empty houses were boarded as though in anticipation of a hurricane. Now there was no sound but his own footfalls and the southerly wind fanning his ears.

Near 27th Street, however, he heard hoofbeats, and at the corner he saw the rider: a Yankee soldier with a gun scabbard slung from his saddle, riding north on the run.

And a moment later Ewing found the gray pigeon lying in the sandy walk before the vacant raised cottage on the corner, the capsule gone from its leg.

Ewing swore again. The words of the song came to his lips again, involuntarily, like the oath. "*To live*," he sang through clenched teeth, "*and die in Dixie. . . .*" Then he walked on up 27th Street, knowing that what had happened did not change his orders.

He walked alone in the street of empty houses, the only citizen yet abroad in this section of the greatest city in Texas, fair sweet Galvez Town, normally a place of some fourteen thousand souls, now a ghost city of maybe three thousand citizens, most of them immigrants, Lincolnites or traitors.

The day was coming on fine, the sky fairing of morning mist in the wind off the Mexican Gulf. But the silence was both ominous and heartbreaking. Thus it had been to Sergeant Ewing since early October, when the Yankee squadron took the harbor despite stiff resistance from our outnumbered guns at Fort Point, and Commodore Renshaw of the Federal Navy granted citizens and the military four days to move, lock, stock and barrel, to the mainland.

Now it was year's end, and some of the three thousand missed one thing most, and some another, but to Sergeant Ewing the sounds most wanting in his island town were the laughter of children in the streets, the drawl of friendly voices in the exchanges and coffeehouses, and the clatter of the old horse-driven Hoe press at the News, where he had served as marine editor before enlisting in Colonel Cook's artillery regiment.

It occurred to him that he ought to miss Cassie Worsham too. Once he must have loved her, for he spoke of her to the court as creamy-skinned and yellow-haired, with a habit of warm, conspiratorial laughter, and a suggestion of daring in her bright, sea-blue eyes.

But Miss Worsham's absence had not made Ewing's heart grow fonder. Lying alone in her bed, he wished nightly that she had left him a ham instead, or a few boxes of biscuits, or even a little coffee. Perhaps, too, it was not Miss Cassie he had loved, as much as the junior partnership her father had once said would be open in his firm. Henry Worsham is a cotton factor and a man of wealth and influence.

Of late, Sergeant Ewing had been thinking fondly of Miss Angioletta Vito, who works in her grandfather's fish stall at the Market House. The Vitos are not so wealthy as the Worshams, but they have a fishing boat, and Miss Angioletta was easily the most beautiful girl left in Galveston. The sergeant saw her daily on his way to and from Kuhn's Wharf, where he exchanged false or trivial intelligence for food at the Yankee commissary. For this, Miss Vito despised him, and Ewing admired her all the more for her contempt.

At Post Office Street he turned eastward, passing a house whose upper gallery had been wrecked by a shell from the Yankee mortar flotilla during the purposeless bombardment of the undefended city on the night of December first. At Centre Street he turned north again, and saw that there were a dozen or more men and women before the two open stalls of the market.

As he walked over to the market he saw Miss Angioletta in the Vito stall, a yellow scarf around her neck, looking in his direction, but not directly at him. She was pretending not to see him, Ewing supposed, or to be disinterested in him, which he felt she was not. So he pretended not to see her. He raised his eyes to the four-story iron-front building beyond the market, where the News had published in better days, and the memory saddened him.

How Willard Richardson must have despised him, he thought, that October day on the Central Wharf, with the old press loaded onto the Houston packet, and the editor standing there with the last stick of undistributed type bagging his coat pocket.

"Well, Si," Richardson had said, offering his hand, "I'll be expecting you to protect the News at Virginia Point."

Knowing what he had to do, Ewing lacked the heart to take the hand. "This is confidential, Will. I won't be wearing this uniform tomorrow. I'm not going to the mainland with Colonel Cook's regiment."

"You—you're deserting!" the editor said in astonishment.

"That depends on your viewpoint. I'm changing mine slightly."

Richardson's chin dropped. "I'd never have believed it! Si Ewing a damned yellow-bellied traitor! Why, I ought to ——"

"I said it was confidential," Ewing reminded him, stepping out of range of the editor's dangling fists. "See you after the war, Will." Then he had walked away, knowing their conversation had been at least partly overheard by half a dozen men.

Now, coming up between the open stalls, Ewing watched the marketers turn in his direction, then avert their eyes. He felt a familiar surge of pride mingled with shame. Pride in his secret and lonely battle; shame in the knowledge that he was despised in his town by both loyal Texians and the enemies of freedom.

The citizens parted silently at his approach. Two or three of the men nodded to him, but Ewing felt the cold contempt they held for any turncoat.

One of the men nudged him. "What was the shooting about?"

"Probably a hunter," Ewing said, "trying to kill some meat." He knew the man by sight; a middle-aged wharf rat whom he had seen accompanying the Yankee patrols.

"I don't think so," the man said, and his breath smelled of rum. "There was two shots from over yonder. Then a soldier come riding hell-bent for the wharf."

Ewing met the man's watery-eyed gaze for a moment, wondering if this was a warning, a taunt or idle talk. Then he shrugged and moved to the stall where old Tony Vito, in a black apron, and a stout lady with an empty basket on her arm were arguing over the price of fish. Fish was then three dollars a pound, and although the wharf rat had rum, in all Galveston there was no food to be bought on the open market except fish.

Miss Vito stood watching the stout lady, her lovely eyes melting with compassion. Sergeant Ewing describes Angioletta Vito as a darling of a girl, with lush golden skin and exquisitely curved red lips and a form that was discussed with respectful admiration in the exchanges. He admitted she lacked certain refinements that he had once considered essential in the wife of a journalist, but in the past month he had forgotten what most of these were. Besides, it now seemed unlikely that he ever would return to his peacetime profession, and so Miss Angioletta now seemed completely desirable.

Answers to

Are You "City-Minded"?

(Page 42)

1. Long Beach, California
2. Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
3. Fort Worth, Texas
4. Omaha, Nebraska
5. Birmingham, Alabama
6. Dayton, Ohio
7. Akron, Ohio
8. Miami, Florida
9. Richmond, Virginia
10. Syracuse, New York
11. Worcester, Massachusetts
12. Providence, Rhode Island

Suddenly the girl reached into a tray and took out three small whitings. "Here, Mrs. Mueller," she said, putting the fish into the stout lady's basket. "Pay what you think they're worth. . . . Grandpapa, I'm ashamed of you. The Muellers have got to eat."

Tony Vito sighed. "We got to eat too. If I make no profit, we got to keep eating fish. I am sick to my stomach of fish."

"I know, grandpapa," Miss Angioletta said. "I got fins on my feet."

Sergeant Ewing tipped his hat and said, "Good morning, Angioletta. That was generous of you."

She looked directly at him, and her lovely mouth curled in scorn. "We ain't got no Yankee fish, Mr. Ewing. Just Texas fish. Why don't you go eat with your Yankee friends?"

Ewing leaned over and looked at the tray, which contained only a few croakers and a redfish. Like Tony, he was sick of fish, and he kept remembering the market filled with red beef, fresh pork, cheese and every manner of fowl, game, vegetables and fruit.

"Angioletta," he said, "if I could steal you a slab of bacon from the Yankees, would you swap me a kiss for it?"

The girl's cheeks flushed. "I'll swap you a kick in the pants, you—you traitor, you Yankee lover!"

"Ah, Angioletta," he said, reaching for her hand and missing, "I'm not really a traitor."

"What are you, then? A deserter! A bummer, begging Boston beans from the Puritan soldiers. You're not even a printer any more!"

Although he could scarcely endure her scorn, Ewing regarded her fondly and decided she could be taught to speak with more refinement. Anyway, Miss Cassie and Henry Worsham's junior partnership seemed as remote as peace now, while Miss Vito was a warm and exciting reality.

"Angioletta," he said, speaking low, "what would it take to convince you I'm not a traitor?"

Ewing said she looked at him as she might look at an unfresh shrimp. "Bring me a Yankee officer tied up like a pig, and let me slap his face with the tail of a fish. Then I will give you a kiss."

At this point Sergeant Ewing was severely tempted to reveal the nature of his orders. To say: *You must not stay at home tonight, Angioletta. General Magruder's going to throw everything he's got at the enemy tonight. How do I know? He told me. On Christmas Eve night in Colonel Cook's tent at Virginia Point. Colonel Cook, who ordered me to stay here, making myself out a deserter. General Magruder said, "Sioux, you've done a damned fine job." . . . Angioletta, did you mean what you said—about that kiss?*

But he said none of this, because he also remembered what his regimental commander had said that night on the mainland. "That's so, general. So fine that he's been posted as a deserter. The provost marshal is looking for him. And, so help me, Ewing, if there's a leak traceable to you, I'll let them shoot you."

"There won't be any such leak, colonel," Ewing had promised. "But Galveston is full of disloyals."

Then the general had tapped Ewing on the knee. "The important thing, sergeant, is that we know if there's been a leak. That we know how much the enemy knows. Or suspects."

So Ewing told the girl nothing, knowing that if the attack proceeded according to the plan designated Chapultepec, noncombatants would be given

an hour or so to evacuate the city before the assault began.

"Angioletta," he said, "I'm not sure, but I think I'm in love with you."

"Ha!" she said. "I'm sure, Mr. Ewing. I'm not in love with you."

Ewing tipped his hat and moved on. Crossing Mechanic Street, he saw two drunken soldiers from the regiment of Massachusetts Puritans asleep in the doorway of a looted saloon. Continuing northward, he came into the once-proud Strand and, pausing before the boarded-up front of an empty clothing store, looked up at the Hendley Building. A lookout was posted in the cupola of the three-story red-brick building, and the soldier was watching him.

Ewing raised his hand to the brim of his disreputable hat. The lookout threw him a careless salute, and he walked on toward the water front.

The Puritans had pickets on Water Street, but the beardless corporal at the corner of 18th grinned like a schoolboy and said, "Good morning, Mr. Ewing. A fine day, isn't it?"

"My very finest," Ewing said, and walked on, leaving the youth to ponder his meaning.

Over the main warehouse at Kuhn's the Stars and Stripes fluttered in the gulf wind, and on a pole above the office house was the Yankees' regimental flag, a soiled white banner bearing the seal of Massachusetts. An intriguing design this was, with the figure of a wild Indian armed with a bow, and beside his head a star. A single star, Sergeant Ewing noted. A Lone Star, rising.

And out on the wharf, under the larboard guns of the Owasco, a platoon of soldiers was ripping up the planking, while others erected a new barricade of timbers, bales of cotton and barrels of plaster.

Ewing could have gone to the mainland with that intelligence, but he feared, and rightly, that this would not be sufficient to satisfy Colonel Cook and General Magruder. Already only a narrow catwalk remained between wharf and shore, and this path Ewing took to the office of the Yankee provost marshal, located on the first floor of a two-story building. The second floor, normally a storeroom, was the guardhouse. Here the provost marshal gave Ewing the necessary pass to enter the enemy's regimental headquarters.

At the headquarters office, Lieutenant Davis, whom the accused described as a young man with the perpetually harassed air of an overworked adjutant, was drinking coffee at his desk. The aroma of coffee was tantalizing to Sergeant Ewing. He eyed the cup hungrily.

"You're late," the adjutant said guardedly.

"I was trying to forage some breakfast," Ewing said.

"Never mind that. Colonel Burrell's waiting for you." The lieutenant drained his cup, followed Ewing into the inner office and leaned against the doorjamb.

The Yankee commandant also was having coffee, but with brandy, Ewing's hunger-sharp nose told him. Colonel Burrell is a blade of a man with an iron-gray wedge of mustache and the eyes of a fish. He speaks like an Englishman, and his manner toward Sergeant Ewing was at once cordial and patronizing.

"Sit down, my friend," Burrell said. "Care for a cigar?"

"No, thank you, sir," Ewing said, taking a chair. "I haven't eaten."

Burrell belched apologetically. "Lieutenant Davis will see that you get some breakfast presently. But first, what happened last night?"

"The same thing," Ewing said. "Two mounted patrols of ten men each came in about nine o'clock. Around midnight they rendezvoused at Schmidt's Garden and rode back toward Eagle Grove."

"Did you recognize any of them?"

"Only their citizen guides, sir."

"That's peculiar. Our information is, the commandant of your former regiment was in the city last night."

Ewing shrugged. "I was hidden in the usual place, but I didn't see Colonel Cook."

Burrell drank from his cup, put it down and took a small piece of India paper from his desk. Sergeant Ewing realized the first test was coming.

Scowling over the paper, Burrell said, "Mr. Ewing, who is Sioux?"

Ewing said disarmingly, "Why, I don't know what you mean, colonel."

Burrell and Davis were watching him like a pair of hawks. "What is Chapultepec?" Burrell snapped. "It's Magruder's plan to attack Galveston, isn't it? They're going to attack tonight, aren't they?" The Yankee kept firing questions, like shots from a repeating carbine. "Who is Comanche? Why don't you answer me, Sioux?"

Sergeant Ewing swallowed, aware that he must keep every muscle, every thought, under control. He said, "I imagine you're driving at something, colonel, but what it is I have no idea. I'm working under a severe handicap. Everybody in town knows I'm reporting to you. The men in Cook's regiment, and those two guides last night, know me by sight."

"I dare say they do." The words seemed to taste bad on Burrell's lips. "But I have other people reporting to me, Ewing. One of them says you met the Rebel patrols last night."

Ewing let his mouth fall open. "That's a lie, sir."

"Possibly. This island is a hotbed of personal politics. For my part, I'd give just about even money that you're loyal to the United States. But Lieutenant Davis thinks otherwise. . . . All right, Charley."

Lieutenant Davis coughed. He seemed young and eager, yet not quite sure of himself. He said, "Mr. Ewing, we've just intercepted a dispatch sent by a Rebel spy called Sioux. This Sioux is probably the most dangerous man in Galveston."

"Sounds like a woman," Ewing said.

"I thought of that. What is your middle name?"

"It's Quentin," Ewing said. "Which makes my initials S. Q. E. . . . Colonel, your adjutant would have made a great witch-burner in colonial Massachusetts."

Burrell pursed his lips. "We *hanged* witches, Mr. Ewing, and we hang spies. . . . All right, Charley, get him out of here."

The adjutant's face stiffened as he drew his revolver. "You're under arrest, Mr. Ewing."

The sergeant felt the fingers of panic at his throat. If he were held prisoner at the wharf, General Magruder would be unaware that the invaders were preparing for our attack. But the Yankees, Ewing told himself, were fools; otherwise they would have reduced our post at Eagle Grove and cut the bridge to the mainland. Somehow, he would get word to the Grove.

"Let's go," Davis was saying.

Ewing got to his feet. "You feed prisoners, don't you? I'm so hungry I could eat okra."

Davis did not reply at once. Out on the wharf he holstered his revolver and pointed toward the catwalk. "We're going to your place, Ewing. The Worsham mansion on Bath Avenue, I believe. You don't object, do you?"

Ewing replied, quite truthfully, that he did not. At the foot of the pier, the adjutant sent a picket to fetch a carriage, and in a moment a public fiacre drove up Water Street with an enlisted man at the reins. The soldier climbed down, and Davis dismissed him.

"You'll drive," the lieutenant said to Ewing. "Pull a trick, and I'll shoot you through the box. Is that clear?"

It was clear. Ewing drove slowly, going by way of Market Street and tipping his hat to Angioletta Vito, who put her hands on her hips and stuck out her tongue.

Crossing Church Street, Ewing turned into the drive at Henry Worsham's house and reined the indifferent cab horse to a halt before the porte-cochere. He waited for Davis to get out.

The lieutenant whistled in admiration. "Some diggings, Ewing. Who is this Worsham? Big planter and slave owner, I'll bet my boots."

"He's a cotton factor," Ewing said. "Owns two blacks, a man and a woman. Offered them their freedom and good wages to stay and take care of the house. They said they'd rather be dead than free. So he asked me to stay here until ——"

"Until when? Until our ships blast your General Magruder into the Gulf of Mexico tonight?"

"I have a key," Ewing said, "if you want to inspect the house. All the silver's been moved, and most of the furniture. You might like the chandeliers."

"I ought to knock your teeth out," Davis said, "and maybe I will. Where do you keep the pigeons? In the stable?"

"What pigeons?"

The Yankee drew his revolver. "You know what I mean, you stinking Rebel spy! The carrier pigeons you use to send your reports to Virginia Point."

Ewing grinned. "I keep them in the kitchen, lieutenant."

"Lead the way."

Ewing walked to the back yard and opened the unlocked door to the cookhouse. He went in and stood between the stove and the woodbox. The shelves and cupboards were empty. *I'm so hungry*, he thought, *that my stomach thinks my throat's cut.*

"Where are they?" Davis demanded.

Ewing turned, deliberately stumbled over the woodbox and reached for the Yankee's gun hand as he fell. The piece exploded, sending a slug plowing into the puncheons. With both hands on the cylinder, Ewing kicked the lieutenant's feet out from under him, and now they were both on the floor. The Yankee's fist crashed into Ewing's face twice before they rolled against the woodbox.

Ewing, who was heavier, sat across the officer's knees and, pinning the revolver to the floor with his left hand, reached into the box and found a length of knotty oak. Against the Puritan's head, he said, the stovewood made a sound like a dropped melon.

Then Ewing put his ear to his enemy's heart. It was pumping Yankee blood from the gashed temple, but he was certain the man would live.

"The pigeons, lieutenant, were in the greenhouse," Ewing said aloud. "But your sharpshooter got my last one. Now, I wonder if Mr. Worsham left any rope in the carriage house."

In his testimony, Sergeant Ewing admitted that, as soon as he had bound and gagged the half-conscious prisoner and folded him like a jackknife on the floor of the carriage, it was his proper course to drive—as he put it—like a bat out of hell for our post at Eagle Grove. Instead, being young and impulsive, and influenced by his affection for Miss Vito, he drove to Market Street.

The market was almost deserted. Both Tony Vito and his competitor were closing their stalls. Miss Angioletta sat on the seat of Tony's dearborn wagon, holding the reins, while her grandfather lifted the last empty barrel into the bed. Sergeant Ewing drove up beside the wagon and leaped down.

"Angioletta," he said, reaching for her hand, "I want to show you something."

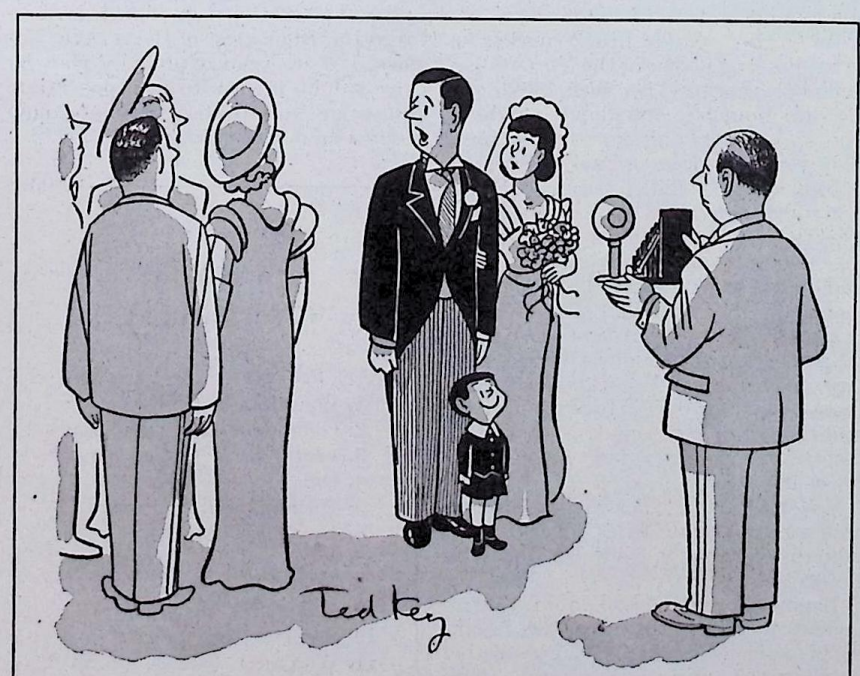
She let him help her down, and he led her to the fiacre and opened the door. The prisoner moaned and rolled his eyes.

Miss Vito gasped. "It—it's a—a Yankee officer!" Without turning, she called, "Grandpa, come quick!"

"Never mind him," Ewing said. "Do you believe me now?"

She nodded. "Yes, but ——"

"What's the matter?" Tony grumbled, coming up behind them. Then he saw. "Santa Maria!" he breathed. "You crazy, Silas? You lost your mind?"



"Mind calling your child?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A moment later Sergeant Ewing decided he had done so indeed, for he heard the tramp of feet and, over Tony's shoulder, saw a Yankee patrol marching into the square, twenty-odd men led by a sergeant.

Miss Vito lifted her skirts and climbed into the cab. "Get up there, Silas Ewing, you crazy fool," she said, "and drive away quick!"

Ewing scrambled into the box and slapped the horse's rump with the reins. The animal stirred himself. Behind them, Ewing heard running feet, then a Yankee shout, "Hey, cabbie! Hold up!"

The sergeant reached for the whip and laid it on. The startled cab horse broke into a heavy-footed trot.

A rifle cracked and a bullet went singing off one of the iron tires. Ewing tried to lash the frightened animal into a faster pace, but at the corner of Tremont Street he had to swing left to avoid a chuckhole. As the coach angled into the line of fire, a burst of musketry sounded, and the horse dropped to his knees.

Miss Vito was out of the cab before Ewing could climb down. "Run, run!" she was screaming. "Do you want to be killed?"

"Run where?" asked Ewing.

"To the Palmetto Wharf! Come on!" Hiking her skirts, she leaped the chuckhole like a boy and sprinted down Tremont Street.

Ewing drew Lieutenant Davis' revolver from his belt and followed, looking over his shoulder. The Yankees were out of sight, but he had little hope of eluding them.

"Angioletta!" he called. "What's the idea? You know your brothers are out with the boat."

"There'll be a skiff," she said. "Run ahead, Silas. They won't shoot at me."

Ewing says he could not have overtaken her if he had wanted to. At the empty Strand she turned west, and at 24th Street she turned toward the water front again. She ran beautifully, Sergeant Ewing told the court, on the toes of her slippers, her unstockinged legs flashing like golden pistons in the sunlight.

At the wharf, Miss Vito was untying the painter of a skiff when Ewing overtook her. "Take the oars," she commanded. "I'll push off."

He scrambled down the ladder and put the oars into the locks. A moment later the boat was out in the channel, and she was pushing past him to the stern seat. "You can row," she said, "can't you?"

Sergeant Ewing is a fair oarsman. The boat was a hundred yards upchannel when the enemy patrol appeared on the wharf.

"Starboard oar!" Miss Vito ordered. "Keep them dead astern!"

She meant him to keep her between himself and the enemy, but instead he rowed in a direction a little north of west, on a course midway between Pelican Spit and the Federal steamer Harriet Lane, anchored some distance upchannel. On the wharf, a Yankee noncom made a megaphone of his hands.

"Better come in!" he called. "You can't get away!"

On her knees in the stern seat, Miss Vito began screaming invectives toward the wharf. Sergeant Ewing says her language was not merely unrefined; it was shocking.

"They're right," he told her. "Look yonder at the steamer. They're lowering a boat!"

The Lane, pride of the enemy flotilla, lay some three hundred yards offshore, a feather of smoke curling leeward from her stack. The crew was lowering a cutter from her starboard side, taking its time.

There was, indeed, no need for haste on the enemy's part, Ewing perceived. Even if he passed upchannel before the boat was manned, it could overtake him easily. "I'm going to head for the Spit," he said.

"Are you out of your head!" screamed Miss Vito. "We'd never get away from them ashore. Head for Eagle Grove."

Eagle Grove is five miles from Galveston by the road, and Ewing's arms were aching. By the time he pulled abeam of the Lane he felt as if his back were broken. The skiff was two hundred yards beyond the steamer when the cutter pushed off with ten men at the oars.

"Angioletta," Ewing panted, tasting the sweat on his lips, "there's something I've got to tell you!"

"Save your wind," she said.

"No, this is more important than us. If you possibly can, get word to Colonel Cook that the Yankees expect an attack tonight."

Her lovely red lips parted. "You—you're not a deserter, then. You're—a spy!"

"I'm a cooked goose," Ewing said.

"No, you're not." She smiled fondly at him, then disclosed a scheme so daring and courageous that the court sat with bated breath, marveling at this shining example of the heroism of Southern womanhood.

"It won't work," Ewing said. "They'll let you drown."

"No, they won't. Even Yankees wouldn't do that."

Sergeant Ewing says he was too tired to protest further. He could only bend and dip and pull, reach and lift and lean hard on the oars, clenching his teeth to deaden the pain tearing at his back muscles, watching the cutter grow larger astern, with a Yankee Navy officer sitting upright in the prow.

"Angioletta," Ewing said, meaning to add, "I love you." But the officer was hailing him now.

"Ahoy, the boat! Avast, there, mister!"

Miss Vito stood up, bracing her leg against a thwart, and smiled at Ewing. "Don't worry," she said. "Just row, Silas!"

"No!" he cried. "Don't ——" But she had gone over, and he kept rowing.

"Oh—help me!" Miss Vito's voice came faintly across the wind. Sergeant Ewing said the yellow scarf around her neck made her look like a floating flower.

It took the Yankees a long while to get Miss Vito into the cutter. So long that Sergeant Ewing had already run into choppy water near the entrance to West Bay. Before the cutter's crew could wet their oars again, he had beached the skiff and set off at a road trot across the sandy flat toward our post at Eagle Grove.

Sergeant Ewing arrived at Eagle Grove early in the afternoon and, although excessively fatigued by exertion and hunger, was placed under guard by Lt. T. Bickley, commanding the post, who believed him a deserter.

Fortunately, however, by nightfall Ewing was able to convince Lieutenant Bickley that he bore important intelligence for Colonel Cook. He was taken to the mainland, where he delivered his report.

Already our land forces were advancing across the two miles of the Long Bridge, on railroad flats and afoot on boards laid across the ties by our engineers; infantry, dismounted dragoons, mule-drawn light artillery and, on the cars, the big guns from Virginia Point, the eight-inch Dahlgren and the Columbiad. And steaming down from Houston was our flotilla of bayou packets armored with cotton bales, fitted with rams and boarding planks, and filled with volunteers from our Texas cavalry and infantry.

It scarcely seems necessary to include here an account of our glorious victory in the liberation of Galveston. Yet the court feels it should be noted at this point that General Magruder says in his testimony that because of the intelligence brought by Sergeant Ewing he delayed the successful assault on the enemy's positions until early morning of New Year's Day.

Sergeant Ewing returned, in uniform, to his battery, which he served with distinction until ordered to shell the building whose upper story was used as a guardhouse by the Yankees. It was there, Ewing correctly surmised, that Miss Vito was held prisoner.

By that time, however, our cotton-clads had captured the Harriet Lane, Commodore Renshaw had been blown up with his flagship, and the remaining enemy vessels were flying flags of truce. Soon afterward Miss Vito appeared on the stringpieces of Kuhn's Wharf, bearing a flag of truce and a message from Colonel Burrell stating he wished to surrender under the same terms extended the enemy fleet.

As for Sergeant Ewing's leaving his position to meet his sweetheart with open arms, it is the unanimous opinion of the court that any Texian would have done the same; and, having maturely considered the evidence adduced, the court finds Sergeant Ewing, of all charges and specifications:

Not guilty.

NIGHT OF PLUNDER

(Continued from Page 31)

it, he'd never believe you. But Trujillo's men knew it was so.

The thunder of the stack tore great chunks out of the stillness and bounced echoes far across the dark flats. The engine's safety lifted with a shriek and a plume of steam.

The section gang broke and ran. They didn't separate and scatter. They lined out in a bunch for their track car. The car stormed down the siding toward the west switch, the exhaust streaking flame.

Trujillo lumbered out of the shadows, yelling curses. He paused to fumble for stones and ballast, and sent a rain of missiles after his men. But they paid him no heed.

The siding was more than a mile long, and it was three quarters of that distance to the switch. Hipolito set the controls for top speed. The track car bucked and howled and blasted. They overtook the head end of the freight train, on the parallel main track, and began to pass it a car at a time.

Hipolito's one panic desire was to return to the security of his section house and his family, and he didn't consider the possibility of a juncture at the switch with Frobisher's stub train. His mind was closed to obstacles in the way—until the engine and the switch stand showed up together, close before him. He glimpsed the actual situation then. A collision was inevitable, and the whole gang thought of the same thing at the next instant. Five seconds before the motor crashed into the locomotive, the men unloaded in a heap. They sprawled and rolled and got up and continued their flight on foot.

The impact sounded like a dump of coal from the chute. Parts and pieces of motorcar and engine rained down on the adjacent desert. The stub train stopped in the grip of screaming emergency brakes and woolly clouds of steam bloomed in the moonlight.

Frobisher came out of the confusion. "What was them gandy dancers trying to do?" he babbled. "I won't be able to check the damage till she blows her steam and dies! The switch is all messed up, and I got the pass and the main blocked!" He went back to his stricken engine.

Firelight and shadows flitted across the faces of the passengers, strung out along the path beside the coaches. All the border jumpers were now in a scrambling hurry to dress in fashion. They were pulling off old cotton shirts and kicking off ragged pants. They dived into the most blatant garments that came to hand. They strutted and preened.

It was ridiculous, outlandish. But it would make a good dinner-table story. Attentive faces in the candlelight down the long table in the patio. "Those fellows stripped down to practically nothing but their knives, which they wore as standard equipment, the same as we wear wrist watches. And then they dressed up like clowns."

The passengers looked at Eddie curiously. He was a part of the show, and they would have questioned him, and chatted, if he hadn't walked so rapidly along the train. Eddie reckoned that the traces of perfume that mingled with the smell of wood smoke would have set him back a month's pay. Then another odor slipped in and overpowered the delightful fragrance. It stopped him by the porter's stool at the open vestibule.

The steel gang had found that barrel of whisky. They were crowded around it. They had stood it up and tipped it, and they were catching trickles of liquor that came through the sprung staves into their cupped hands.

Eddie climbed aboard the Silver Arrow, exploring down dim aisles of the sleepers till he found Rosco, the rear brakeman, who took him to the conductor. And of course it had to be Scrap Iron Hawkins, who wasn't easy to scare.

Scrap Iron sat in an unsold compartment, chatting glumly with the Pullman conductor. Frost was at his temples and in his eyes.

His rigid glance flicked over Eddie. "What are you doing on my train?"

"Some items to consider," Eddie went at him briskly, "now that the trestle is out and the freight train's engine has you blocked so you can't return to Gravity."

"Why should I go back to Gravity?" Scrap Iron snorted. "I'm headed the other way."

"On account of the steel gang. You've noticed they have been plundering the contents of the busted merchandise car?"

"So what?" the skipper grunted. "That comes under the head of legal department's worries. I'm in train service."

Eddie said, "Those border jumpers don't know about statutes in the book and they make up the law as they go along. They've already looked the Silver Arrow over, and they liked the things they saw. The only way they can have them is to take them, and it looks to me as if they're getting all tuned up to do it. If they do decide to help themselves, they'll be hard to stop."

"All the blood-and-thunder books you read!" Scrap Iron scoffed. "You've stayed in the sun too long, Eddie. You need a vacation."

He could be right. Scrap Iron was a jagged old character who had encountered all phases of human behavior and he was hard to deceive.

But there had been that fierce, starved look as those men's eyes had devoured the luxuries behind the lighted windows. Eddie thought of the goblin shapes hunkered in the starlight, swaying and chanting when Manuelita had tapped their racial memories. She knew how shallow the present was to them. She had said it. They were out of this world.

"You'd better come out and take a look," Eddie advised.

Scrap Iron got it with the first whiff of fresh air. "I smell liquor. Strong. Where's it coming from?"

Eddie pointed. The clowning was done down there. The scramble for goods and baubles became a greedy scuffle for the whisky. They broke in the head of the barrel, and the staves came apart. The remaining liquor drained away. There were howls and angry cries. Red spoke and gestured, and suddenly they unraveled from their tight knot, absurd figures flapping out of a nightmare, coming through the crawling light and shadows, slumping woodenly in stiff shoes. They swarmed to the lip of the low embankment and stared down at the train through rosy mists. They weren't entertaining, but the show wasn't over.

"They've had enough to make them hard to handle." The Silver Arrow and her passengers were in Scrap Iron's care. "Eddie, we've got to keep them out of the Pullmans. Let's get the women aboard."

Red stepped down and Girl Face followed. They paused in the light from the coaches. The steel gang lined up on the embankment, watching a dream unfold.

The footing was insecure for fashionable high heels. There were breathless protests from the women as they were helped along to the vestibule entrance. The brakeman and the porter stood on either side of the stool, assisting them aboard. They knew the trick of lifting them easily by the elbows to the top step. The women fluttered up and were gone out of sight.

An interlude between spectacles, and now the passengers were giving the show. The wetbacks watched it with delight. It seemed like a game. They looked at the glowing windows. A game that continued somewhere inside the lavish cars.

"Take it easy, gentlemen." Well-barbered and his uniform pressed to knife edges, Scrap Iron picked up his responsibilities. "Don't hurry it, gentlemen, but don't delay."

A veteran star of stage and screen asked thoughtfully, "Do you imagine these fantastic people are dangerous?"

"Mr. Archer, you have seen the world." Scrap Iron was as suave as an embassy secretary. "Tell me what you think."

"They appear harmless enough to me," Mr. Archer decided.

"You are doubtless right," Scrap Iron nodded.

The last woman faded up the steps, and the men began to climb aboard. Red looked down the length of the streamliner with a slow turn of the head. He stood back and studied the interior of the diner. He sniffed the air and pulled it in and filled his lungs.

"Grub," he said somberly.

"What?" Scrap Iron blurted.

"Grub," Red repeated.

Scrap Iron looked at Red, and darted a glance at Eddie.

"It's been one of the scarcest items in their existence," Eddie told him. "It might not be a bad idea to feed them. The firewater has made them ravenous, and grub would slow them down."

Scrap Iron watched the last man climb aboard. "How was that again, Eddie?"

It seemed like a bright idea. "If you stuff them, it might divert their thoughts from plunder and bloodshed."

"Not so loud, Eddie," Scrap Iron pleaded, his passengers in mind. "How do you mean to stuff them?"

"You have a well-stocked diner," Eddie pointed out.

Scrap Iron barked, "You mean to feed them in there?"

"There's no place else," Eddie said.

Scrap Iron breathed heavily. "Do you realize the mess they would make of it if we did?"

"It'll be nothing to what they'll do if they decide to break into the Pullmans," Eddie argued.

Scrap Iron took a long, bitter swallow. Red Indian watched him without impatience. There was always palaver.

"Steaks," Eddie elaborated. "Big ones. Spuds and gallons of black coffee. Stuff 'em and make 'em groggy. But first," he warned, "don't forget to tell the steward to lock the liquor and throw away the key. If they find your stock of firewater, all we can do is die like they did at the Alamo."

Scrap Iron was cornered. He motioned Rosco to get aboard. "Lock all the doors," he ordered. "Circulate and stop any panic talk, if it starts." He climbed the steps. "We'll stuff 'em," he said bitterly.

Automatically he dropped the platform and closed the vestibule door. Lizard Belly picked up a stone with his prehensile toes and handed it to Red. At the instant the door shut, a jagged circle of splintered glass appeared in the window at the top.

Scrap Iron opened the door quickly and left it ajar. Red straightened, gave a sign, and the gang came down from the embankment. They surrounded Jess, the porter, murmuring, low-voiced, admiring him.

"Make them a speech, Jess," Eddie urged. "Sound off."

"You really goin' to feed them in our beautiful diner?" Jess asked. "Somebody sure ain't goin' to like that a bit." He stood on the stool and orated, "This time the feed is on the house, gentlemen!" Jess appreciated the ludicrous. His voice rolled. "I want you to observe the particular quality of the victuals we afford and the style in which it is served! You mind your manners when you get to the table!" he warned. . . . "Am I doin' all right, Mr. Eddie?"

He was doing all right. The steel gang was enchanted. They listened enraptured, without understanding the words, till the smells of cooking turned their attention.

"Line them up, Jess," Eddie said, "and let them into the diner. Make 'em behave."

Red followed Jess up the steps and paused in the doorway, studying the snowy napery and gleaming silver with somber eyes.

Jess herded the rest in, two at a time. The colored waiters watched them without expression. They had erected a wall of polite reserve against the barbarians of all races at meals, and they were hard to daunt.

The steel gang entered in a trance, their clumsy shoes sinking into the deep carpet as if they walked on air. The soft light was deceptive to eyes accustomed to the raw glare of the sun. They tried to feel the flowing incandescence with their fingers. The landscapes and the figures painted on the arched ceiling seemed real. They touched the silver with awe. Jess made them sit at the tables.

Lizard Belly crawled under a row of tables and came out at the other end. His merry eyes peered and poked. He palmed a salt cellar and it disappeared. He gathered ash trays and juggled them till they melted into the air.

Scrap Iron regarded what followed with a growing horror. He had worked the frowzy homeseekers' trains and the giddy-plush-and-polished-brass palace limiteds. He had come along with these streaks of elegance, and a man grows with his responsibilities. They had long ago named him Scrap Iron because he was hard and jagged. But till the day he takes his one-way pass to the promised land, he will recoil at the recollection of the havoc that rabble wrought to his magnificent dining car.

The waiters came with platters of smoking steaks. As the first one passed him, Lizard Belly lifted a hot plate from the tray. He set it on the floor quickly and sucked his scorched fingers. He sat down beside it and took off his shoes. He picked up the slab of meat, turning it nimbly till it cooled. He chewed and gnawed amiably, adroitly tossing brown potatoes into his mouth.

The steel gang fell upon the food as it came to them. They burned themselves and sputtered and blew gustily. Beef that didn't resist their champing jaws and get tangled in the teeth was incredible. They devoured it in hunks. They crunched bones and pushed them aside, and they took more of everything that was offered. They gulped coffee and spilled it with abandon. Gorged, they licked their lips and made animal sounds of satisfaction. Their faces glistened with grease.

Lizard Belly's bare brown feet twinkled under the rolled-up pajamas. He peered into the kitchen at the cooks. He sniffed. He glanced at the wall of the pantryway, and suddenly he was alert, like a prowling cat. He ran his fingers over the polished surface. His eyes sharpened and his thin nose twitched.

You could feel Scrap Iron set himself. His fingers coiled below his starched cuffs and the blue sleeves, with the nine gold stars on one forearm, each star bought with five years of service. Those big hands were soft now and cared for, but they had once set brakes in blizzard weather against the hump of the hill yards, when a slip meant sudden death. But the shadow of fear stole across his face as he watched the little clown.

Lizard Belly tilted his head slowly, scanning the wall. Then his prying eyes caught the painting on the ceiling. He stepped softly down the aisle, head back, following the scenes, letting them drift before his eyes. He stopped and stared. He sprang upon a table and tried to pluck a film-clad lady from the mural. Scrap Iron let his fingers relax.

Jess patrolled the aisle. The men lit pilfered cigars and ashen smoke crawled through the lifeless air. They grunted and muttered. The whisky had died in them. The stiff shoes and the harsh woolen garments irritated them. They couldn't relax. Space was crowded and the air was tight. When they tried to peer out of the windows at familiar moonlight spaces, their own reflections, staring back, startled them.

Red Indian stood up. The soft light burnished the copper of his skin. A dim figure out of the half-world of this borderland lit up in a sudden hard glitter when he spoke in deliberate English, "It is time for tequila." It was as startling as if a stone face had spoken. His eyes were on Scrap Iron. "The whisky in the barrel, it was not strong and it ran away. You have some tequila for us?" Like tightening a silk cord around your neck. Smart and acting dumb. No savvy—till he wanted to let you know. "Tequila is much better."

Scrap Iron said harshly, "No tequila. Nothing to drink."

Red's lips moved. Girl Face vanished into the pantry. He ransacked, pulling down packages of food from the shelves till the cupboards were bare. He rummaged in the kitchen, and you could hear the pots and pans tumbled out upon the floor.

"He's trying to locate the liquor supply," Scrap Iron growled.

"He'd better not," Eddie said.

"Any more bright ideas on how to entertain them?" the skipper inquired scornfully.

Girl Face came out of the pantryway and held up both empty hands. He stood there obediently, on guard. Red kicked off his shoes and drifted down the aisle. He didn't come too close to Scrap Iron. He held out his hand, swiveling it on his wrist.

"Give me the keys," he said flatly.

"What keys?" Scrap Iron bristled at him.

"The keys to the cars you told your brakeman to lock," Red said. The words slapped like a playful paw with the claws barely exposed.

Time was needed now—all you could buy. Buck Barabe wouldn't allow his railroad to stand still, and he couldn't bear to be out of instant communication with every mile of it. At the first sign of an interruption, he would have relief trains moving in from both directions with their gangs and track materials, and linemen searching out the broken wires and putting them back in service.

Time was needed to allow one of those trains to creep in across the flooded miles with enough men aboard to overwhelm these wild wetbacks. Scrap Iron must be given a chance to get outside with a warning and an opportunity to organize a defense.

Eddie shifted and let his muscles loosen up for a quick lunge. He could bounce Red on the floor in an instant if he got the right hold on him. Covered by the noise and confusion, he murmured in Scrap Iron's ear, "When I make a move, you break out and round up the crews." Scrap Iron's expression didn't change, but he squared himself to give it a try. "I'll nail Red and hold him," Eddie whispered.

But it wasn't going to be that easy. As Eddie hunched, the knife glinted in Red's hand, balanced, and he looked at Eddie with dusky disdain. It broke through the thick skin of Eddie's conceit that this situation hadn't been entirely set up by chance and disaster. Red had taken advantage of the breaks and encouraged them by craft and guile. He had been playing for keeps all the time.

At last Eddie recognized Red for what he was. Red was no slow-witted peon. He and his kind were by-products of the years of revolutions. There would be a sacked city, limp figures lying in the sunny street, flung into lifeless heaps by the cough of rickety machine guns. Then Red and his kind would follow, shuffling shadows walking head down, aimless and destitute. No savvy. But the glint of eyes photographed all they saw in a swift glance. Then swift forays, disband and disappear. Red could recruit in the isolated, impoverished districts. For when you have nothing, you cannot lose it. He and his kind lived by loot.

Here, then, was the last of the freebooters, alert to the stroke of fortune, adept at his trade, else he wouldn't have lived so long. But he couldn't escape forever, and right now he was crowding his luck.

Eddie said quietly, "You have stayed on too long, my friend. This time you are away over your head."

Red was glumly attentive. He watched Eddie's eyes. The knife fitted his hand like an accustomed tool, and Eddie remembered the flower of splintered glass in the center of the window. Red could drive the blade full length into you with the flick of the wrist.

Keep talking. The minutes added up, and Buck Barabe would be throwing in what it took to put his railroad back in service. "You've come to the last chapter in your history book. The trail runs out here, old-timer. You're lost and don't know it. Better find your way to the far and lonesome, and don't come back." He spoke slowly and paused often, allowing the seconds to run. And he tried to be convincing. Red was the victim of the resistless pressure of progress upon the unenlightened. He wasn't as predatory or as destructive as some who operated openly at this very minute. But he practiced obsolete methods, and they would shoot him for that when they caught him. He tried to tell Red so.

Morning was climbing out of the prairies on the other side of the high divide. Faint light penetrated the car packed with smells of sweated bodies and stale food, and there was a stir. The men moved furtively, animal instincts reaching out for the open country.

Red stiffened as he watched the first light of a new day run along the arch of the ceiling. For him it was the phantom of time stalking the empty flats, closing in. He turned on Scrap Iron. "The keys!" Riches and soft pleasures, and the border was only a walk away. Life was cheap. It was easy to kill, and the phantom out there had warned him that time was running out. Plunder and vanish swiftly. "Give me the keys!" The show would soon be over.

But Scrap Iron wouldn't surrender his trust. A man's traits and his associations are all that are left at the last. "Tell Sarah ——" he began, and then Scrap Iron shook his head. "Aw, hell! She'll know how it was." He gave Eddie a frosty glint. "And likely you won't make it either." Eddie felt as if he had just now grown up. The skipper would go down with a knife between his ribs, and he would fight them off till the door of eternity slammed behind him. It would all be in his record when they closed the book.

A shadow moved at the doorway, misshapen, out of focus to Eddie's searching eyes. And then there was a strumming of chords that grew in depth and sent a surge of feeling through him. An image came out slowly in the tricky light of the lush dining car.

It was Manuelita, magnificent Manuelita. She had sensed danger from the beginning, when she had urged him to take his gun. Thank God he had given her his car keys. Manuelita had caught the situation in a glance, and she sat on the porter's stool in the dim vestibule and played her guitar with a deep concentration. The fearful notes filled the diner with black melancholy and once again bodies swayed to the dragging rhythm. Jet eyes shone in the soft light, husky voices moaned low, pushing time back along dim centuries.

The music didn't turn back Red's clock. It gummed the works, but the clock kept on ticking. He snapped a look at Manuelita that was edged with raw violence, and he fingered his knife. He knew it had to end, that the intolerable tension would eventually break. The cunning of the years of survival held him still in bleak impatience.

Lizard Belly was tone deaf. Music was merely so much noise. His small shape lurked suddenly in the passage. He ran sly fingers over the glossy surface of the pantryway wall. By a sense that could find what wasn't there, he located a concealed keyhole and traced the edge of a door through the tips of his tiny fingers. He pounded softly with the heel of his hand. He caught the sound he was seeking and struck the wood once, sharply. The locked door sprang open under the blow, and he swung it wide.

Red spat words and pointed. The chant died. Heads turned slowly and glazed eyes took on light. Red slipped to the doorway with his back to Manuelita. He signaled Girl Face, and he spoke to the men in harsh orders.

Abruptly Manuelita lost her hold on the natives. She continued to strum softly, but her gallant effort to calm them became futile. For there before the men were shelves reaching to the ceiling, lined with enough wines and liquors to inspire uprisings and revolutions and conquests. They snatched down bottles, breaking the necks against the wall and holding them up, pouring the contents into their open mouths in streams. The smell was heavy in the close air. The mellow liquor didn't rage down the gullet like tequila. They took it in great gulps. Those on the outer edge elbowed in and grabbed. Bottles were knocked to the floor and shattered. The men began to babble. Red watched them with moody eyes.

Lizard Belly climbed to the top of a table. He propped his knees under his chin and arranged some bottles about him. A comrade reached for one. Lizard Belly's hand flashed out and struck the extended wrist. The man howled and drew back. The little clown selected a bottle and uncorked it with a blow on the bottom. He tipped it and drank. He smiled pensively. It was old brandy, filled with peace and plenty and happy dreams.

The men began to wrangle. Red shouted them down. They turned to face him, standing still and quiet. Red snapped a look at Scrap Iron. "The keys!"

And all at once age seemed to catch up with Scrap Iron. He stared at Red's hand as if it puzzled him. The whole affair seemed suddenly clouded in his mind. He had come to the end of his reserves. Habit and the inflexible regulations were all channeled in his mind, but the resilience to make them bounce was gone. What crowds an old man's mind when he turns in his equipment at the end of the last run? Thousands of miles behind him, and all that remains is a ring of keys and the record he has woven into the pattern of the years.

His hand moved uncertainly under the skirt of his uniform coat, fumbling blindly for the keys snapped to his belt. It made Eddie want to cry out. For all those years and through all those miles, Scrap Iron had automatically found them in the same place, on his right hip.

"Take one upon going to bed, and the other if you wake up in the morning."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MORE LIGHTS PER PENNY!

Four big reasons why you should always buy Ronsonol, America's largest selling lighter fuel— ❶ Laboratory tests prove it lasts longer than most other brands. ❷ Specially blended to light instantly. ❸ Clean, full flame. ❹ Pleasing fragrance. When you buy lighter fuel insist on the best. Insist on Ronsonol!

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LIGHTER FUEL
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EAT, DRINK TOO MUCH?

Here are the facts on *Eno* relief: Overindulgence usually causes excess stomach acids, and many times, bowel sluggishness. *Eno fights both!* Helps restore acid-alkaline balance in your gastric tract. Acts as a mild laxative . . . providing, in the intestine, the liquid needed to soften and lubricate the stubborn waste matter. Gently stimulates eliminatory processes of the intestine. Don't suffer unnecessarily. Keep Eno handy for speedy relief. At all druggists.

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NOSE

. . . anywhere . . . any time this handy Vicks Inhaler makes cold-stuffed nose feel clearer in seconds. By makers of Vicks VapoRub.

GOES!

Use as often as needed!

But now he was groping with his left hand, feeling on the wrong side. He should be out of this one.

Red moved a swift step. He turned the knife in his hand for a quick stab. He could feel, through the instincts of the hunted, that bleared phantom of diminishing time closing in.

All expression washed out of Scrap Iron's face as his hand failed to find the keys. He looked down, and his right hand came up and felt his forehead. Fumbling, groping, and you would never believe that old Scrap Iron could be deceptive. But he was. He took off his heavy uniform cap and struck Red across the face with it, a lightning blow that raised welts. He lunged, throwing a shoulder against Red's chest, and went down on top of him across a table. Red's grunt exploded like a busted air hose.

It was so utterly harebrained that Eddie ducked from sheer astonishment—and a knife whispered a personal message in his ear from Girl Face as it flashed by.

Then all hell broke loose. Chaotic fury flowed through the crowded space. The steel gang, tipping over tables, boiled into the aisle in a blind rush. Jess tried to stop them and they piled over him like surf against a towering reef. Jess was six-feet-three of brawn and good nature. He blocked with his spread elbows till the pressure from the rabble swamped him under a tangled heap of bodies. He pulled clear and was again submerged.

Red struggled under Scrap Iron's weight. He writhed and clawed. He was jointed like a whip snake and the skipper couldn't hold him down. Eddie caught Red's wrist, twisting his arm till he quieted. Girl Face leaped over the pile of struggling bodies and snatched the knife he had thrown. His hand flashed back and paused.

"All right," Eddie said from a dry throat to Girl Face, and let go Red's wrist. "Get up, Scrap Iron."

The skipper got to his feet. Red rolled off the table and found his knife. He panted and spoke to his men. The squirming heap quieted and came apart. Jess got up and brushed off his uniform.

Forty-five seconds exploding all at once, and then time took up its stolid beat. Red was hurt. Scrap Iron had nailed him hard. He breathed in tortured gasps, holding his chest, and his face was a drawn, gaunt mask.

Scrap Iron had made the effort, but it hadn't worked. He had put his life in jeopardy without hesitation, but he couldn't buck the odds. Further resistance would bring immediate bloodshed. No one could censure him if he threw in his hand now, surrendered the keys and stood aside. You could think of a hatful of reasons for his doing it. But he wouldn't entertain a one of them. He would close the record with his last breath.

"Eddie, see if you can't break out of here when the fight starts. It will take them time to down me." The frost was in Scrap Iron's eyes.

Eddie loosened his dry tongue. He knew that time eventually ran out for all mankind, but he had never considered it personal and imminent. It seemed like a couple of years ago, but it had been only this morning that he debated quitting Buck Barabe's chain gang. A week, and he might have been adrift and away, following the sky line. Now it would likely be some horizon on the other side of time. He tested the spring in his toes and loosened his muscles.

Red took to breathing in long, slow heaves. Girl Face, poised like the model for a statue, waited for his signal. Red let his hand drop from his chest and gasped an order at his men. Instantly there was a circle of knives glittering in the soft light. There was violence in the look of the savage eyes.

Manuelita's strumming died away. The thin notes fled into the long hush, and in that speck of silence the diner shuddered to a heavy tread of steps. Eddie felt a shock come up from his heels. Red turned around with a quick contraction of muscles. The bronze drained yellow in his cheeks and there was a sudden stark fear in his eyes. An apparition had stalked him across the empty reaches, and stood there in the doorway. It had dragged itself from its own grave.

Slimy, streaked with yellow clay, sand and gravel in the strings of hair, lacerated scalp showing through. One arm twisted and the hand turned back to make your nerves cringe. Shapeless shroud hanging in damp tatters and shreds. It hulked there, just back from the infernal.

It seized Red's pagan mind. There in the arch of the doorway in one ghostly figure stood the specter of all the men he had seen die by violence. Red went loose and clammy inside his gaudy raiment, and he couldn't move his feet when he tried to.

The silence closed in, and no one moved till the specter spoke to Red—and it called him Carlos. The name exploded out of the hollow of the night and beat like a long echo through the dead air.

Alec Blee took up from where the flash flood had interrupted him; his words were weighted missiles. "Carlos, take your men and bring the track motor down the main line to the washout. We will get this cleaned up and ready to begin rebuilding the trestle as soon as the material and equipment arrive."

And that's the way it was—the utter collapse of a long nightmare. You'd have known it would come out like this if you hadn't been disdainful of his years. Even a flash flood, after it had caught him, couldn't prevail against Alec Blee. He had lived with disaster since the days of sixty-pound steel, and he knew how it was bred and born and the time of its violent existence. No catastrophe could subdue that old construction man. The flood waters had likely regretted it and been eager to shake him loose and cast him aside within the first furious miles.

The half-empty bottle slipped from Lizard Belly's hand and rolled gurgling under the table. The little clown's lips moved in a tuneless effort to find the lost chant, but he couldn't raise a sound. He sank back and pillowed his head on his arms, and retired blissfully into the land of peace and plenty and happy dreams.

The sun was over the high divide and a breeze strayed down through a saddleback. The air had lost its raw edge. Eddie felt gray and lifeless inside, but the morning smelled good.

Track cars barked and screeched their wheels. The lineman's motor snorted to a furious stop, and Eddie went to help him put his wires back in service. Buck Barabe and the roadmaster burst onto the busy scene. They braked down by the open vestibule door and Barabe went inside to talk to Scrap Iron. Then they coasted down to the steel gang.

The sight of Alec and the gaudy wetbacks stopped Barabe cold as he got off his seat. The Old Man barked, "Alec, what the hell goes on here?"

He listened silently then, while Alec filled him in briefly and made a detailed requisition for everything required. Barabe tabulated it in his tenacious mind.

This man Buck Barabe was shaken. Maybe the old railroader had defied his age too long. Maybe, Eddie thought, he didn't know every answer after all. And that legend that he could sense disaster a long way off and have the proper man on the spot to handle it quickly when it broke. Like hell he could! What about this one? It tore loose and it would have been going yet, if Alec hadn't forced the flash flood to let go of him.

The lineman got the telephone in the booth working. He tied in another set for Eddie at his rigged-up telegraph table and went to repair the Morse line. Eddie began to detail the catastrophe to the dispatcher, then Barabe tramped across to the booth and took over the wire.

Eddie listened through his headset to the Old Man shaking them up at division headquarters, ordering out the pile driver and a special to bring men and materials, together with a doctor to patch up Alec till he could be spared from the job.

He rang in the night chief dispatcher and gave him the picture as it stood. The old dispatcher had a few words to say, "Seems like you didn't have a man at hand for it this time."

"What?" the Old Man snapped back at him. And then: "Are you clicking your teeth over the delusion that I can spot trouble before it arrives? Don't let it bother you." There was a pause and the rasp of a chuckle. "At that, Greg, there were three good men on the spot, and a girl besides."

"Three men and a girl?" The chief was slyly incredulous.

"Alec Blee," said Barabe, "and Scrap Iron Hawkins, who can be depended upon to do the job. They did it. The girl, the third-trick op at Gravity, told us trouble was brewing down here, and bought us needed time at considerable risk to herself."

"That makes two men and a girl," the chief counted.

Barabe let off a gusty sigh. "Young Eddie Sand," he said. "You'll have to add up that one. When he asked to be set up, I sent him to the desert instead, to take some of that spit-in-your-eye out of him. And I wanted to see if he had the guts to take it or whether he'd inherited his old man's boomer instincts and would blow when he got tired of the place. He didn't like it, but he stuck. And he did all right last night. He helped save a bad situation."

"Yeah," said the chief. "Eddie's a good boy. You going to give him a tryout on the sheet?"

"No," said Barabe, and Eddie curled up inside.

"Why'n hell not?" It had been a hard night for the night chief. "He's sure got it coming to him, and he's——"

"Now, wait a minute," Barabe bristled. "His old man made a good dispatcher of him before he was out of knee pants, so that's already in his record. I'm going to take him into my office and work him over. With that red in his hair, he's got to be controlled till he gets his feet on the ground. He'll make up into a better man than his dad, but I want to have him around where I can season him. These youngsters get too damned impatient."

Impatient? Eddie pulled off the headphone and stared at it intently. He looked at Barabe, bulging from the booth. He fetched a tired grin. Impatient! Listen to the man talk.

Scrap Iron handed Manuelita from the vestibule steps. He took off his cap when they shook hands. The skipper hadn't lost his eye for a trim figure. He admired Manuelita all the way across to Eddie's automobile, parked beside the main track. She stowed her guitar in the back seat.

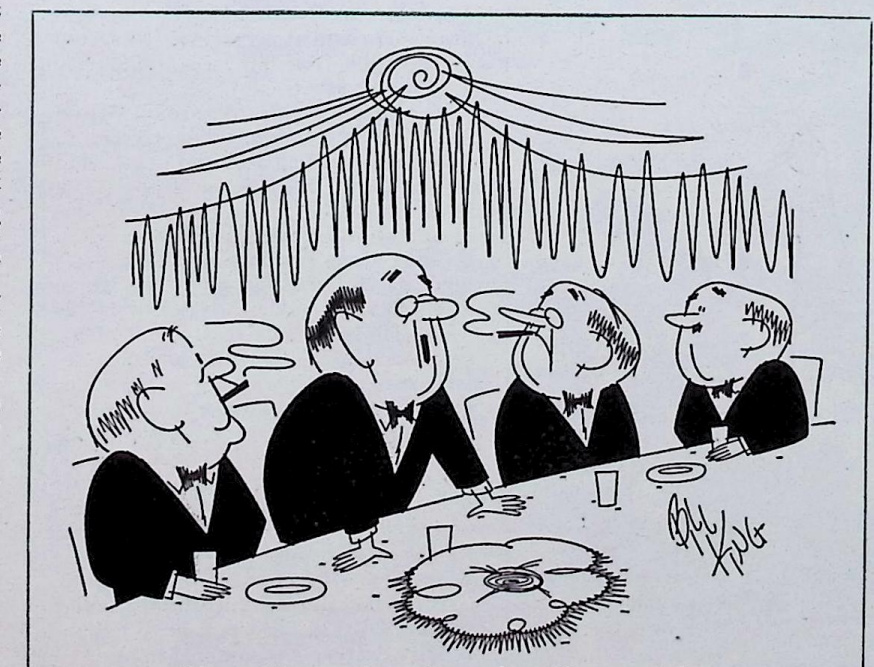
Manuelita turned her lovely face toward Eddie and suddenly everything was ho-kay and all right. She was the rainbow and springtime in the Rockies. She was the breezes in the cottonwood trees. She illuminated the place. She came over to him, and he stood straighter and smoothed back his hair. His heart thudded in his chest.

She handed him his car keys and they sat on the ties. "It has been a very long night, Eddie."

"Manuelita," he said from out of all the dark confusion, "when we are married, will you mind living in the city?"

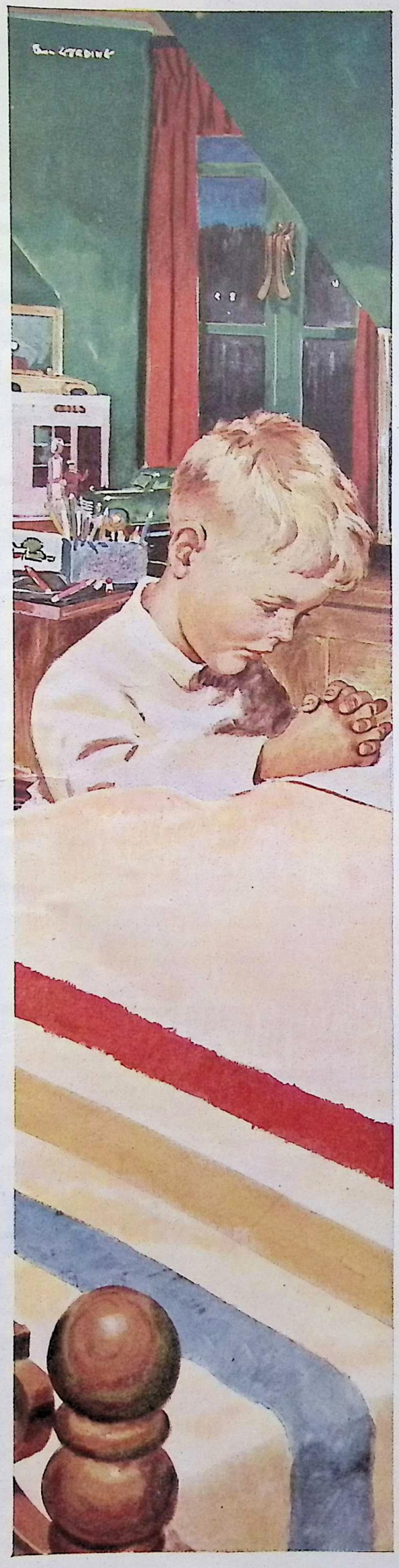
"Eddie-e-e," she murmured drowsily, "together we could live anywhere."

Manuelita put her hand on his shoulder, her cheek on her hand, and went out like a light. THE END



"You all know why we're gathered here tonight.
Will someone remind me?—I've forgotten!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



Jimmy said *two billion prayers*

"'God bless everybody!' he said . . . short and sweet.

"Then I kissed him goodnight, tucked him in, put out the light and went downstairs.

"That was a *big* order! Two billion people on this earth...and Jimmy was praying for them *all!*

"Now . . . if *you* were going to have that many people blessed, what *one* big blessing would you wish for them all?

"*Freedom!* What finer thing than Freedom for all the peoples of the world? Why, anybody who knows what our Freedom really means would give his eyeteeth to be an American citizen. Let's see why:

"Here we have freedom of religion. Our newspapers can say anything they want and so can we, short of libel, slander or sedition. Our kids are taught Freedom from kindergarten up. Here we have a free choice of places to live in, businesses to go into or jobs to work at, like mine at Republic (you ought to see the steel we're producing down at the plant!).

"Come voting time, nobody sees us mark our ballots . . . nor can he know *whom* we vote for. And we can squawk our heads off in town meetings or write what we think to our Congressmen . . . and nobody puts us in jail for it.

"As long as we don't step on the other fellow's Freedom, we Americans are the freest people in the world. But there are plenty of people trying to rob us of those Freedoms and run things *their* way. *Outside* enemies . . . but we have plenty *inside,* too. They sneak into our schools, businesses, unions, social clubs . . . *everywhere!*

"Let's keep an eye on those who attack our Freedoms . . . while Jimmy prays for the other two billion whose greatest blessing would be the Freedoms we already *have!*"

REPUBLIC STEEL

Republic Building, Cleveland 1, Ohio

LIKE GOLD, SCRAP IS WHERE YOU FIND IT! And there's scarcely an industry, business or storage yard that cannot yield a rich load of Scrap Iron. *Do you know that* it takes 100 tons of Scrap Iron to produce 200 tons of *new* steel? Of course, you know how badly America needs that new steel today. For Defense. For Construction. For Production. And for Civilian needs. Prospect around your place for all the discarded, broken, worn or obsolete equipment, tools and machines *today.* And sell it to your local "junk" dealer for Scrap *tomorrow!*

* * *

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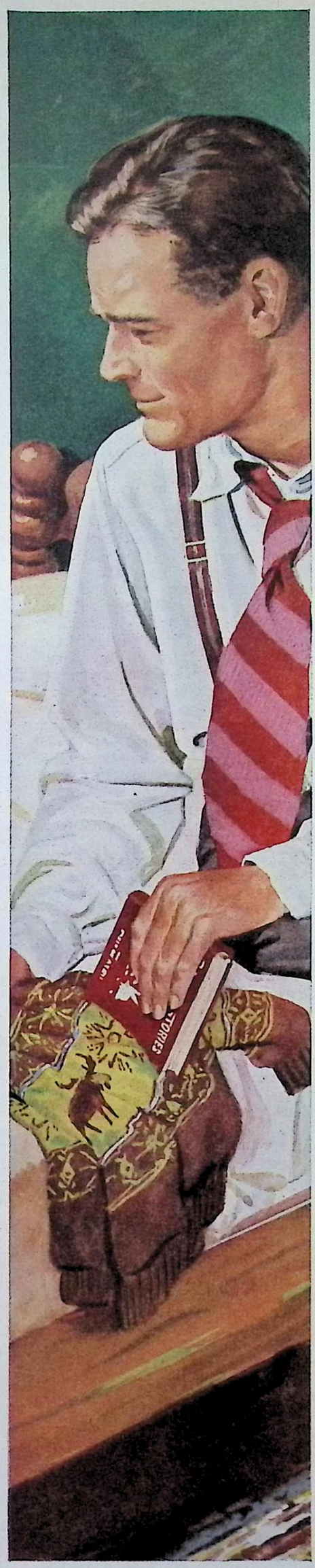

BACKGROUND FOR MURDER

(Continued from Page 34)

When the rehearsal ended, Peter went down to the stage with final words for this one and that one. Tod was conferring with the orchestra leader. Sally Watts was standing on one leg, with the other foot in her hand, and hopping about ruefully and comically.

"Somebody step on you?" Peter asked.

"I'm just practicing sex appeal," Sally said. "It's the coming thing."

"With a crow hop?" he asked.

"It's not a crow hop," she said. "It's intended to be a Zulu tribal fertility dance. I haven't got the hang of it yet, but I'm progressing." She peered up at him. "Wishing Well song!" she said. "You didn't have to guess what she was wishing. You ought to bill her as the vocal Gypsy Rose Lee. I never knew you could do a strip tease with nothing but your voice." She hopped away pointedly as Elia Anor approached Peter.

"Well?" she asked with raised brows.

"Miss Anor," he said, "in that song you're a forlorn little girl. Do you think, perhaps, you could manage to express that a little more convincingly?"

"I could stand a little more enthusiasm," she said coldly.

"Miss Anor," Peter said in his slow, placating way, "any criticism I make is for the purpose of improving your performance. It is not captious. Mr. Arundel aims for perfection, and my job is to get it for him if I can. A perfect performance benefits the singer herself as much as it does the whole production. I should like to see you score a triumph tonight."

"Then," she retorted, "you're the only member of this troupe who doesn't want me to lay an egg."

"I think you are wrong, Miss Anor. We pull together." He paused and smiled his slow, friendly smile.

"The song," she said, "doesn't fit me."

"Then why," he asked, "did you insist upon singing it?"

Her eyes were deriding him. "Just to show you," she said.

"To show me what, Miss Anor?"

"I'm sure, Mr. Mortain, you are intelligent enough to see the point."

"Quite so," answered Peter.

She continued to peer at him through narrowed lids. "Some men, in your place," she said, "wouldn't have endured it. They would have resigned."

"I considered it. I decided against it."

"Why?"

He looked at her gravely. Then he lifted one brow quizzically. "On the principle," he said, "that a boxer can't lick his opponent if he climbs out of the ring."

She considered that, and then nodded. She nodded again, more emphatically. "It's better to climb out of the ring," she said, "if you know your opponent has a horseshoe in his glove." She paused and smiled a Mona Lisa sort of smile. "I think it would be better," she said, "if you and I got to be friends."

"Much better," he agreed.

"Or not," she said, widening her eyes.

"Meaning?" he asked.

"That," she said, "I like things definite. You can plan better." She made an indescribably feminine movement of the shoulders. "I do hope I make a good impression tonight."

He watched her gravely as she undulated away. Then he walked to the lunchroom on the corner for a sandwich and a cup of coffee.

"Good evening, Mr. Mortain," said a flat voice, speaking in monotone. It aroused him from concentration, and he saw, occupying stools at the counter, Sally Watts as she would be fifty years hence and Sally Watts as she was today. The old lady patted a stool beside her, and Peter seated himself there. "You were courteous to an old woman the other day," she said in a curiously staccato voice which had no inflections. She dropped each word as if it were a pebble. "I was the best country cook in the state of Michigan," she went on. "It galls me to eat in these joints. Food," she said, "ought to soothe your stomach instead of annoying it."

"Pussy cat," said Sally, "just drove off in a car with the boy with the punch."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DECEMBER 31—11:58

By Virginia Brasier

The clown sits by the clock with a painted horn,
Waiting, gay as a goon, for the year to be born;
The Grim Reminder sits in his study, madly
Predicting a future that surely must go badly.
At twelve o'clock on the hour, each man will gain
A fresh new set of days for his joy and pain.
Time's babe will come with the noise of a princeling child,
And the horns will blow and the bells ring cold and wild.
Time's the indifferent father whose only task it
Is to leave the year on our step in a basket.
Welcome, foundling; willingly do we take it,
Full of belief that a year is what you make it.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Don't gobble," Grandma Watts said severely. . . . "I used to look just like Jigger."

"You still do," said Peter.

"I was like Jigger," the old lady went on, "in spite of marrying a minister. I had to take it out being a choir singer. But I never got to dance. They don't dance much at Wednesday-night prayer meetings. Bilked and frustrated, but I made out. When my son's child Jigger came along, I looked her over and figured she was a reincarnation. She was me all over again. So I made up my mind she would be neither bilked nor frustrated. My job is to see that Jigger gets a chance to be what I wanted to be, if she's got it in her." She raised her fine brows interrogatively.

"She has it in her, Mrs. Watts," said Peter.

They were alike as two peas, saving the element of age. Peter watched them as best he could, and they might have been one of those well-rehearsed comedy acts where one member of the team pantomimes before a mirror and the other pretends to be the reflection in the glass. Their movements synchronized. They were awkward in the same fetching manner.

Grandma Watts pushed away her sandwich in disgust. "Indigestion!" she said severely. "Did you ever eat a flapjack, Mr. Mortain?"

"Stacks," he said.

"I mean a real flapjack. It's an art."

"Grandma!" protested Sally. . . . "She's leading up to, Mr. Mortain."

"And why not? I like him. After the strain of the show, a man should go to bed with a contented alimentary canal. You bring Jigger home tonight and I'll show you flapjacks."

"She has some ulterior motive," Sally said. "Watch your step."

"I would love," Peter said, "to sample. Thank you."

She looked at him shrewdly. "Without prejudice on either side," she said crisply.

"She snoops," said Sally.

"Are you sure," Mrs. Watts asked unexpectedly, "that what the man who died in your room said was 'straddle'?"

"That," answered Peter, "was how it sounded to me."

"Could it have been just the first syllable of 'straddle?' 'Strad?' Short for 'Stradivarius?'"

Peter, in his surprise, set down his mug of coffee so that it splashed.

"This," he said, "is neither the time nor place."

"Which," retorted Mrs. Watts, "is why I suggested flapjacks."

"Grandma sticks in her thumb," said Sally, "and brings out a plum. Sometimes. But she dotes on sticking in the thumb."

"You get practice," Mrs. Watts said dryly, "being a minister's wife in a little town. My husband was a very upright man. He was a sort of Auld Licht minister, if you've read James M. Barrie. I read him with comfort." She sighed. "He never knew the tricks I was up to. I had to be, to keep somebody he'd stepped on from busting his lamp chimney." She cleared her throat. "Jigger was raised in a rigorous family, ameliorated by me. . . . Did you ever learn to dance to a squeaky cottage organ, Mr. Mortain?"

"Never."

"I think that stuttering instrument was an aid to Sally's technique. When you pressed a key and nothing happened but a kind of a belch, it gave you eccentric rhythm." She coughed dryly. "A burlesque show came to town. My husband blasted it from the pulpit. So nobody dared go to the theater. It stranded. One of the female dancers became, temporarily, a waitress in a lunch wagon. I used to sneak her in the back door when my husband was preparing his sermons. She taught the rudiments to Sally—of dancing. That sermon of my husband's was one of his most useful. I believe he subsequently converted the burlesque girl, who married the butcher and got fat. She was Jonathan's Exhibit A. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Fortunately, my husband did not think it wicked to sing, if you stuck to gospel hymns and the Last Rose of Summer. I loved him dearly." She lifted her brows. "Ah, well!"

"It's against the rules," Peter said, inwardly delighted with Mrs. Watts, "but my authority goes far enough to smuggle you into the balcony. You won't see much, but it might be amusing."

"Times and manners change," said Mrs. Watts nostalgically. "Once it was sinful to be amused on the Sabbath. I have considered," she went on, "the idea of writing a monograph on The Impact of Modern Inventions on the Moral Code of Our Forefathers! My husband loved baseball. Naturally, he would not go to the game on Sunday. I wonder—I wonder if he would have watched a game on television in the privacy of our home?"

"My grandmother," said Sally, "is an unprincipled woman."

"We," said Mrs. Watts, "are detaining Mr. Mortain from his duties."

"Come along," Peter said. "I'll seat you in the balcony. You will get a complete understanding of the meaning of the word 'chaos.'"

THE show, from Tod Arundel's first appearance to his graceful goodnight speech, went smoothly and flawlessly. Sequence followed sequence on oiled wheels. Peter awaited the Wishing Well number with apprehension.

"Wistful. Wistful," he said into his telephone. Elia Anor glanced at the window of the monitor room. She leaned over the canvas wall of the wishing well and when she stood straight the buttons at the top of her simple gingham dress had somehow slipped from their buttonholes.

"Button that dress!" snapped Peter.

Elia paid no heed to the direction. She sang beautifully, but not wistfully. She interpolated gestures not rehearsed under Peter's eye. The dress slipped down from her shoulders and ceased to be simple, but became revealing and provocative. It was well done, skillfully, adroitly managed. Elia managed to convey that she was a simple country girl—but! Peter glanced at Tod Arundel, standing beside his podium, and Tod's face was black with rage—black and baffled and helpless. Elia committed another sin. She stole the scene from her partner, Max Morton. Once she moved her hand to obscure his face as he sang his verse. With practiced skill she drew attention to herself and away from him. The viewers were forced to fix their eyes upon her as her gown dropped perilously low upon her lovely white shoulders. It was a classic example of scene-stealing. But there was not a viewer in America who was not sharply conscious of Elia and of her physical appeal. Peter's jaw set grimly.

The show ended. Peter flung himself out of the monitor booth and then mastered his anger and walked with his usual slow, lazy step across the studio floor to where Elia Anor sat upon a divan that had been used for a commercial.

"Miss Anor," he said, not raising his voice, "you are new to us. We assist each other and play as a team. We do not steal scenes. But more than that, Miss Anor. We do not wish to carry the technique of Sam T. Jack's Orange Blossoms—a doubtless excellent burlesque show—into the parlors of our viewers."

"No?" she asked with lifted brows.

"This, Miss Anor," he said, still speaking softly, without heat, maintaining exemplary courtesy, "is an ultimatum. Hereafter you will take direction and follow it implicitly or you and I will meet head on."

"Which," she asked evenly, "of us do you think will be here after that collision?"

"I will be here," Peter said. "You may rely upon that. I will be here, and you will be elsewhere."

Peter turned away. He did not want to see Tod Arundel or face the maestro in the sort of tantrum he knew the conduct of Elia Anor would have stimulated. But he did not have to meet Tod. Tod, walking abruptly from the studio, had entered his waiting car and deserted the battlefield.

(Continued on Page 54)

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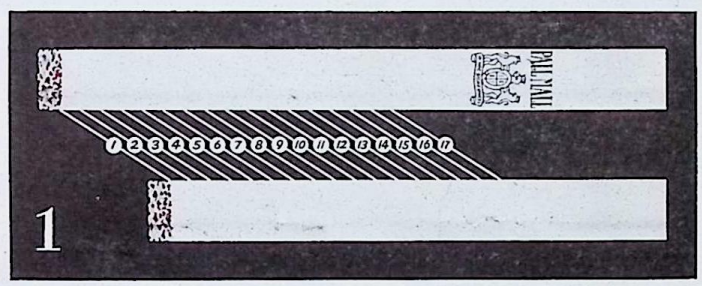
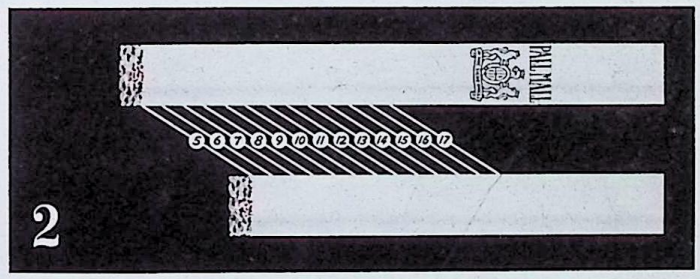
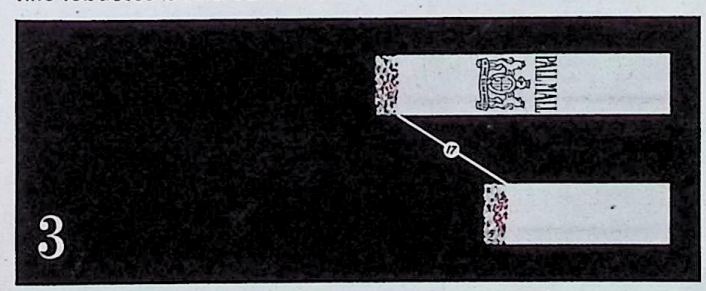


The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette.



Again after 5 puffs of each cigarette your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness as the smoke of PALL MALL's fine tobaccos is filtered further.



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Outstanding—and they are *mild!*

Wherever you go, notice how many people have changed to PALL MALL —the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package.

(Continued from Page 52)

PETER escorted Mrs. Watts down from the balcony and waited in the ramp for Sally to remove make-up and ready herself for the street. She was prompt. As he stood waiting he saw a car draw up in front of the studio and park. A man opened its door and stood on the sidewalk, and Peter recognized him as the escort who had been with Elia Anor in the café and the man who had made himself unpleasant in Tod Arundel's office. Sally arrived, teetering precariously on high heels, and Peter walked with the two women to the curb, where he signaled for a taxicab. The man at the car tossed away his cigarette and sauntered over to Peter.

"Good evening," he said pleasantly. "We have encountered, but we have not met. My name is Ludovic Sforza." He did not extend his hand, but his smile was amiable.

"My name is Peter Mortain. Are you related to Il Moro, of Milan?"

"A remote ancestor, I'm told. It has been said we resemble each other."

"Not in features," Peter said. "Possibly in character. Il Moro was a *condottiere* whose father stole a dukedom."

"I haven't grabbed a duchy yet," Sforza said, "but one would be nice to have." He turned to bow somewhat ornately to Sally. "I have admired you, Miss Watts," he said. "Your discretion even more than your comic talent. Would this be your sister?" he asked, and there was a twinkle in his eye as he turned his face to Mrs. Watts.

"Young man," said Mrs. Watts, "when I was Sally's age, the automobile was only a gleam in Henry Ford's eye. It could be, sir, that you are a skeesicks."

"That would be nicer," he told her, "than being a duke. But I'm detaining you. . . . Mortain, I think we should chat over a highball."

"Why not?" Peter countered.

"I find Mr. Arundel unapproachable," Sforza said.

"Mr. Mortain is not a bit unapproachable," Sally interjected. "He is on the contrary."

"Shall we say at eleven o'clock? Your apartment or mine?"

"Mine," said Peter, "has unpleasant associations. But eleven is a bit early. I have an important appointment with flapjacks. Shall we say twelve?"

"Right," Sforza agreed, and gave his address. He bowed to the ladies. "I shall go into training to be a skeesicks," he said to Mrs. Watts, and walked back to his car.

Peter opened the door of the taxi that drove up and was delighted at the similarity of the stumbles and gestures the two ladies exhibited in entering the vehicle.

"We're wee," Mrs. Watts said. "Sit between us. We live in the Swafford on Sixty-third Street."

The apartment into which Peter was admitted was a distinct shock to him. Even Sally's satisfying salary would not justify it. Not that it was huge or elaborate in the Park Avenue manner, but it was impressive, and its furniture and embellishments were impressive. There was a Van Gogh over the fireplace, and it was not a print. His feet trod an Aubusson carpet. He avoided sitting upon a graceful Chippendale chair. These things were only fragments of the whole, which was on the same level of good taste and judgment and expense. Sally sat in the Chippendale chair and her eyes were sardonic. Peter stared at a square-cut vase of yellow hawthorn whose equal he had not seen outside the Altman Collection in the Metropolitan.

"A missionary could have given that to grandpa," Sally said, "but he didn't. The better missionaries didn't loot."

"I'm back on my heels," Peter admitted.

"Grandma," said Sally, "is a malefactor. Like they used to excoriate back in Theodore Roosevelt's day. Malefactor of great wealth."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Watts snapped. "Nothing of the sort!"

"But I thought," Peter said, "your husband was a country minister."

"So he was. Six hundred a year was his top salary, if you don't count turnips and cabbages the congregation donated."

"Then you, Mrs. Watts, were opulent."

"Not a thin dime."

"I'm bewildered," Peter admitted.

"I just grew up with the country," Mrs. Watts told him. "I don't think Jonathan would have approved, but then, he never knew. I did it nickel by nickel. Not that I'm any Rockefeller. I was economical."

"You would have to be on a six-hundred-dollar salary."

"I eked," she said. "And I baked bread and cakes when Jonathan wasn't looking, and peddled them. Not dignified for a preacher's wife, but the first year I hoarded a hundred dollars. So, all unbeknownst to Jonathan, I bought a couple of shares of stock in a steel company. And the next year I saved a hundred and sixty-seven dollars. So I bought some more stock—in an oil company. I never dared tell Jonathan. So, every year I saved a bit and bought stocks with it in businesses I thought ought to prosper when the country really set out to grow. And then I found out about a thing they called a margin, so when things were pretty bad in 1907, I bought as much as they would let me, that way. And things got better, and I sold/and had quite a little nest egg. So I studied things, and when they made one big telephone company out of a lot of little ones, I bought as much as I could, because my experience was that people liked to talk. And then I bought some stock in automobiles when they were horseless carriages, and so on. They were very nice to me and kept giving me stock dividends and things like that. And then, in 1929, I was frightened and I sold every single thing and put the money in the bank. I was very sensible, it seems. So when everything was confused and you couldn't tell if anything was worth a cent, I knew it would be better and so I bought Telephone and General Motors and things like that for almost nothing. And the first thing I knew I was getting lots of dividends and my investments were going up and up, and there I was. It was very simple. All except Jonathan."

"What about him, Mrs. Watts?"

"I never dared tell him. I wouldn't tell him anyhow, because if he had known in the beginning I saved money, he would have taken it to buy a new organ or shingle the church roof. He was very impractical. But I did build him a new church with an organ anonymously. And we had comforts. He liked them, but he never noticed them or asked where they came from. It all started with a hundred dollars saved and baking pies and cakes. So now I can buy Chippendale chairs and Van Gogh paintings, for all of which I am very much obliged to the United States for growing the way it did and being a good country to live in."

"I bow," said Peter. "I bow to the floor."

"It didn't take any smartness," said Mrs. Watts. "Just a little saving—and standing on a mountaintop and looking north and south and east and west, and seeing how big the country was and how it was bound to grow if people kept on marrying and having babies. I figured that every baby was a new customer for something, and so was every immigrant. And all the West to be settled. You just couldn't lose."

"Then why," Peter asked, "if you have quite a lot of money, do you let Sally be a member of the Tod Arundel troupe?"

"Let her!" Mrs. Watts said testily. "I blasted well compel her. Me, I'm creating her into what I wanted to be. Young man, if I had a million dollars I'd swap it to be twenty again and doing what Sally's doing. I'd rather do a buck-and-wing dance than be president of Chase National. I'd rather sing a song the way Sally does than to be given a key to Fort Knox. . . . Now we've talked enough about me. I'll fly at those flapjacks."

"Any help?" asked Sally.

"You keep your nose out of my kitchen," said Mrs. Watts.

In no time at all she called from the dining room, and Peter gorged himself with such flapjacks as the gods on Olympus never dreamed of, with golden maple sirup from Vermont, and real farm sausages from Maryland. He leaned back in his chair and sighed and was contented.

"Mrs. Watts," he asked, "would you consider a proposal of marriage?"

"Young man," she said, "you're too sudden. You'll have to give me time to think. . . . Now we will discuss."

"What shall we discuss?"

"Mr. Tod Arundel and his troupe of trained seals," she said. "And who is putting rat poison in the drinking water. Let's do what Mr. Herbert Spencer called synthetic reasoning."

"You start," said Peter.

"First we collect data. What have we got? We have a young man in a dither coming to the studio to tell something to Tod Arundel. You wouldn't let him in."

"Correct."

"Next we have that same young man being slugged in a café by—by this skeesicks, Ludovic Sforza. Who is accompanied by Miss Elia Anor, at whom the victim discharges remarks."

"That comes into the picture," Peter agreed.

"Then this hysterical young man is shot on your stairway and dies gobbling something about straddle."

"That," said Peter, "is the order of events."

"Then Tod Arundel announces that Elia Anor really is a member of the troupe. After she told you so yourself, and you didn't believe it."

"Then," said Peter, "a thing you didn't know about. Tod and Sforza have a bad row in his office."

"Oh-ho!" exclaimed Mrs. Watts. "And Elia snatches the Wishing Well song away from Lila Conway."

"And then this nice detective, Lieutenant McReady, crashes Tod's party at the farm," said Sally, "and does reminiscences about a beggar stabbed on the street and a Stradivarius."

"And tonight Miss Anor turns a sweet and lovely song into a hymn to lechery," snapped Mrs. Watts. "After which Mr. Sforza invites you to chitchat. Is that the total of our data?"

With the exception of finding a Stradivarius in Tod Arundel's barn theater, that was about all. But Peter had no intention of contributing the Stradivarius to the collection of facts.

"So," asked Mrs. Watts, "what does it all bode? What's the reason? What's the object?"

"It is not," said Sally, "an elaborate plot to make Elia Anor the star of the Arundel company. You connive and you cheat to do that, but you don't murder. Especially you don't murder a couple years ago. That would be too much foresight. And this Anor fence prowler isn't the main object," Sally added. "She's being forced in for a purpose. She's among us to wreak some kind of a havoc."

"But what stands out," Mrs. Watts said, "is that somewhere along the line Tod Arundel has stepped into something. Hence, he has to hire Miss Anor. Hence, Miss Anor makes demands which he is compelled to comply with. Hence, she dares to defy authority. It's a rigmarole!"

"I owe a lot to Tod," Sally said with gravity. "He is kind, generous, loyal, decent. Even if he has tantrums. Wh t could he have done, Peter, to put him over a barrel?"

Mrs. Watts sniffed. "Any man can get over a barrel," she said. "Men are built that way. The best of them. That isn't the point. It isn't a little thing—not with two murders in it." She barely missed tipping over the coff pot. "We've reasoned that the object of all this fandango is not to get Elia Anor a job or keep her in one. She has been forced into the troupe to do something. For instance, what?"

"Apparently to create dissension," Peter said.

Mrs. Watts jerked her head vigorously in the negative. "She's doing that on her own hook. It's the nature of the beast. I'll warrant she's causing embarrassment to whoever she's being cat's-paw for. They can't control her. She's vain and she's headstrong and she's a troublemaker. She wasn't out there to crowd Tod Arundel to the point where he blows up and busts. If you ask me, she's a weak link."

Sally, with her head on one side, was staring at Peter Mortain fixedly. It made him uneasy, though he tried to ignore it.

"I think it's his ears," Sally said suddenly.

Mrs. Watts was not surprised. She cocked her head and peered at Peter in the identical manner as her granddaughter.

"It could be," she said critically. "They don't flap, certainly."

"Not too big. Not too small," said Sally thoughtfully.

"Still," Mrs. Watts rejoined, "it could be his haircut."

"No. It's more basic than a haircut," Sally objected. "I guess it's the general assembly of his head."

Peter became very conscious of his ears and was uncomfortably aware that they were turning red.

"Hey!" he expostulated.

"Oh! Sorry!" exclaimed Sally. "It was just a digression. Grandma and I often digress."

Possibly she was repentant, but she continued to peer at him. So did Mrs. Watts, who nodded emphatically in a jerky way. Sally also contributed a jerky nod. "Well, that's that," she said, as if a difficult argument had been settled.

"Are you tired, Mr. Mortain?" Mrs. Watts asked.

"Not tired, but there's always a sort of letdown after a performance."

"I never become tired," Mrs. Watts said. "Sometimes I wish I did. It must

be a very pleasant sensation." She glanced at a beautiful old French clock on the mantel. "We don't want to make you late for your appointment with that very masculine Mr. Sforza."

"Am I dismissed?" Peter asked, and grinned.

"When a visit is over, it's over," said Mrs. Watts. "Unless you have something additional to bring up."

"May I take my ears along?" he asked. "Or do you want to keep them for further study?"

"We've quite finished with your ears, Peter," Sally said. "Oh, one more question. When you came back to the pool the other day—you had strolled out to the barn—did something jump out at you?"

"Sally said," interjected Mrs. Watts, "that you looked as if a banshee had wailed in your ear."

"I wasn't the only one who noticed it," Sally said. "That nice detective who made such a fuss about autographs—he was very interested. He cocked his eye. He was titivated. It wasn't a person you saw in the barn, because we were all present and accounted for. It was a thing. . . . Just because this detective was fatuous about autographs, it would be a distinctly poor idea to stand him in the corner with a dunce cap on."

Mrs. Watts spoke directly to Sally. "If," she said, "Mr. Mortain wanted to talk to us about the barn, he would have brought up the subject himself. Men are that way. Jonathan was. He never brought up an unpleasant problem until he couldn't dodge it any more and needed me to get him out of a mess. Then he was sheepish."

"If," said Sally, "I went into a barn that had been turned into a playhouse, and if I saw some object that scared the step-ins off me, and if a detective with sharp eyes noticed my jitters, I would break out in goose pimples."

Peter neither laughed nor denied. He was gravely perturbed.

"If," said Mrs. Watts, "I were a good detective I would rummage that barn to find out. Did you hide it well, Mr. Mortain? Because if you did not, and it isn't already too late, I think I would take steps."

"Like," said Sally, "sneaking it out into the woods and burying it in a deep hole and planting a tree on top of it for camouflage."

"We have spoiled Mr. Mortain's evening," Mrs. Watts said regretfully. "But my flapjacks digest easily even when you are in a stew. I'm afraid it is time for you to keep your appointment." She paused, studying Peter with the eyes of a scientist examining an interesting specimen. "Without doubt," she said in an aside to Sally, "his ears are a contributing factor."

PETER MORTAIN had time to walk to Ludovic Sforza's address. He stepped from the entrance to Mrs. Watts' apartment to the street, and as he did so a man detached himself from the shadows of an adjacent areaway and stood waiting. As Peter came abreast of him, he lighted a cigarette so that his face was illuminated, and Peter saw it was Lieutenant McReady.

"I could have interrupted," McReady said pleasantly, "but I don't like to. It makes bad feeling. I like people to be in good humor."

"You wanted to see me?" Peter asked. "I'm sure Mrs. Watts would have been delighted to have you interrupt. She's the sort who would like to enlarge her circle by adding a detective or a Chinese bandit or a lama from Tibet. And you missed some superb flapjacks."

"Next time," McReady said, "I'll ask you to take me along. By the way, you come from the Midwest. Ever hear of a man named Jadwin—Emmanuel Jadwin?"

Peter shook his head. "Never," he said. "I'd remember that name."

"Quite a fellow in Des Moines," McReady said. "They tell me Des Moines is a dandy little city. Never been there myself."

"Nor I," Peter said, wondering what was interesting to the detective about the Iowa city, but sure that McReady had not hit upon the topic at random.

"People were born there," McReady said suggestively.

"I'll bet you could prove that in court," Peter answered. "I'll bet you could prove people were born in Terre Haute or Joplin."

"Tod Arundel was an item of vital statistics in the papers forty-seven years ago. Born to John Arundel and Mrs. Arundel, a son. Seven and a half pounds. Mother and baby doing well. Congratulations, John. Like that."

"Somehow," Peter said, "I always associated Mr. Arundel with New York."

"I had the local law look things up in the courthouse records," McReady said. "There was another birth twenty-eight years ago. People by the name of de Costa had a baby. This de Costa was a piano tuner that gave music lessons. He named the baby Lucien."

"Am I supposed to draw a conclusion, lieutenant?"

The detective shook his head. "Just an interesting coincidence. Interesting enough to mention. But this Emmanuel Jadwin, he made the papers some years back. If it hadn't been for wars and things like that, Jadwin would have been quite a story."

"What did he do?" Peter asked.

"Engineer, he was. Mining engineer. Got rich. Got to be a patron of the arts. Made a trip to British Guiana. Quite a wild country, they tell me. Then, blotto. He got there all right. And then he wasn't there any more. He wasn't anywhere. He never came back. It would have been a dandy mystery if too many important things hadn't been happening around the world." McReady paused and peered at Peter. "Never heard of him, eh?"

"Never."

"He collected things," McReady said. "Not a specialist. Different kinds of things. A few good pictures. Old firearms. Rare books. Ancient musical instruments like xebecs, whatever they are. I hear he even bought him a Stradivarius fiddle and played on it for the neighbors. That's as far as I got. It takes time to run people back into their pasts. I did hear this Emmanuel did some pretty neat work among the ladies. But then, almost everybody has some flaw." He cleared his throat. "Trouble settling this man's estate, on account of his death can't be proved. But, a funny thing, there wasn't a Stradivarius listed in the assets."

"Maybe," said Peter, "he took it with him to South America."

"Could be—to charm the savage natives. I hear music does that. Um. . . . Kind of a different sort of a performance this Anor girl gave tonight. Shocked my wife. But my wife shocks easy. You going in for sex in your show, Mr. Mortain?"

"I'm still for the simple and the bucolic and the virginal," Peter said.

"I hear Mr. Arundel was fit to be tied. I hear you and she had some words. Going to bust her out of the show?"

"That, of course, is up to Mr. Arundel."

"If he don't," McReady said, "I'll wonder why. Well, you'll be wanting to get to bed. I don't seem to be able to pan any dust out of you." He turned away, but stopped before he had taken three steps. "By the way, what knocked you for a loop out at Arundel's the other day? You came back from somewheres and looked as if Dempsey had landed a solid right just above your belt. You've got a nice, frank, open and expressive map, Mr. Mortain. It registers things like emotions."

"Imagination can be a great asset to a detective," Peter said. "Or on the contrary."

"I didn't expect you to tell me," McReady said plaintively. "If nice, law-abiding, virtuous citizens would only open up to us cops! But we have to dig. Did I ever tell you that a fact never hurt an innocent person? Ponder that one overnight. And here's another one: Holding out a fact has got a lot of people killed. Look! You know something. You tell it to a cop, like me. That removes the urge to knock you off so you won't be able to tell it. I hope I haven't said anything to annoy you. Going the other way, eh? Well, I enjoy your company. Probably I'll cultivate you."

"Bring your wife to the show," Peter said. "I'll fix her up in the balcony."

"She'll eat it up. Thanks. That Miss Watts is a cunning little doodad. G'night."

Peace of mind had deserted Peter as he walked the street toward Sforza's address. He had some idea of how a fly felt when it found itself enmeshed in a spider's web. He felt that he was snarled in almost invisible strands which seemed to ramify in strange directions and he could not appraise the strength of the strands nor see the pattern of the net. But, somehow, in some unhappy manner, they seemed also to have trapped Tod Arundel. He wondered if he should ignore his engagement with Sforza and have things out with the maestro. Should he tell Tod about the Stradivarius in the playhouse, and about this encounter with McReady and the disturbing references to Des Moines and Emmanuel Jadwin and Lucien de Costa? He walked slower as he mulled it over, and then decided against it. First he would hear what Sforza had to say. Then he would make up his mind about his future conduct.

Sforza lived in a small but elite hotel and Peter inquired for him at the desk. The apartment number was given and Peter called it on the house telephone. Sforza's voice replied, inviting him to come up at once. The elevator carried him to the fifth floor and Sforza opened the door to his ring. The man wore a handsome but not ornate lounging robe and his feet were comfortable in slippers. He did not overdo the greeting, nor did he offer his hand.

"You are prompt, Mr. Mortain," he said. "Thank you. Be comfortable. A drink?"

"Thank you, no," Peter said, and waited.

"I wanted to talk to you about Elia Anor," Sforza said.

"Are you in a position to talk about her? Authorized?"

Sforza raised his brows. "You might say I'm in a position to speak with some authority." He stressed the final word.

"I'll listen," Peter said gravely.

"Miss Anor," Sforza said, "is beautiful and talented—and vain. Also grimly determined. You have found her hard to handle?"

"She seems a bit willful."

"She," said Sforza, "is a confounded problem child."

"Just what is your interest?" Peter asked.

Again Sforza lifted his brows, as if he found Peter a trifle naïve. "That," he said, "should be self-evident. She is very desirable, Mr. Mortain. Her temperament adds spice. The point I am about to make is that, interested in her personally as I am, I do not want her disposition to interfere with her career. She was on the intolerable side tonight, I take it."

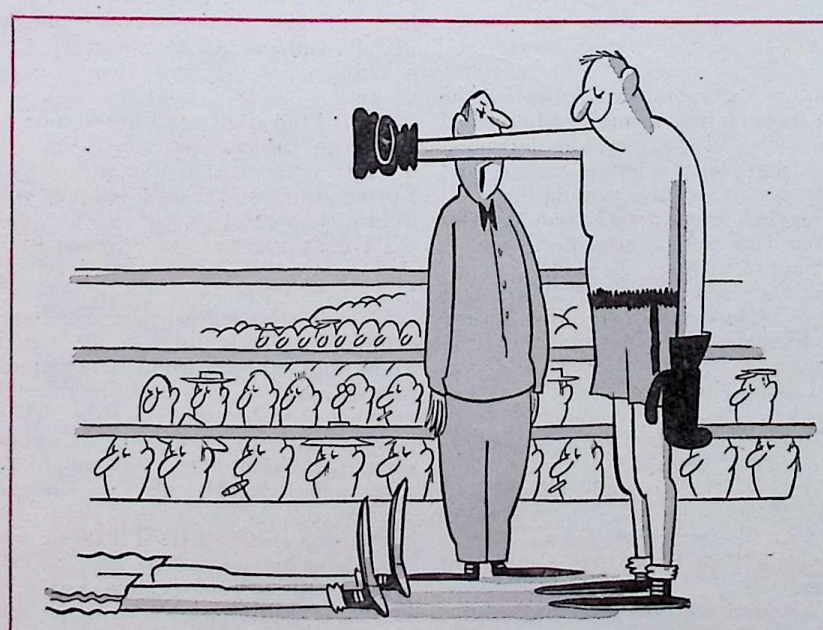
"So much so," Peter said, "that she may not have an opportunity to repeat it."

"She will not be discharged," Sforza said positively. "She will be with you."

"Mr. Arundel is proud of his show, of his troupe and of his reputation. Expecially of his reputation for artistic integrity. Miss Anor defied me and Mr. Arundel tonight. What would you do, Mr. Sforza?"

"Me?" Sforza smiled and his eyes were cold and level. "I would break her damn little neck."

"Then you think we would be justified in giving her her notice?"



"Is that any way to shake hands?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Justified isn't the point. She won't get any notice."

"Suppose, as producer-director, I put it up to Mr. Arundel? In ultimatum form—either Miss Anor or myself?"

"I advise against it, for your own selfish sake. You've come out of nowhere. You've found a spot. In television you are rather a sensation at the moment. You won't want to throw that away. No, Mr. Mortain, I wouldn't issue any ultimatums."

"You suggest that I would be the one to go?"

"I," said Sforza, "do not want to see her career imperiled."

"Which implies," Peter said, "that the same pressure which compelled Mr. Arundel to hire her would be strong enough to compel him to retain her."

"I only say that she would be retained."

"But you have some suggestion? You didn't ask me here to tell me that I am helpless."

"Indeed not. I wish to co-operate. I wish to assure you that there will be no repetition of Miss Anor's conduct of this evening. There will be no flouting of authority. She will follow directions. She will be amenable. You will not again have a similar complaint to make. Is my assurance sufficient?"

"That would depend," Peter said. "Upon whether I am able to deliver the goods?"

"Precisely," Peter said. "As a director I would like a lesson. Just how will you be able to handle Miss Anor and make her trot in harness?"

Sforza's face was bleak. It was not a face with which to take liberties. It was the face of a man who could be utterly ruthless, who could be cruel. Peter, save on the silver screen, had never seen a face just like it before, nor a similar expression. He felt a little chill run up his spine, for there was something inhuman and deadly in Sforza's eyes.

"I'll put the fear of God into her," he said coldly, "so that she'll walk a chalk line from here to the Coast without even stumbling."

Peter sat for a space without speaking. He was studying Sforza, and what he saw did not put him at his ease.

"Just why," he asked, "are you so determined to have Miss Anor in our troupe?"

Sforza's grimness relaxed and he smiled. "Because I have her interests at heart, and her career. You have the best show in this new television thing. You people have done more to solve it than any other outfit. The day will come, Mr. Mortain, when to be a great star in television will make the past stars of motion pictures and radio seem like smoking candles. I think Elia has the body and face and the talent to make it." He smiled more humanly. "I have my vanity, Mr. Mortain. Quite natural in a world of fictitious values. Frankly, I'd be pleased to be known as the man who has the great star, Elia Anor, as his private possession."

"If she climbed so high," Peter said, "could you hang onto her?"

"I'd give her a choice," said Sforza. He stood up, walked across the living room and threw open the door to a lighted bedroom. It was large, handsomely embellished, beautiful in its appointments. Sforza pointed to the tremendous bed which stood against the inner wall.

"I would," he said, "give her a choice between this and a marble slab. I think I would hang onto her."

It was melodramatic. It was theatrical, the gesture of an egocentric. But Peter believed it, and he was certain that Elia Anor would believe it. He did not envy her.

Sforza returned to his chair and grinned at Peter. "Ready for a drink now?" he asked.

"I'll be off to bed," Peter said, shaking his head.

"You'll issue no ultimatums?" Sforza asked.

"A man doesn't like to do futile things. Or to be humiliated."

"Sensible." Sforza nodded.

Peter walked to the door, which Sforza opened for him. They did not shake hands. "I'll carry my end of the trunk," Sforza said. "Thanks for dropping in."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

OLD BUCK

By Archibald Rutledge

Now hound and horn are silent;
The pines roll like the sea;
The old buck of Wambaw
Still wanders wild and free.
The hunters have gone home at last—
They had to let him be.

His royal diadem is yet
Rained on by morning dews.
Upon his tawny back the pine
Her whispering needles strews.
About him is the woodland's peace,
And over him, the blue's.

Wild lover of the wilderness,
Your magic to enfold,
The myrtles draw their curtains close,
And occult oak trees old.
The hickory hangs upon your horns
Tributes of tattered gold.

Your eyes are full of quietness
Now that the hunt is gone.
Tranquil you pace the moonlit trails,
Mysterious and wan.
Your antlers give the questing stars
Beauty to sparkle on.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Before Peter could pass through the door into the hall, a small body pushed him aside and charged into the room. It was a girl—not a handsome girl, and according to strictest standards, a bit bedraggled. She swirled past the two men and turned to face them.

"Shut the door," she said.

Neither man moved. Peter was startled. He glanced at Sforza's face, which indicated only bewildered astonishment.

"I said shut the door," the girl repeated.

Sforza closed the door with a backward kick of his foot.

"Are you in the right place?" he asked.

"I'm in the right place. You're Sforza. Who's he?" She pointed at Peter.

"A friend who dropped in," Sforza said.

"Hard luck for him," she said in a voice so taut that it reminded one of a stretched banjo string.

"What can I do for you?" Sforza asked.

"It's what I'm going to do to you," she retorted, and opened her handbag and snatched from it a small automatic pistol. "You sit there," she said, motioning Sforza to a low, overstuffed chair, "and you, mister, sit there." Peter sank into the seat she indicated. He peered at Sforza rather than at the girl. Unless the man was a superb actor, he had been taken unawares by something he did not understand.

"Put that thing away," Sforza said. "You're barking up the wrong tree. I don't know you."

"I was his girl," she said. "He wasn't much, but he was all I had. He was all I wanted. Maybe he sniffed a little snow; maybe he took a drag of a reefer now and then. You wouldn't expect me to land a perfect man, would you? He leveled with me. He leveled with everybody when he got a chance. Maybe he was a crumb, but he was a kind crumb when he was right—when he wasn't on the beam." She curled her lips and sneered at them. "Would you expect a girl like me to draw anything but a crumb?"

"I don't know who you are talking about," Sforza said. "Why tell me about your man? Why burst in here to tell me?"

"He was such a crumb," she said, with a vicious sting to her words, "that you don't even remember him. Brush him off your sleeve and walk on. He wasn't even first-class at his job, just a filler-in. Somebody to kick around. And not remember you kicked. Well, I remember him. He made an—well, mister, he made an impression on me. So he annoyed you. So you put the slug on him. Wasn't that enough?"

Peter felt his muscles tighten. Still Sforza seemed bewildered.

"Put that thing down," he said patiently, "and tell me what you're talking about. I never saw you before. What's the beef?"

"He was afraid of you," she said. "He wouldn't tell me why. He said he was a louse, but just once in his life he wanted to act as if he had class. He talked about it, but he wouldn't explain. Once he used a funny word. He said he was—expendable. If he could manage to do this one decent thing, he was willing to be expendable. I think that's the reason I'm going to gun you, Sforza—and your side-kick here. Because you stopped him from doing his one decent thing. Now he's dead and he can't do it. There was a violin in it," she said in a puzzled way. "He was a trumpet player, but there was a violin."

"But I tell you I don't know you nor this man," Sforza said insistently.

"His name," said the girl, "was Lucien de Costa. Don't tell me you didn't know him!"

"I didn't know him," Sforza said, and Peter knew he was lying. A lie was in his eyes.

The girl steadied her arm. The hand gripping the little pistol tightened. "I know different," she said. "You gunned him or had him gunned." She did not turn her head, but spoke to Peter. "I'm sorry about you," she said. "It's your tough luck being here." She paused an instant and smiled stiffly. "Here you go, Sforza," she said.

She was standing on a little prayer rug. Peter moved swiftly. He stooped, gripped the corner of the rug and jerked. The little pistol went off and glass tinkled on the other side of the room. As a part of the same movement, Peter threw himself upon the body of the frail little girl. He was as gentle as it was safe to be. His hand gripped her wrist and twisted the gun from her fingers. Then he got to his knees and was about to stand when he saw Sforza draw back his foot. There was blind rage in the man's eyes.

Peter lifted the gun. "No," he said.

Sforza froze. "The damn broad tried to gun me!" he said between his teeth.

"Even so," Peter said in his courteous voice, "I don't like to see a woman kicked."

The girl was sobbing hysterically, lying in a disheveled ball at their feet.

"She's crazy," Sforza said.

"Maybe you might call it that," Peter said, and looked across at Sforza with an odd expression about his eyes. "Shall I call the police? If she's crazy, she'll be committed."

The reply was as Peter expected it to be.

"No police," Sforza said sharply.

"She'll try it again," Peter said.

"She won't try it again," Sforza said, as if he were stating a thing of which he was certain.

The girl lifted her head from the floor and stared with terrified eyes at Peter. Her emotional storm was abated; the rage or the hysteria which had brought her here to kill had lost its urge and she was nothing but a trembling, frightened creature.

"He'll kill me, too," she whispered, cowering.

"No," Peter said. "Mr. Sforza won't do that. It wouldn't be expedient. Mr. Sforza has foresight. For a moment he might have thought he would eliminate you, but he has had time to think it over." Peter spoke in that low, unhurried, courteous voice which was characteristic of him. "He sees, of course, that he would have to dispose of me before it would be practical to do anything about you. Because I was here and saw."

Peter lifted the girl to her feet with ease, and she clung to him and hid her face in his coat.

"I'll take you home," he said in a matter-of-fact voice. "You won't be trying it again, will you?"

"If you hadn't been here!" she said.

"But I was. Lucky for you." He dropped her little pistol in his coat pocket, and turned to Sforza and spoke more or less as if confirming a normal business understanding.

"You will handle the matter we were discussing?" he asked.

"You may rely upon it," Sforza said.

"I'll be obliged," Peter said. "Good night. . . . Miss—the young lady—is not to be annoyed."

"She will not be annoyed," Sforza said grimly. He paused briefly. "You, Mr. Mortain, are rather a sensation in your profession. You should have a long and enviable career."

"Thank you," Peter said.

"If," said Sforza, "you devote yourself to it exclusively."

"I'm a single-minded fellow," Peter answered. He took the girl's elbow. "Come along," he said. "When did you eat?"

"I don't remember," she said.

"We'll get some food," he said, "and then you'll go home and sleep. Food and sleep."

He opened the door and pushed her gently into the hall. He did not turn for a final look at Sforza, who stood stiffly in the middle of the room, but he spoke to the girl in a tone audible to the other man.

"It looks," he said to her, "as if you had become my personal responsibility."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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STALIN'S TROUBLES WITH THE UNDERGROUND

(Continued from Page 19)

conviction that it will give ideas to peoples of other small lands drowning in the sewer tide of Red imperialism. Also, it is my hope that citizens of free and powerful nations, reading what a tiny band of stubborn Slovak patriots have accomplished, will stiffen their resolve not to let the Russians take over the whole world.

Naturally, some details still must remain secret and others must be disguised. The blood of such patriots as Filip Maryan and Jan Badura, about whom more will be heard later, might be on my hands if I did not take such precautions. We are playing for life-and-death stakes in Slovakia. Already the Soviet Union has moved four divisions into Slovakia alone. This does not include the MVD secret-police units which are cancerous cells throughout the entire country. At least 120,000 Slovaks are in the process of deportation to Siberia, and the concentration camps of our Red rulers in the Slovakian provinces are jammed. Even the Nazi-style gas-extermination chamber, which the Reds are operating at Leopoldov Jail near the city of Bratislava, is working overtime.

My determination to devote my life to fighting all enemies of freedom was born in the Nazi concentration camp at Mauthausen, Austria. In this camp we had a cross section of Europe: Czechs, Slovaks, Russians, Austrians, Poles, Hungarians, Jews, Catholics, Protestants, and so on. Each day a quota would be marched to the gas chambers. Each day another cargo of corpses would be delivered to the furnaces for cremation.

My own particular billet at Mauthausen had a little window that afforded me a view of the crematorium chimney. Each day I could look out the window and see the smoke billowing out the chimney. I used to remark, "There—up that chimney in smoke—goes Europe." It was then I came to realize that all of Europe would go up in smoke unless all forms of aggression, no matter what ideological or nationalistic tags they wore, were eradicated.

My early training had been in economics, political science and law. I had studied in Bratislava, Munich, Berlin, Paris and London. In 1939 I was caught in Bratislava by the outbreak of war in Europe and was denied an exit visa. I became a director of the government-owned Bank of Slovakia. Early in 1944, when the Nazis dropped all pretense that Slovakia was a "protectorate" and began treating us as an occupied country, I went into underground work. I became a contact for the French resistance, supplying it with military data. I hid fugitives from the Nazis.

Later that year I was captured by the Gestapo in Yugoslavia while attempting to reach Allied headquarters at Bari, in Italy. I was sent to Mauthausen. By prison grapevine, I learned I was due for a trip to the extermination chamber. Fortunately, in May, 1945, General Patton's tanks arrived before my number came up.

After regaining my health, I returned to Bratislava, only to see how "our allies," the Russians, had taken over. Aside from the difference in language and in faces, I could see no difference between the Russians and the Nazis—except that the Russians, if anything, were a little quicker to rape and steal. In two weeks I escaped to Paris, and, through my old French resistance contacts, made my services available to Allied military authorities. Eventually, I received orders to go to America.

On March 16, 1949, the National Committee for Liberation of Slovakia was organized in New York City, and, in January, 1951, we moved our headquarters to Washington. We work with the central committee of the Liberty Legion, and, from a political standpoint, we guide the work of the fighting underground in Slovakia. We are the underground's listening post in the free world.

By the time I was liberated from the concentration camp and returned to my homeland to see how wretchedly it was faring under Russian "liberation," the seeds of the *Legia Slobody*—Liberty Legion—and the *Biela Legia*—White Legion—already had germinated. All during the Nazi occupation, of course, small resistance bands had operated from the fastnesses of the Carpathian Mountains and Eastern Slovakia forests. Never closely co-ordinated, these bands might have dissipated had it not been for a simple peasant, Jan Badura, who lived with his wife and daughter at Solna Bana, a village in Eastern Slovakia.

Badura was typical of the mass of Slovakian farmers. He was then in his early forties—mustached, sturdy, powerful in build. Politics and ideologies concerned him not at all. He was concerned, however, with the basic human right to work and provide for himself and his family. He owned twenty acres, two cows and a few pigs. His home of whitewashed brick and timber was clean and comfortable. In it was the special room which serves as a storeroom for the fluffy feather pillows which Slovak country people accumulate for a daughter's dowry. Badura's daughter, Anicka, an only child, was going on sixteen and approaching marriageable age.

Then the Germans swept through Solna Bana in 1944 and the village was devastated. Rubble and ashes were all that were left of Badura's house, Anicka's pillows, all their belongings. Still, the family itself escaped harm. Stoically, Badura reasoned that after the war he could rebuild. He, his wife, Zuzka, and Anicka trudged to a neighboring village and took refuge in the small home of his mother-in-law.

Badura found employment as a woodcutter. As he worked in the forest, swinging his ax, he used to think of certain talk he heard in the village. There were a few fellows there—great talkers—who called themselves his "comrades" and used to whisper that soon the glorious Soviets, saviors of all mankind, would come to avenge Badura for what the Germans had done to him. Then everything would be all right.

The Russians did come—just before Christmas, 1944. Badura, working in the woods, could hear far-off sounds of gunfire. On Christmas Eve, just at dusk, Badura started home from the woods. The shooting was close now and Badura knew the Russians must be nearing the village.

As he approached his mother-in-law's house, Badura heard agonized screams. He started running. Inside the house he came face to face with the first representatives of the Red Army he ever had seen—the avengers who were going to make everything all right. One soldier was holding his wife, whose face had been beaten to a bloody pulp. Another was attacking her. A third liberator was lunging at his daughter, who was trying to defend herself with a piece of stove wood. His mother-in-law was dead on the floor.

Badura swung twice with his ax and two of the Soviet soldiers fell, dead or dying. He wheeled to meet the third, but he already had fled.

Mercifully, Zuzka lived but a few minutes. Badura covered her face and said a prayer. Then, before the escaped Russian had time to spread an alarm, Badura put his arm around the weeping Anicka and started walking toward the mountains. Badura was not long without company. Other Slovaks, with equally grim stories to tell, started melting into the hills. Some had woodsmen's axes and others brought *valasky*, the keen-pointed mountaineers' pickaxes which can be deadly weapons. A few had guns and explosives.

No longer was Badura the simple peasant. He was a man with a mission—to kill Russians. At first he was a lone wolf who would slip nightly from his hide-out to kill with ax, knife or bare hands. Then, his personal anger evolved into a cold, methodical, more deadly fury. Badura quickly became a leader—and a legend. He developed an unsuspected genius for guerrilla generalship. He could organize forays to kill not one, but tens of Soviet troops. He knew how to lead his men on raids in which they smashed factories, derailed trains, looted arsenals and brought back machine guns, ammunition, grenades.

When a village was marked for mass deportations, Badura had a way of discovering it. He would organize escape parties for the villagers—sometimes in bold open raids. The people came to know of this daring partisan, and they loved him. They smuggled food to him and gave him whatever help they could. Finally they bestowed upon him the magic name of "Janosik." Badura had reason to be proud, for the original Janosik—the Robin Hood of Slovakia—was the greatest symbol of courage and resistance our country ever has known. Janosik was a youth who organized daring bands to fight against Magyar tyranny at the turn of the eighteenth century. He died on the gallows at the age of twenty-three, but he never has died in the hearts of Slovaks.

Badura's men became known as "Janosik units." From this evolved the Liberty Legion. Badura himself now is one of the leading unit commanders in the movement.

The underground organization went through several stages of development between 1945 and 1948. At first the fighters were known as White Partisans. The units which carried on psychological warfare with leaflets and secret radios called themselves Crusaders, after the religious warriors of the Middle Ages. The Slovaks, a stanchly Catholic people, took to wearing small wooden crosses on their clothing as emblems of resistance to communism.

By the summer of 1947 it had become clear that Czechoslovakia was going to become an all-out Soviet vassal. After the historic conference in Moscow, when Klement Gottwald, now the communist president of Czechoslovakia, received his orders from Josef Stalin, there was no more pretense of opposition. In November—the month that Slovak communists, then headed by Gustav Husak, took over direction of government affairs in Slovakia—the Czech Communist Party issued a secret directive establishing the timetable for seizure of all power by February, 1948.

That same November, Slovak patriots decided the time had come to pull together the loose ends of the underground resistance and forge it into a unified, effective force. A series of secret meetings was held in wine cellars, attics and caves. Together, the political leaders and the guerrillas created a plan of action and a chain of command. Out of these meetings the Liberty Legion came into official existence, headed by a central committee to which the fighters are responsible.

Someday when the Russians have been driven back to their own soil and freedom is restored to Slovakia, the true identities of all the patriots who participated in these secret conferences can be disclosed. For the present, it is best to say only that the driving force behind the organization was a young man who is known to the underground by the cover name of Filip Maryan.

Maryan is leader. He directs the work of the central committee. In his early thirties, he is a big, handsome man of intellect, courage and great physical strength. Already the legends about Maryan's exploits are building up, as did the legends about Janosik. The communists had him in jail once, but did not know his identity. Our forces managed to liberate him through bribery of corrupt prison guards. It betrays nothing to tell this, for there have been many political prisoners liberated in this fashion.

Today the Liberty Legion is a formidable army—I cannot reveal its strength—entrenched in deep forests and in rugged mountain fortresses of the Carpathians. Units bear such patriotic names as Janosiks, Stefaniks—after the heroic Slovak general—and those of other fighters. Hide-outs are well protected. Many puppet troops and Soviet soldiers have been blown to bits by mines or picked off by snipers while invading underground country. It is a well-known fact that Slovak conscripts in the puppet army simply refuse to enter partisan-held territory. Our value to the anticommunist cause can be seen in the estimate given me by military experts that it is worth approximately $100,000,000 to tie down an enemy division. In Slovakia there are four Soviet divisions.

The legion holds large areas of territory firmly and well. It lives like a field army, with its own commanders, doctors and chaplains. Each unit has its own political body, set up in democratic fashion to afford representation to all the Slovak political parties fighting on the side of the legion.

We Slovaks feel that our underground movement is the strongest of any resistance movement in the countries that have been dragged behind the Iron Curtain. There are resistance movements in several countries—the Ukraine, Poland, the Baltic countries, Hungary, Rumania and others—but none has progressed as far as the Slovak movement. The Ukrainian Insurgent Army comes closest. In fact, Ukrainians on occasions have crossed our common border to fight side by side with us against the Reds.

Where the Slovak underground excels, we feel, is in the extent to which we have planted spies inside the highest councils of the communist regime. Agents keep us advised on the innermost workings of Russian MVD secret-police operations in Slovakia. We actually have spies in the office of President Gottwald himself—let him try to find them if he can. We know the names of the Czech SNB (secret police) bullies who have tortured the American prisoners, William Oatis, the Associated Press correspondent, and John Hvasta, who was arrested while working for the United States consul at Bratislava. One day we shall see that these torturers are punished.

The Liberty Legion has the finest courier system of any underground in Europe. It crosses the Slovakian border, both ways, with impunity. I can get a secret message from Washington to Bratislava hand-delivered in one week and receive a reply, also by courier, in another week.

These couriers are real heroes of the underground. The name of one courier, Alois Sutty, will go down in Slovak history along with those of Badura and Maryan. Sutty, whom I knew personally, was one of Maryan's close lieutenants. He had been a messenger for the underground for six years, volunteering for the most dangerous missions. Once he was captured and taken to dread Pankrac Prison, where William Oatis later was held. Maryan liberated him and he promptly returned to his work.

Finally, while carrying particularly important papers into Slovakia, Sutty was betrayed by a Czech traitor named Mihule. The SNB dispatched practically a company of armed troops to ambush Sutty at the border. Their plan was to take him alive and attempt to secure information from him by torture. Sutty, however, was armed and, when challenged, began shooting it out with the agents, all the while ripping the secret documents with his teeth and swallowing the pieces. After he had wounded four of the Reds, he was shot and captured, still alive. Sutty told nothing, and, on December 26, 1950, was liquidated by hanging at Klatovy, in Western Bohemia. His family was arrested and sent to work in the uranium mines. However, his betrayer, Mihule, who operated for the Reds as a spy in the American zone of Germany, had been exposed, and, according to an underground dispatch, "has been taken care of."

Despite the perils to which couriers are exposed, the flow of information passes back and forth without interruption. Needless to say, some of the items we receive are of great interest to Western allied military authorities. The underground has furnished exact information on locations of MVD headquarters; dispositions of the Soviet troops now in Slovakia; data on airfields built by the Russians for bombers, jet planes and rockets; even military orders which the Reds had thought were secret. It was a source of pride to the Liberty Legion to be able to report, early in 1951, that one of its raiding parties had damaged the Soviet jetplane base at Malacky.

It is because of this flow of intelligence that I am able to give a picture here, in communiqué form, of some of the deeds of the Liberty and White legions which have plagued the Red rulers of Czechoslovakia during the past year. Here are digests from dispatches received in Washington, D.C., at headquarters of the National Committee for Liberation of Slovakia:

FEBRUARY, 1951—Arsenal at Trebisov raided and looted by Liberty Legion, with satisfactory haul of guns, automatic weapons and ammunition.

APRIL 11—In one of the most thorough train-wrecking operations yet carried out, the railroad line between Banska Bystrica and Diviaky has been blocked "for at least a month." This line was the route by which military materials manufactured in Budapest, Hungary, were shipped to Poland and Russia. The underground had learned that an important shipment of war materials was due, so rails, viaducts and tunnels were put out of commission simultaneously.

The legion even transmitted to Washington a picture of damage to the line at one point. It was taken by partisans in the guise of men having legitimate business at the scene of the damage. (Author's Note: On May nineteenth, 1951, Josef Frank, deputy secretary general of the Czech Communist Party, addressing a group of railroad workers, complained bitterly of damages inflicted on the railroad system by "reactionaries who stand in the services of Western and American imperialists.")

APRIL 18 (Delayed dispatch)—Shortly after the successful train-wrecking operation, the underground was put on the defensive. Fighting broke out between Liberty Legion units and Czech Army detachments near the Slovakia-Poland border line, near Trstena, and also in northern part of the Spis region. "Seven partisans of the Liberty Legion were hanged in Levoca after the Spis battle," a dispatch reports.

APRIL 24—As a result of Soviet-dictated agreement that all satellite countries would use their armies to fight underground resistance, Polish forces joined Czech communist troops in continuation of the border-line battle. In countermeasure, Ukrainian partisans sent fighters across the border to assist the Liberty Legion. Fighting is widespread and desperate. Tragedy occurs because of dense fog in Orava region, when dozens of families, seeking to flee to partisan-held areas, cross border line into Poland by mistake.

JULY 10—Outstandingly successful raids on communist trucks have been carried out by Jan Badura's Janosik units on the Kosice-Secovce road, passing through the Dargov Mountains. Armed with light and heavy weapons seized from Trebisov arsenal, the Janosik fighters have seized much food and arms in vicinities of Vysna Olcova, Bidovce, Klacanov, Bargov, Trebisov and Michalovce. "To avoid the anger and revenge of the partisans for the Orava and Spis massacres," the dispatch reports, "communist mayors of many Eastern Slovak villages are running away and hiding themselves in Kosice and Presov, which are better protected by regular troops of the Red Army."

AUGUST 16—The Liberty Legion was dealt a serious blow by communist espionage, but retaliated swiftly. The legion's central committee had ordered "elimination" of an important factory in Northern Slovakia, where minelaying equipment, automatic weapons and field guns were manufactured. The underground was infiltrated by Red agents and, on the day the factory was to be blown up, SNB and Czech Army units moved in to protect it.

No underground members were caught, the dispatch continues, though "twenty-one workers at the factory—none of whom actually belonged to the legion—were arrested and blamed for the planned sabotage." The dispatch concludes grimly that the Liberty Legion quickly ferreted out the traitors, three of whom "were liquidated '*po Sovietsky*'—'in a Soviet way'—with bullets in the back of the head."

SEPTEMBER 1—Badura and 200 Janosiks struck again at the rail-communications system. This time Russian trains guarded by Soviet troops were attacked at Humenne, near the Russian border. The Janosiks swooped down, wrecked trains and rails, and disappeared before the surprised Red troops—those still alive—could rally. Soviet authorities made violent protests that the Czech security police were failing to provide protection.

(Author's Note: The MVD, according to a subsequent dispatch, quickly moved 600 agents into the area.)

SEPTEMBER 8—On the heels of the Janosik raid at Humenne, Czech SNB and the reinforced Russian MVD agents teamed together to carry out their cruelest retribution. At Humenne high school, the Reds arrested sixty students, who were confronted with the absurd charge of having blown up the trains. "The arrested students," a dispatch reports, "were transported to jail in Kosice, where they were tortured by henchmen of the Soviet Union in order to extort confessions that they were in communication with American agents. In the process of 'interrogation,' some of the youngsters were beaten around the head with iron bars. As result, four are blind."

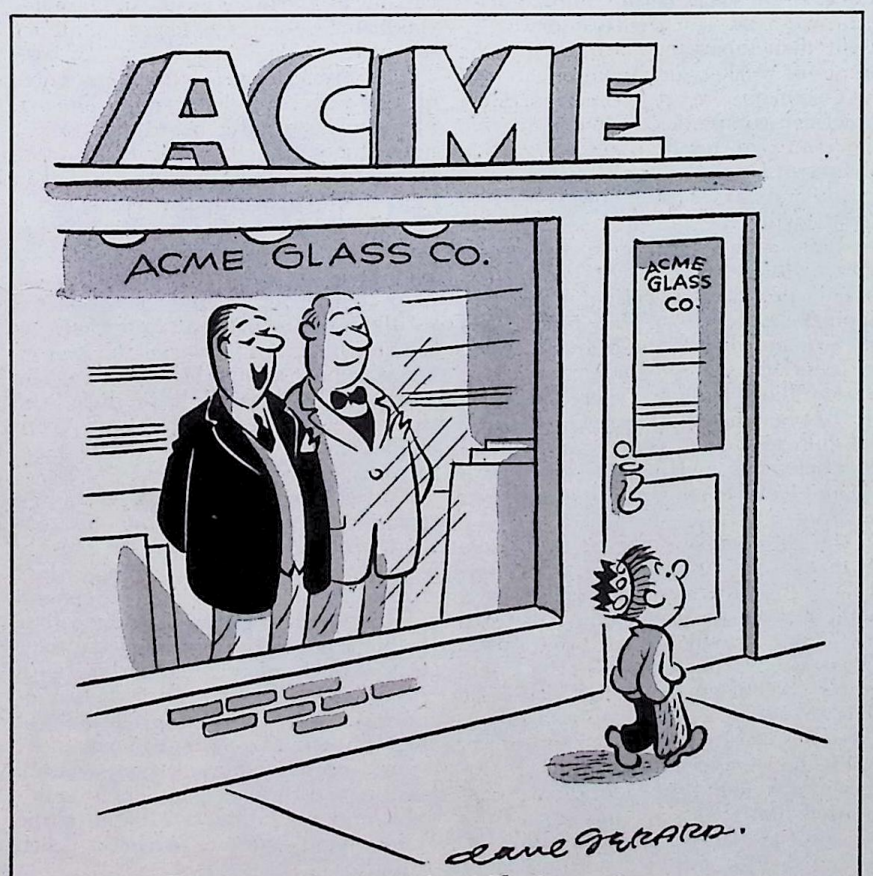
As for the White Legion, the underground's psychological-warfare arm, it came into existence in its present form about a year after the historic secret conferences of November, 1947, at which the Liberty Legion was founded. Actually, the White Legion operates independently, although it co-operates with the Liberty Legion. It fights with propaganda weapons—leaflets and the secret radio. When Stefan Bastovansky, high on the list of enemies of freedom in Slovakia, came in as secretary general of the Slovakian Communist Party, one of his first orders was that the White Legion radio must be tracked down and smashed. Secret police chased the mobile radio from one location to another, but never caught up with it. Though still being sought, it now operates both inside Slovakia and from a safer alternate location across the border.

One of the White Legion's first major radio coups was its *Trumanova Pravda*—"Truman's Truth"—campaign, which infuriated the communists. On April 20, 1950, President Truman appealed to the American Society of Newspaper Editors for a truth offensive against communist lies. The White Legion picked up his address and broadcast it over the Slovakian underground radio. Day after day it hammered home that its aims were in tune with the President's views. "To be silent means suicide," it told the populace. "We must expose the communist 'big lie' by spreading truth."

The White Legion has been particularly adept at propaganda designed to induce desertions of Slovak conscripts in the communist puppet army. One Sunday morning recently a priest spoke on the legion radio—this took courage, the Reds already have sent more than 2000 Slovak priests to concentration camps—and asked Slovaks to take this oath: "Even if I wear the communist uniform, I will not become a communist. . . . I will remain a partisan of God's natural law. . . . I will not miss one opportunity to save people from communist oppression. . . . I will not be moved by communist lies. So help me God."

After such broadcasts it has not been uncommon for entire units of Slovak troops, led by their officers, to get in touch with the underground and march in, arms and all, to join our cause. In March, 1951, the entire garrison from Senica came in. From underground intelligence reports, I could cover a page listing such instances.

The most spectacular defection was that of Maj. Viliam Zingor. Zingor, a good soldier, had been a partisan against the Nazis. His hatred for them led him into the communist cause and he became an important Red leader. Disillusionment came quickly, and Zingor delivered his troops into the Slovak underground. He became a Liberty Legion hero before he was captured in 1950. The Reds made a public circus of his trial before they hanged him in July.



"Fine boy, that young chap! Breaks on the average of two windows a week in his neighborhood."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It is reasonable to pose the question: Have these outnumbered, outgunned underground forces against the communist government of Czechoslovakia, backed by the might of Soviet Russia, been effective? The answer is an emphatic yes.

The Red puppets in Czechoslovakia themselves admit it. On June 5, 1951, for instance, the Czech communist official, Josef Frank, complained at a party rally that it was proving impossible to carry out the Five-Year Plan imposed by the Soviet Union. On July tenth, Julius Duris, then Minister of Agriculture, dispatched from Prague to Slovakia to attempt to rally the peasants, told a farm group at Velke Ulany almost tearfully that they must do better. Please, he begged, do not destroy the wheat, as "obstructionists" in other agricultural areas had done—the state needed it. Our agents in the crowd listening to Duris' woeful recital thought his performance was delightful.

These Red puppets of Moscow, thanks to the havoc created by the Liberty and White legions, have been subjected to constant purges. For example, Husak, the former communist prime minister in Slovakia, was an early victim. I have a peculiar personal interest in Husak, for he once made a speech denouncing me as "a paid agent of Senator Taft"—a gentleman whom I have never had the pleasure of meeting. Just before he was deposed, Husak, rebelling against religious persecution in Slovakia, made a significant declaration that "I am first a Slovak, and only then a communist." For this sin of deviationism—unforgivable in the eyes of Moscow—Husak was dismissed and jailed.

There is a long list of Czech and Slovak communist high officials who have fallen. Only recently, Rudolf Slansky, alias Salzmann, Czech deputy premier and former top communist in the country, was deposed and jailed by orders of President Gottwald on charges of having acted "against the state." An earlier significant purge was the replacement of General Svoboda, former Minister of National Defense, by Gottwald's son-in-law and political heir presumptive, Alexej Cepicka, a blindly fanatical communist, who preaches hatred for America. As the White Legion radio told Slovaks: "With Svoboda, the training ends; with Cepicka, the war begins." The entire structure of the Czechoslovak Army is being remodeled by Cepicka on Moscow lines. Proof of it can be found on the bulletin boards of all army garrisons. Posters have appeared showing a fully armed Czechoslovak soldier, over the oddly contradictory slogan: "Peace Has to Be Fought Out."

Patriotic Slovaks know the struggle will be one-sided and grim, but we are not discouraged. We are fighting for a century-old dream—freedom. Not since the ninth century has Slovakia been entirely free. For generations we were under the heel of Hungary and then the Austro-Hungarian Empire. After World War I came what Slovakia regards as a historic sell-out—the enforced federation with the Czech provinces and formation of the synthetic nation, Czechoslovakia, under Czech dominance.

While it is not the purpose of this article to air this controversy, it is necessary to mention it in order that it may be understood what we Slovaks are fighting for. Our aim is simple: freedom for Slovakia. We will welcome federation with the Czechs, as well as with other peoples of Europe, along the lines of a federated Europe suggested by Winston Churchill. But never again does Slovakia wish to be the tenant farm, drill field or battleground for any nation—Russians, Germans or Czechs.

Meanwhile, our Liberty Legion and our White Legion, growing in strength as communist oppression becomes more intolerable, will fight on. We will strike where and when we can be effective, and we will avoid excesses such as vengeful assassinations. We know, for instance, that to kill a Gottwald would merely bring us something worse.

But we shall work and fight and wait for *Den Odplaty*—in our language, the "Day of Accounting"—which we know, with the help of the God in Whom Slovaks believe, will surely come.

THEY FIND US HARD TO BELIEVE

(Continued from Page 21)

and a good deal of this has been done. In the summer of 1948 a new idea appeared. It grew out of a conversation between Paul Hoffman, administrator of the Marshall Plan, and Sir Stafford Cripps, who, as Britain's leading patent lawyer, appreciated America's technical achievements. Cripps said that lectures, formulas, charts and statistics were all very well. "But one look is worth a lot of advice and description. I wish our people could see how you do it, right in your own factories and farms."

Hoffman, a successful automobile manufacturer, understands both production and salesmanship. He caught up Cripps' idea at once and expanded it. Why not send teams of Europeans to study American production on the spot? And, since productivity means everybody pulling together, why limit the study tours to eminent engineers and experts? Send a cross section on each team—workers, foremen, technicians, managers, owners.

To develop the idea in England, the Anglo-American Council on Productivity was set up, consisting of industrial and union leaders in each of the two countries. The head of the American section was Philip Reed, chairman of the board of the General Electric Company. As the plan worked out, the expenses of the teams are paid in part by Marshall Plan funds, in part by contributions of the British Government, industry and trade-unions. In general this pattern of payments is followed by other European teams, though the contributions vary somewhat from country to country. From the point of view of the American taxpayer, the costs of the European Technical Assistance (TA) teams are relatively small. Although many observers feel that these teams have become one of the most valuable features of the Marshall Plan, they have absorbed less than one tenth of 1 per cent of ECA appropriations. Recently Congress created the Mutual Security Agency (MSA) to take over the work of ECA and shift the emphasis from economic to military aid, but technical assistance will be continued and intensified, since higher productivity is essential in bearing the burdens of rearmament.

American monetary aid, indeed, has been less important to the teams than the voluntary efforts of thousands of Americans, who vie with one another in their amiable efforts to instruct and entertain the visitors. Chambers of commerce, the CIO, the AFL, and the National Association of Manufacturers co-operate in advising on the tours and making them a success. Businessmen throw open their factories, often at a sacrifice of working schedules, and drop other duties to serve as personal guides. Workers patiently repeat their operations or perform them in slow motion, to be sure the visitors understand. Engineers go to infinite trouble, working through the interpreters who accompany the non-English-speaking teams, to make clear the fine points of technique. In the evening the company may "throw a feed" for the team or the individual members may be invited to the homes of workers or managers.

Of course there are exceptions. Some American companies decline to receive the teams or brush them off with a quick trot through the plant. The great majority of Americans, however, at all levels, will run themselves—and the visitors—ragged to make the visits worth while.

This produces a lasting impression upon the Europeans. They have heard of the generosity of the Marshall Plan, with its billions for foreign aid. But those billions are somewhere up in the stratosphere of "politics." The friendly helpfulness of the average nonpolitical American is something the visitor can see and feel. He responds to it and does not forget it.

The Europeans recognize that there is an element of pride—or even vanity—in the American's eagerness to explain his methods. As one American said, "Sure, we like to strut our stuff." (That was a tough one for the interpreter.) What surprises the visitors is that this pride extends up and down, from the workbench to the top office. An Italian engineer visited six American motor plants. In each, the workers assured him that their motor was the best on the market, and told him why. A British visitor talked with a striker on the picket line. The worker spoke freely of the canine ancestry of the company's president. "He's a stubborn old ——," he said. "But you got to admit he runs the best company in the business. If you want to learn about production, why don't you talk to him?"

A French earth-moving team was inspecting the tunnel being driven through the Continental Divide at the Big Thompson Project, to divert the waters of the Colorado River to the Big Thompson River. The work was being pushed in three shifts. The visitors noticed that each shift would mark how far they had driven the tunnel.

"The shift that goes farther gets more pay?" one Frenchman inquired. No, he was told, that does not affect the pay. Then why, he asked, should the shift mark up its record? The American foreman scratched his head over that.

"Well," he said, "it's kind of a game, I guess. Each shift wants to prove it can outdig the other guys. And besides, the faster we cut, the faster we all get out of this hole."

The Frenchmen took copious notes on this novel bit of American philosophy, and were later heard debating it hotly among themselves. Even more fascinating to the Frenchmen, and, in fact, to all the European teams, is the American "big-pie" idea. This is expressed in several ways, one of which is: "The bigger we make the pie, the more there is for all, and the easier it is to divide it up without squawks." As soon as they get off the boat the visitors begin to hear about this big pie—"the more efficiently we all produce, the better we all live." They hear it from employers, labor leaders, economists, farmers and workers.

At first they are skeptical. As they go from factory to factory, from one state to another, checking on the weekly wages, pricing articles in shops and stores, sharply observing the general standard of living, they conclude that the pie is not in the sky. They embrace the idea of the big pie—sometimes with curious results. A Danish team inspected a new plastic-materials plant in the Midwest. The company's president himself proudly showed them around, pointing out the excellence of his equipment and his product. Afterward the Danish team leader made a little speech of thanks.

"Sir," he said, in careful English, "in this establishment you are creating an admirable, a superb, a magnificent pie."

"Good heavens," wailed the plastics manufacturer, "does he think we are making pies?" It took a little while to clarify the situation and soothe the ruffled industrialist.

One of the first things that strike the visitors is the friendly freedom with which Americans open up their plants and show their techniques. Every member of the European teams, by the way, is given a security check before he leaves home, by his own government and by American Intelligence representatives. Among the workers, for example, only members of anticommunist unions are acceptable. These workers believe that if some of their acquaintances in the communist-dominated unions could be brought over here and given an eyewitness view of American pay and working conditions—no need to let them see any war-production plants—it would do more than anything else to break the communist grip on European labor in such countries as France and Italy. Sounds reasonable, but ECA officials are afraid of the idea—Congress might blow a gasket.

An even more radical suggestion was made by a British foundry worker at the end of his American tour.

"Take old Stalin," he said. "Disguise him so no one would take a shot at him, bring him over here to the States, show him what you have shown us, and he would give up forever any idea of making war on the U.S.A."

As I say, the Europeans are at first startled, almost shocked, at the freedom with which Americans disclose their methods. "But we may compete with you," said one Dutch visitor frankly to an American manufacturer. "How can you afford to show us these things? A Dutch manufacturer will not even show his rival the road to Rotterdam."

"We don't see it that way," said the American. "We show our competitors through the plant any old day. By the time they can imitate a new process, we are two more jumps ahead. And they do the same for us. Look at our annual convention. We all go there, order up the drinks, brag about what we are doing and compare notes. That doesn't mean we don't compete—we do, and how! It just means the whole industry moves ahead twice as fast."

Of course American industry has some trade secrets, but the area of secrecy is small compared with tradi-

tional European practice. This openness is hard for the Europeans to accept, especially the older men. By the time they have finished their six weeks' tour, however, and have seen the impetus which exchange of information gives to productivity, the idea begins to sink in. Here is a quote from a report on members of a Dutch team after it returned to Holland:

"Mr. W. H. Braskamp, of Voorburg, manufacturer of electrical machinery, said that for the first time in his life he had received a competitor in his plant, showing him the shop and having a frank talk about their mutual problems. 'Well,' he said, 'if I had not been in America I never would have come to that.' This last observation may not appear very important to Americans, but it is to a man living with European prejudices."

Further, the report continues: "Some leading factory engineers of well-known machine works (are now) meeting every two months . . . to discuss their mutual difficulties and to find together the way out."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MASTER AND MAN

By Charles Malam

As I come homeward
In the night,
My small house holds
A watchful light;
The plumbing works,
The roof is tight,
The furnace purrs
In warm delight;

No windows stick,
No winds blow through,
No door resists
When challenged to—
And yet it has
That watchful hue.
What mischief has it
Up its flue?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Europeans are impressed by the general lack of servility in America; by the cheerfulness and outspokenness of workers of all grades; by the "decentralization of decision" in the plants; by the number of executives who have come up through the ranks; by the frequent use of first names between employer and employee, and sometimes—most strange!—between the head of the company and the head of the union. "And often we use stronger names," explained one company president. "You can't battle a guy through a week of day-and-night negotiations in a stuffy hotel room, and try to stand on formality."

We Americans think of ourselves as irresponsible in many respects. The visitors give us unexpectedly high marks for responsibility, at least so far as our jobs are concerned; they say we share it more widely than in Europe, and live up to it well; the employee will often go beyond his required duties. The teams frequently travel out to factories by chartered bus. The driver does not merely drive the bus; usually he constitutes himself guide, counselor and friend to the visitors; he will work overtime to show them the wonders of his home town. A French team was enchanted to see a small white-belted schoolboy stop a huge stream of traffic so his schoolmates could cross the street.

"You see," exclaimed one of the Frenchmen. "*Le sens des responsabilités!* It begins even in the school."

The next time your own youngster uses your electric razor on the cat, or tests his new flying tackle on grandma, just remind him of his high "*sens des responsabilités.*"

A French team of machine-tool builders was staying at the Hotel Alms in Cincinnati. They had been tramping through factories and watching machine operations until they were footsore, eye-weary and perhaps a bit depressed by the roaring volume of production they were expected to emulate. They were sympathetically observed by Alonzo McAllister, the Negro doorman of the hotel. He is an intelligent man, and a student of music. A musical evening, he thought, would be just the thing for these tired visitors. He spoke of it to his friend Thor Johnson, who is a regular guest at the Hotel Alms, and who happens to be the distinguished conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Johnson was delighted with the idea, and said he would see what he could do.

And so, a couple of evenings later, the members of the French team were guests of honor of the Symphony Orchestra at a spirited program of French music. The homesick visitors were touched and happy to the point of tears.

"It was the high point of our trip," said a team member later. "And to think it was Monsieur McAllister, he who helped with our baggages when we arrived, who had the kindness and imagination to initiate this beautiful gesture. After that, even your mighty American machinery took on for us an amiable aspect."

From all the foregoing, it is apparent that these teams, originally set up to study production techniques, have come incidentally to serve a far wider purpose. Hardly any of these visitors have ever seen America before. They represent a cross section of the vast majority of Europeans who have hitherto been much in the dark about our ways. It is fair to say that these trips are voyages of discovery. When they get home the explorers spread the word of their findings. They write painstaking reports, which are circulated through their industries and professions, and quoted in the press. They give talks to their trade-unions, their employers' associations, their engineering societies. They tell their friends.

They don't all love us, by any means. They find much to criticize in our vaunted "American way of life." Certain of our customs amuse or exasperate them. They work on an exhausting schedule. I have seen some of the visitors so tired that the very sight of American energy must give them a headache.

On balance, however, they like the actual America better than the country they had imagined. After living among us they regard us with less awe and more sympathy; with less envy and more respect; with less apprehension and more affection. They express this variously. A Luxembourger said, "We see that Americans, also, have troubles. Here, too, there are women who weep and men who are heavy-burdened. Somehow that had not occurred to us. We see that your high standard of living is not luck—not something that drops from the sky. It comes from toil and hard thinking, from good will, from amazing teamwork."

One French electrical engineer was glum and skeptical on his arrival here. After a few days he chirped up and be-

gan to enjoy himself. One day he wrote an air-mail post card to his wife, and the American accompanying the team—the project manager—posted it for him. He glanced at the card. It said: "My dear: You have no idea of how attractive the Americans are when they are not tourists. In their own milieu they are a different species."

In the fall of 1948 a group of Norwegian workers and labor leaders was permitted to visit Russia. Soon afterward a similar Norwegian labor team visited the United States. Returning to Norway, each team wrote up a careful report.

The report on Russia was politely phrased—after all, little Norway has a strip of common frontier with the Soviet Union—but this politeness seemed to make more damning the dry recital of what the team had observed. They had found comforts and even luxuries among the small communist elite. For the vast majority of the population, living standards were pitifully low: frightful housing, shabby clothing, a monotonous diet of bread, potatoes and vegetables. "The general average wage is only sufficient for purchasing the absolute necessities for maintenance of life." The homes of the workers? Unfortunately, the Norwegians noted, the law makes it a crime for a Russian to receive foreigners in his home. There was much secrecy everywhere; statistics were "not available"; the team was permitted to visit the two largest cities "but did not see any part of the countryside at all." The report concluded with the charitable hope that the Soviet Union "will gradually pass into a happier stage of development."

The team which visited America reported that it found no secrecy. "Everything we required . . . was immediately placed at our disposal." They moved about freely and talked with whom they pleased. They noted, despite occasional strikes, a friendly and cooperative feeling between labor and management—a feeling of "we are in the same boat." Their chief criticism was that we lack an adequate system of health insurance. They concluded, after citing facts and figures, that: "The American worker is the best paid in the world. The purchasing power of his income places him in a class by himself."

The reports by the two Norwegian labor teams, the one on Russia and the one on America, were published side by side in the same pamphlet, which was widely read. The impact of the contrast did much to destroy the influence of communism in Norway.

The specific task of the teams is still to study American techniques and productivity. To go into their technical findings would take a book for each team, and the reports they write are, in fact, of book length. The report of the British Steel Founding Team runs to 108 pages; that of the Dutch Metal Industry Team to 160 pages; that of the Inter-European Pulp and Paper Industry Team to 378 pages.

Certain comments recur throughout the reports. Generally the Europeans are not so much impressed by our machines—they have read about them in their technical magazines. They are impressed rather by how well the machines are placed, the planning of the factory layout, the smooth flow of materials. The worker does not have to lift, pull and haul; the material comes to him at the right time and place; conveyors do the carrying, or the swift little fork-lift trucks. They find our factories—usually—ugly on the outside, attractive and well-lighted on the inside. They note the importance we give to personnel policies, to job evaluation, to cost accounting, to time and motion studies. One Britisher says we apply time-motion studies to everything but eating.

"Each American engineer tells me about time-motion studies," he said. "Then we go to dinner. He holds the fork in his left hand, his knife in his right. He cuts his meat. He lays down knife, transfers fork to right hand, conveys food to mouth. He retransfers fork to left hand, picks up knife, cuts another piece of meat, and so on. Shockingly inefficient, reahlly!"

He even spoofed one of his American friends into trying to eat in the English fashion, with a considerable spillage of gravy. Since American efficiency is drummed into the visitors from morning to night for weeks on end, they enjoy noting—not without a tinge of amiable malice—the occasional lapses in our performance. "We flew into St. Louis at 350 miles an hour. Marvelous. Great saving of time. Then we stood around for forty-two minutes waiting for our bags to be unloaded." They are pleased by our cafeterias, but find the service slow in the restaurants. They wonder why we tolerate such long lines at the railroad ticket windows. They love our sleeping-car roomettes, but are disturbed, in the usual curtained sleeper, by the lack of privacy and the adjacent symphony of snores. "*Incroyable!*" As for the upper berths: "When one wishes to go to the W. C., one must sound the alarm bell, wait for help, and then scramble half-clad down a ladder—as though one's house were on fire."

The Europeans are overwhelmed by the size and number of our automobiles, and their widespread ownership. A French team, at the Hill Acme foundry in Cleveland, watched sympathetically the heavy labors of *trois noirs*—three Negro steel puddlers. "What was our surprise then, at quitting time, to see the three blacks drive nonchalantly away in a luxurious new car *(une luxueuse voiture du tout dernier modèle)*." A thrifty Dane stared incredulously at a factory parking area containing 6000 cars. "But they will never be able to pay for them—never," he asserted.

"You're right," said a parking attendant. "They'll just trade them in and start paying on the next one." This left the Dane more in the dark than ever.

Unable to envision such a profusion of cars in their own countries, the Europeans take a wry consolation in our parking troubles. One American drove his Dutch guest two miles into town and got there, fighting heavy traffic, in eleven minutes. Then he sweated ten minutes more trying to wedge his car into a narrow parking spot.

"Do you have a mess-up like this in Holland too?" he asked his guest.

"Oh, no," said the Hollander. "My bicycle takes me nicely to the office in twelve minutes."

The Europeans helpfully suggest that Americans would be happier and more efficient if we made our cars—which to them seem enormous—a foot or so shorter.

Back in the 1930's there was a Charlie Chaplin movie called Modern Times. It pictured Chaplin as a worker driven to distraction by the speed and gadgets of mass production. Perhaps because of Chaplin's popularity, it left a deep impression. It gave European workers the idea that the famous American productivity is based on a cruel and inhuman speed-up of American labor—an idea which the communists have not failed to pick up and exploit to the utmost. Americans deny it, but the thought sticks—until European workers come over here and see with their own eyes. Then at last it sinks in that Americans work about the same hours as they do and generally under more comfortable conditions. They wonder at the absence of wheelbarrows, hods, shovels, sledgehammers, and are enthralled by the variety of ingenious power-driven hand tools by which the American lightens his toil. The American does not have to fuss around and hunt for things; the work "flows to his hand."

At the same time, the Europeans note that the American, while he uses less physical energy than they do, works with more concentration. "He seems to throw himself into it," they say. "He goes at it with a will." One visitor pointed to a brisk, whistling operator. "See," he said, "he works as if he were making something for himself." "Well, ain't he?" commented the foreman. "He buys our product too. (Shoes, in this case.) Best on the market."

This habitual energy on the job, this apparently voluntary hustle is a continuing source of wonder to the Europeans—maybe we should allow a discount here for the fact that the worker knows strangers are watching. The visitors debate it among themselves. Some attribute it to our invigorating climate. Others call it a survival from strenuous pioneer days or put it down to a better diet, a stronger ambition, a keener competitive spirit. A favorite theory is that American wives put on the pressure. The Europeans view American women with admiration and a touch of awe; they endorse the slogan of our esteemed affiliate the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL: "Never underestimate the power of (an American) woman."

A popular London newspaper, after interviewing a returning British team, ran a banner headline: OOH-BUY-ME-THAT WIVES SPUR YANK PRODUCTIVITY. A French visitor, Pierre Ferenczi writes:

"The American women forever astonish us. It is well known that in the U.S.A. they possess 75% of the American wealth, and exert an influence proportional to their riches." M. Ferenczi goes on to say he has at last discovered the secret of these charming ladies' power. In rural Ohio, he says, he attended a meeting of women who were addressed by a "farm wives' counselor." She would give her hearers, he expected, useful tips on such matters as cooking, sewing, housekeeping. But no. First the lady lecturer explained how they should weigh each bit of their food so as not to get fat. Then she launched into the main theme of her talk: "How to guide your husband in making a proper will." This, writes M. Ferenczi, made his hair stand on end *(m'a fait dresser les cheveux sur la tête)*.

"And now you can see," he concludes, "how in America productivity pervades every domain." Thus our visitors find much to brighten the tedium of instruction.

The impression the travelers get of America depends greatly upon the American project managers who accompany each team. They are usually employees of ECA (now MSA), but may be chosen from the departments of Commerce, Labor, Agriculture or private industry—on contract—to fit the special needs of the team. These men plan the tour, arrange in advance for factory visits, line up the transportation, guard against mishaps, preserve harmony and try to show their charges a fair slice of American life. They live with the teams for six weeks, and need the combined gifts of an economist, baggage smasher, diplomat and wet nurse. It is an exhausting job, modestly paid, but has attracted a variety of unusual talent. Col. Charles W. (Chuck) Kerwood has been a member of the Lafayette Escadrille, a soldier of fortune, a colonel in the Greek Air Force, a sales representative in Europe, an officer of the American Air Force and a member of MacArthur's staff in Tokyo. He is especially effective with the French teams, and makes sure that they see the life as well as the factories of America. John Saunders is a consulting engineer with industrial experience in many states. Bradford Johnson, a mechanical engineer, came up through the ranks of the automotive industry. John H. Street is a manufacturer of tank- and plane-control instruments. Samuel Stovall, real-estate man, ex-professor of engineering, student of art, music and law, describes himself as a "polymathist"—a man of varied learning—a useful faculty for a project manager. Albro Fowler, ex-machine gunner in the AEF, was a business management consultant before shepherding TA teams at a fraction of his former salary. All the project managers I have met grumble about their hard lot, boast about their teams and seem wrapped up in their work. They treasure sheaves of appreciative letters from their charges who have returned to Europe.

The visitors vary in their estimates of American food and drink. The French like our beer better than our wine; they are highly amused at what we call "French dressing," and appalled by the oyster cocktail drowned in catchup. They are disappointed in our hotel and restaurant cooking; surprised at the excellence of the meals in many American homes. The British don't like our beer, but say the Scotch whisky here is better than they can get at home. They like our banana splits. They carry their own marmalade with them, and pine for British tea and kippered herring.

On two American institutions the European teams are unanimous: they all delight in our kitchens and supermarkets. Whenever an American asks the visitors to his home, the party eventually gravitates to the kitchen, to examine the stove and the washing machine, to peer into the electric refrigerator, to study the congealed food and juices in the freezing compartment. Even the sink with its hot and cold running water, which we take so much for granted, wins high praise. An Italian chemist said he could get along without a car and television. "But if my good wife had such a kitchen, her whole existence would be happier."

Supermarkets have become a commonplace in America. To Europeans they are as strange and exciting as a fairyland. The immense variety of products, the ease of access, the convenient way in which meat or cheese is ready-wrapped *("soigneusement emballé")* with its weight and price marked—all these enchant them. They love the little metal baskets on wheels—"*un chariot léger à deux étages*"—especially the ones which have a seat where mamma can tuck in her small child. "What love, what consideration for the little ones this shows!" exclaimed one visitor. The supermarket manager explained that it also prevents the little ones from wrecking the joint. The visitor was a bit taken aback, but conscientiously made a note of this, too—one more item for his report on this surprising land and its people.

THE END

THE MAN WHO SOLD HIMSELF

(Continued from Page 23)

"The job pays good," Benton said. "The lumps go with it."

"True," Johnny said, "but I'm sick of it, Mike."

"Time goes," Benton said quietly. "You'll be an old man soon. Is that the trouble?"

Benton smiled at Johnny Cork, nineteen this summer, handling a man's rough, thankless job for Herbelsheimer, breaking wild stock for Army sale at three dollars per head. Johnny had boundless energy. The day he entered town last winter, broke and cold, he had asked Benton for a bed in jail. Within two days Johnny was sweeping out Ferguson's store, candling eggs, unpacking merchandise; then in the spring hauling hay for Calderson; and thence to breaking the wild stock for Herbelsheimer. Johnny hadn't taken a backward step, but he was impatient now, and Benton read this urgent desire plainly in the thin, sun-blackened face, knowing the reasons well, approving one and distrustful of the other.

"That's it," Johnny said. "I'm getting old fast, Mike. How does a man make his stake, his start?"

"Two ways."

"The straight way," Johnny said, "but just as easy as possible."

"I can't tell you," Benton said. "Any idea is good. It might fail, but one leads to another. One day you'll get it, right in your hand."

"Where I stand," Johnny said, "that day looks ten years off. I've got to improve myself."

"Any other reason?" Benton asked dryly.

Johnny flushed and glanced instinctively toward the millinery shop. "Maybe."

"I can offer sound advice in that department," Benton said. "If it's only the money she expects you to make, she's not worth the time. If it's you first, and money second, she'll be easy to convince."

"I'm hoping it's my handsome face," Johnny Cork said sharply. "And then the money."

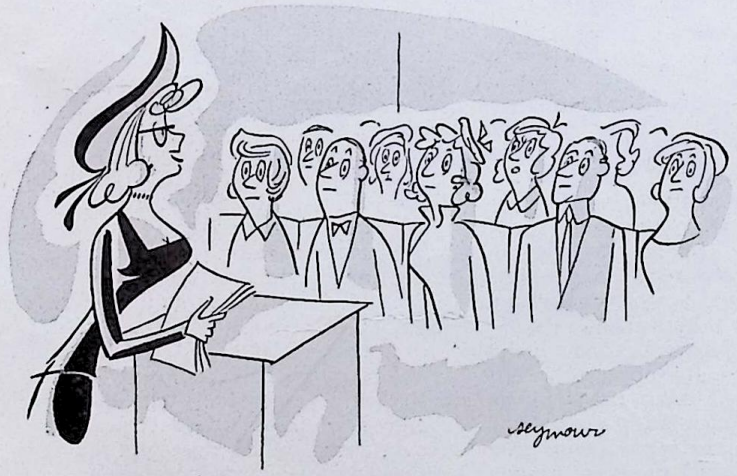
"Is it?"

"Mike," Johnny Cork said miserably, "I don't know."

"Was me," Benton said soberly, "I'd take Mary Summerhays to ten of Lea."

Johnny shook his head and moved off toward his room at Calderson's house, walking fast in the yellow sunlight. Benton watched him and thought, if they were all like Johnny, he could walk through town with peace of mind. He wondered if Johnny really cared for Lea Ferguson or was struck with her position in the town. Lea was a rattle-headed little fool, but Johnny couldn't see that. Lea wasn't half the woman Johnny saw, not fit to carry water for Mary Summerhays, and Johnny was blind to the look in Mary's face whenever they met. Benton sighed and crossed to the Bighorn, forgetting personal problems as dusk deepened and business commenced.

Johnny Cork changed to clean clothes and returned to Pioneer for supper, and then stood on the sidewalk, glancing up the street toward Ferguson's store. That was just as close to Lea as he could get—a look at her father's store. Johnny turned south to the Bighorn, looking for a pickup job, and Dick Burnett called immediately from the cash register, "Mulligan's doctoring a



The Perfect Squelch

AFTER leading a wild private life for years, the movie actress had been sharply advised by her studio to "clean up" her reputation for the sake of the box office. So she found herself on an unusual assignment—lecturing to a parent-teacher association.

Striking a self-righteous pose, she criticized the low standards of morality of certain Hollywood rivals and made much of the fact that she herself was a happily married wife.

"I hadn't intended to let you in on this," she said coyly, "but you're such divine people that I think I'll tell you my little secret. Today is my sixth wedding anniversary!"

"And no one," came a disgusted voice from the audience, "ever had six nicer weddings."

—BILL DANCH.

The Post will pay $100 for authentic, unpublished squelch anecdotes. Manuscripts must be typewritten. Those not acknowledged in about a month should be regarded as declined. The Post cannot undertake to return unaccepted ones.

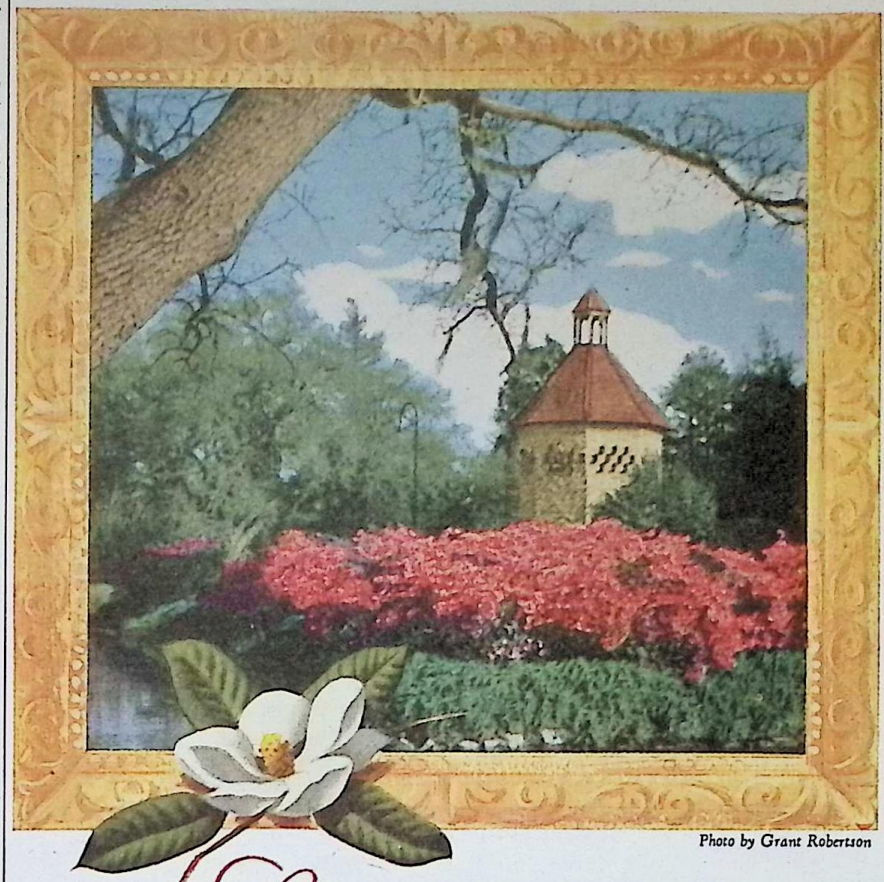


Photo by Grant Robertson

Louisiana ...where

unexpected beauty awaits you at every turn

Louisiana is a state of delightful surprises. The vacationist in this southern dreamland will find a rare combination of matchless scenic beauty and interesting folklore ... a touch of Old World charm and cosmopolitan atmosphere that is at once lovely and fascinating.

The winter parkways are a giant cluster of pastels, a gay galaxy of colors in a land that is never cold. The rich and lustrous azalea (above) is a part of Louisiana's gorgeous year-round floral trail. The climate of Louisiana is perpetually mild ... good fishing and hunting are year-round attractions ... and for the motorist the vast state park system affords superb facilities, sun-bathed beaches and shady picnic areas, designed to make a visit both pleasant and inexpensive.

Louisiana is easy to reach from any part of America—and interesting to see!

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Mary Evelyn Dickerson, *Executive Director*
Department of Commerce and Industry P-3
State Capitol, Baton Rouge, La.

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sore tooth. Will you fill in for two hours?"

"Two dollars," Johnny Cork said.

"All right," Burnett grinned, "you robber."

Ten minutes later Johnny was drawing beer and washing glasses, exchanging insults with the other bartender, watching the men enter and fan across the long room.

Benton arrived with two friends from the South Fork range and smiled in approval. "Another dollar, eh?"

"Two," Johnny smiled. "I'm skilled labor."

The Bighorn filled slowly and the games broke into steady play as nine o'clock rolled around; in the rear, at the battered pool table, the younger men began their nightly game of call shot, flicking the wooden counters on the overhead piano wire. Burnett sat in the high-stake poker game and Benton argued good-naturedly over the drinks with his friends, and finally one said, "All right, let's draw for it."

Johnny watched him break three matches in different lengths, shuffle them, and hold the three, ends on line and uncovered. Benton said, "Short stub pays," and drew. The other man drew, and they both laughed as the game's originator opened his fist and grinned ruefully at the shortest stub.

Benton said, "Always let the other man call the shot. Thank you, boys."

Benton left the Bighorn, and Johnny Cork stared at the discarded matches thoughtfully. He drew beer and washed glasses until ten o'clock, collected his pay from Burnett when Mulligan returned to duty, and hurried up Pioneer to the jail office. Benton found him at the desk two hours later, making figures on a tablet and staring sharp-faced into space.

"You belong in bed," Benton said mildly.

"I've got an idea," Johnny Cork said. "Let me tell it, Mike. I got to thinking about those matches after you left the Bighorn. I thought how everybody likes to take a chance, gamble on something. How many people live in town and around?"

"Thousand or so in town," Benton said. "Another thousand around. Why?"

"I've saved two hundred and ten dollars," Johnny said flatly. "I need two thousand to start anything worthwhile. I'll be gray-haired before I get that much breaking horses or tending bar. I thought about those matches and about gambling, and I got an idea. I'm gonna hold a raffle."

"A raffle?" Benton said.

"Sure. Sell tickets, give a prize."

"No," Benton said. "For a turkey, a horse, a gun—fine and dandy. You could net a hundred or two, but never two thousand. And a raffle is only worked once by a man in the same place. The novelty wears off."

"I'll sell tickets at a dollar each," Johnny Cork said stubbornly. "I say I can sell twenty-five hundred tickets."

"And what's the grand prize?" Benton said. "The bank, the mine, controlling interest in Ferguson's store? Blow those dreams away, Johnny. What could you offer?"

Johnny Cork said, "Me."

"You!"

"I'm the prize," Johnny said quickly. "I'll offer one year of my time, working for the winner free. I'll sell those tickets. I know I can. Burnett will help, you will, everybody will pitch in. I can live a year on three hundred dollars, even less. I'll finish with a decent stake. I've figured it every way. Tell me it's a good idea, Mike?"

Benton said, "I'll be damned!" and paced the office, slapping one hand against his thigh. Finally he turned and smiled broadly. "I think it'll work. I've never heard anything like it, Johnny. Just crazy enough to catch everybody the right way. I'll get those tickets sold; Dudgeon will print for you. I'll buy ten to start the ball. There's just one thing ——"

"What, Mike?" Johnny Cork said eagerly.

"What if you can't do the work?" Benton said. "Or don't like the man who wins you?"

Johnny Cork said, "I'll worry about that, Mike. See you tomorrow."

When Johnny Cork ran from the office, Benton stared reflectively at the opposite wall. "Raffle himself! Now why didn't I think of that long ago?"

Johnny Cork worked the next morning in his usual manner, finding tough going on a hammerheaded little horse that hated mankind and all restrictions; and wondered through the hot afternoon if it was going to come off. Another two weeks and the tickets had to be sold out or the raffle was no good. Johnny Cork worked and sweated, thinking of the day he could say good-by to the danger of the breaking corral.

The town loafers came in midafternoon, grinning and talking about the raffle, lining the corral fence. Johnny went about his business and Herbelsheimer cast angry glances at these idlers who threatened to upset his carefully planned Teutonic routine. They shouted at Johnny and he returned the questions, and finally Herbelsheimer understood. At quitting time the fat man walked to the barn with Johnny Cork, rubbing his round stomach, looking worried and angry.

"This is true, John?" Herbelsheimer asked.

"Sure," Johnny said, "but I'm not letting you down cold, Gus. I'll have another man, don't worry."

"Yah," Herbelsheimer said. "That I know. Men come along. But you, I like you, John. You work hard, do your best. I hate for you to try something like this raffle and maybe go pfitt!"

"I won't," Johnny said. "When those loafers came down this afternoon, I knew it was started the right way. You buying a ticket, Gus?"

Herbelsheimer shook his head violently. "Nah, John. I don't throw money away."

"Worth a chance," Johnny said. "See you tomorrow, Gus."

Washing and going to his room, changing clothes, Johnny wondered how many men would think like Herbelsheimer. He could not back down now; the tickets were already being printed. Benton was spreading the news; the town would be filled with it tonight.

Johnny Cork worried through supper at the café, refused apple pie, and wandered south in the light dusk toward the last buildings along Pioneer. He was hunched on a rock, chin in hands, when Mary Summerhays pulled up her team and light wagon beside him and got down to shake his hand and smile in greeting. She had come to town for a load of supplies, and now she stood before Johnny Cork, brushing at her thick brown hair, standing straight and strong in her man's trousers and work shirt.

"For a raffle prize," Mary said, "you don't look healthy."

Johnny asked, "When'd you hear, Mary?"

"From Joe Ferguson," Mary said. "You've stirred up more excitement than a hanging."

"What do you think?" Johnny asked. "Am I crazy or smart?"

"Smart," Mary said firmly. "Sure, I heard those loafers talking, making fun of you. I know why they talk that way. They're jealous of you. You're going somewhere and they sit on the nail kegs and whittle, never do anything."

Johnny Cork looked up with gratified relief. "You make me feel a lot better, Mary."

"The tickets will sell," Mary said. "Every last one. You'll get the stake, Johnny. What then?"

"Haven't figured that far ahead," Johnny said.

"Remember what dad told you," Mary said. "The real future here is farming, feeding some stock. You doubted we could grow vegetables. We have. The same thing happened with corn. The section behind us is still open, Johnny. Why don't you get it, come out after you work that year, and start farming?"

There was no subtlety in Mary Summerhays; only the honest truth and the plain, clear question in her face.

Johnny Cork said, "I don't know ——"

"Not looking for the easy way, are you?"

"Did I say that?" Johnny asked sharply.

"No," Mary said bluntly, "but you're thinking that way. There's no easy way to make good. You're not scared of work, Johnny. The land is good. We'll all help you. There's the best future in this country, better than anything in town."

"Maybe," Johnny Cork said.

Mary Summerhays flushed slightly and turned to her wagon, climbed onto the seat and gathered the lines. She said, "What's in town that you call better, Johnny?"

He looked up and felt Mary's strength and affection hold his body for a brief moment; and then he thought of Lea Ferguson's soft white skin and gentle way of life.

He said, "Maybe a thing or two. I could be wrong, but I want to know for sure before I make my move."

"All right," Mary said. "Good luck, Johnny. I'll buy a ticket next time we come to town."

Mary spoke to her team and drove away to the crossroad that led west into the back country where her father and a score of neighbors were farming the rich slopes of the high mountains. Johnny Cork walked back to the night life of Pioneer, beyond which the white houses of the upper town stood aloof. He could enter the Bighorn and be among friends and equals, but he could not walk six blocks up Pioneer and enter those homes; not tonight. Maybe two weeks from now, he thought, when he had the money and the big chance. He hesitated outside the Bighorn doors and heard the loud talk within.

Benton was answering a miner from the Red Bluff mine, who said, "Sure, and what would I do with the young scamp if I won him, marshal?"

"Take a year off, Brady," Benton said. "He'll work your job while you sit in the shade and collect the wages and grow fat. Is that worth one dollar?"

"You won't be argued down," Brady laughed. "I'll buy a ticket, marshal."

"And spread the word," Benton said. "Tomorrow's Saturday. We'll hold the draw two weeks from then. First come, first served; tickets won't last long."

Johnny Cork wiped his suddenly wet face and moved quickly across the street, up the alley to his room. Benton was going far past ordinary friendship, doing all this for Johnny Cork. He slept soundly that night, went about his work the next day, looked vainly for Lea Ferguson after supper while the town filled with a boisterous Saturday-night crowd.

Herbelsheimer came ponderously from the hotel and patted his shoulder. "I yust changed my mind, John. I'm buying a ticket—maybe two."

Herbelsheimer smiled and waddled into the Bighorn, and night came swiftly with piano music and much shouting and the crash of broken bottles along lower Pioneer.

Benton passed a few minutes after nine and said, "Tickets selling fast, Johnny," and went on about his rounds.

Johnny Cork could wait no longer; he entered the Bighorn and made no more than three steps toward the bar before someone roared a welcome, "I feel lucky, Johnny! If I win you, son, all I want is for you to rub my back every night!"

"That I'll do, Red," Johnny Cork laughed. "With a currycomb."

Bill Calderson turned from a poker game and yelled, "Big Annie just bought twenty tickets, Johnny! What do you think of that?"

"All I can do is pray," Johnny answered, and the laughter rose loud and friendly.

Dick Burnett waited until the noise settled back to normal and leaned over the bar. "Guess how many we sold tonight?"

"I wouldn't know," Johnny said. "I hope plenty, Dick."

"Over three hundred up to now," Burnett said. "We'll spread the other two hundred stocked here within three days. Mulligan just toured the street. Over five hundred sold elsewhere." Burnett chuckled softly. "Everybody's buying tickets, even Ferguson."

"Him?" Johnny Cork said.

"Why not?" Burnett said. "Free work for a year if he wins. Ferguson is all right, get him away from that wife and fool daughter."

"She's all right," Johnny Cork said curtly. "Not her fault."

Burnett stared impassively at Johnny Cork. "You're no town man, Johnny. You belong in open country. These towns are all alike, once the wildness leaves. The Fergusons run the stores and rule the roost awhile, then the farmers take over and the Fergusons are dependent on them for all sales. Remember that, Johnny. Where do the good strong girls come from to work on upper Pioneer? Off the farms. And they go back and raise their families, and you watch—ten years from now, when this town is settled, Ferguson will stand on his doorstep and bow them inside, happy to get their trade. Ask Benton. He knows; so do I. Give me five years more and I'm going west against the mountains on my own place. And then I'll look for a big strong girl and hope she'll marry me, and the hell with town and all these white-faced women who can't carry water from the well."

Johnny Cork said, "You'll eat those words, Dick," and left the Bighorn in a rage of uncertainty that carried through the next day. He slept late and then walked along the river to be alone with his thoughts. Benton had stopped him at breakfast and given him the total sales for the first night—a thousand and twenty tickets gone, with indications pointing toward a sellout by next Saturday night. Johnny sat beneath the willows and stared across the shallow midsummer level of the river; and late that afternoon, thinking of Lea Ferguson, saw her coming from the up-

per road, carrying an armful of flowers and ferns. Lea waved and waited for Johnny to get up and walk the hundred paces to her side.

"I'm ashamed of you, Johnny," Lea said sharply. "I've never heard of such a thing. Raffle yourself to someone, like a—like a slave. What on earth possessed you to do such a crazy thing?"

"To get my stake, Lea."

"Stake!" Lea sniffed. "How much can you possibly make from such a harebrained scheme? Johnny, we all had high hopes for you. Now I don't know what to think."

"Give me time," Johnny Cork said. "I'll show you."

"Sell yourself!" Lea said. "For a year! Thank goodness I won't be here to watch you working for some dirty farmer or miner. I'm going to school this fall."

"Where?"

"In Chicago," Lea said. "I couldn't stand another winter here."

Johnny Cork said, "How many years?"

"I don't really know," Lea said lightly. "Two or three. After that——" She laughed and smelled the flowers and looked at Johnny coquettishly.

"You'll get married then," Johnny said boldly. "Why waste three years?"

"For heaven's sakes," Lea said. "I'm not throwing myself at the first man who comes along. And certainly not here."

"Not even if the man could support you?" Johnny said.

"He will have to be a smart man," Lea Ferguson said. "And make a lot of money. And be a gentleman, too. . . . Goodness, it's late! I've got to run!"

Johnny Cork watched her go away, and made his own lonely, freshly thoughtful walk to Pioneer. He remembered Benton's words on the night of the match drawing: "Always let the other man call the shot."

The week passed swiftly, filled with rumors that raced through the lower town and sneaked discreetly up Pioneer into Ferguson's store and the white houses. Eighteen hundred sold by Friday night; twenty-three hundred and fifty after Saturday night. Grant Summerhays and the farmers from the west slopes stopped after church on Sunday and bought fifty more tickets, leaving a hundred. When Big Annie heard the news, she called Burnett from his saloon and offered to split the final hundred and close the game.

Johnny Cork went to the breaking corral that week, with twenty-five hundred in cash deposited in his name at the bank; and already Burnett and the other businessmen on lower Pioneer were preparing for the biggest Saturday night in the town's history. Big Annie ordered a general housecleaning and bought five cases of sweet wine, and Ferguson received a suspiciously large shipment of merchandise on the Thursday freight from Omaha.

Johnny Cork was the butt of a hundred jokes that week, bearing them all with a grin and quick comeback. On Saturday afternoon Benton came to the breaking corral and led Johnny aside while Herbelsheimer fretted away poundage at this waste of time.

"What are you wearing tonight?" Benton asked.

"Same clothes," Johnny said. "Why?"

"Good," Benton said. "Wear your oldest pants and shirt. When I call you, get up on the bar beside me. I'll handle everything. After we make the draw and get the winner, you better go home and stay out of sight."

"Good idea," Johnny said.

"And then what?" Benton asked soberly. "You've got the stake. How about that farm?"

"Don't know yet," Johnny Cork said.

"Seen Mary Summerhays lately?"

"Yes."

"She's in love with you," Benton said quietly. "Know that?"

"In love with me!"

"The finest girl in this country," Benton said, "and you can't see her. . . . All right, be at the saloon on time; ten o'clock."

Johnny Cork walked to the barn and washed for the last time, collected his pay from Herbelsheimer, shook hands, and went home to rest and wait; as night came on he heard the rising sound roll off Pioneer. Buggies and wagons and riders were pouring into town, people were thick the full length of the street, finishing their trade at Ferguson's, moving into the lower street until it was packed full before the Bighorn. At five minutes of ten Benton came from the jail, shook hands and called greetings, and stopped on the Bighorn porch to call, "Time for the draw!"

Johnny Cork came from Burnett's office, slipped behind the bar, and stood near Burnett, who banged a bung starter on the closest barrel and shouted, "Bar's closed for the big draw! Everybody get his ticket stub handy! . . . All right, Mike!"

Benton mounted the bar and raised one hand while Burnett boosted Johnny Cork up beside the marshal. Johnny stood in his faded shirt and worn pants, grinning at the upturned faces.

Benton shouted, "Can you hear me?"

"Too well!" Bill Calderson answered.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Benton said, with a courtly bow to Big Annie and her girls, "you know the rules of this raffle. I'm going to have Bill Calderson's little girl, Rachel, come up and draw the lucky number. But first, I want any two of you to inspect this box and the numbers. Where's an honest face?"

"Here!" Greg Boucher shouted.

Amid catcalls, Benton laughed, "Come up, Greg! . . . And you there, Billy McGee! Roll up your sleeves before you lay a finger on this box."

They came forward and inspected the box, then the second open box containing the ticket stubs; after which Benton poured the stubs into the box, closed the top flaps and held the box high, showing the circular hole that had been cut in the top.

"All right, Bill!" Benton called. "Where's Rachel?"

Bill Calderson lifted his nine-year-old daughter to the bar and said warningly, "I've got ten chances, Rachel. You better draw lucky for your pa."

"If she does," Benton said, "she'll draw again. . . . Rachel, I'll shake the box good, then you reach in and get one ticket."

Rachel nodded, quite overcome with excitement. Benton gave the box a thorough shaking, then knelt in full view, and said, "All right, Rachel. Just one ticket."

Rachel thrust a chubby arm through the hole, fished around and twisted her pink face with concentration, and finally drew a wrinkled stub. Benton placed the box on the bar, rolled up his sleeves and showed his open hands to the crowd, fingers separated. Then he accepted the ticket from Rachel and read the number silently, passed it to Dick Burnett, who read and passed it to Calderson, who read and held it aloft.

"Rachel drew Number Six Hundred and Seven!" Benton called. "Who's the lucky man or lady? Step up and claim your prize!"

In the following stillness, the breath-taking silence, heads turned every way, looking and waiting. Johnny Cork saw an arm go up from near the door, and heard the voice, "Why, by golly! That's my number!"

"Ed Webber!" Benton shouted. "The druggist wins!"

Dick Burnett called, "All right, folks; the bar is open and ready! Let's drink to Ed Webber and good luck! . . . Johnny, get down!"

Johnny Cork leaped behind the bar, followed by Benton, and felt the marshal's strong fingers nudge his back. "Get out of here," Benton said softly, "before they start tearing the town apart."

Johnny Cork rose at eight o'clock and walked through the littered, roiled street to Webber's drugstore, around back to the living quarters, and knocked smartly. Webber answered, in nightgown and cap, and led Johnny to the kitchen. Johnny Cork stacked five hundred dollars in gold pieces between his hands.

Webber eyed them questioningly and said, "Well, Johnny?"

"I'll tell you, Ed," Johnny Cork said. "I can do the job, but you don't need me here. Here's five hundred cash, in gold, on this table. A fine return for a dollar investment. What do you say, Ed? Will you take the money and release me from my promise?"

Webber thumbed his jaw, regarding the gold, and coughed gently. "You had this figured from the start, Johnny?"

"Yes," Johnny Cork said. "It's legal, Ed. There was nothing in the rules said I couldn't buy off, was there?"

"Well," Webber said, "I've watched you for eight months, ever since you hit town, and I know a comer when I see one. I'll release you if you make me one promise."

"Name it?" Johnny said.

"That you will never open another drugstore while I'm in business here," Webber said, eyes laughing behind his sober face. "I can buck most anything, but not the man who figured this raffle. I want no part of that ambition or competition."

"I promise," Johnny Cork grinned. "Shake, Ed. You're a real gentleman."

"Why, no," Webber said gently. "You're the gentleman, Johnny. You should have only the best."

"That's what I've finally figured out," Johnny Cork said. "It took a long time, Ed."

Johnny Cork walked slowly, wearing his new suit and white shirt self-consciously, moving up Pioneer past Ferguson's and east toward the church. He sat far in back during service, unnoticed, and followed the young people through a side door after final prayer, onto the street. Lea Ferguson came with her father and mother, saw him, and hurried ahead to take his hand. Johnny Cork saw the Summerhayses leave the church and turn toward their spring buggy under the cottonwood trees.

"Why, Johnny," Lea said brightly. "You're a famous man this morning. Papa told me last night he believes you will be one of the big men in this country in five years."

"Don't set a time limit," Johnny Cork said.

"I must go now," Lea said, and Johnny Cork realized she was still holding his hand boldly, and he was watching Grant Summerhays untie their team.

Lea said, "Won't you come to dinner tonight, Johnny? Mother is dying to meet you."

"I'm a smart man," Johnny Cork said. "I'll make a lot of money, won't I?"

"Of course you will," Lea said approvingly.

"And I'm a gentleman, too," Johnny Cork said softly. "Overnight, just like that. I don't think so, Lea. Thanks just the same, but I'll be busy tonight."

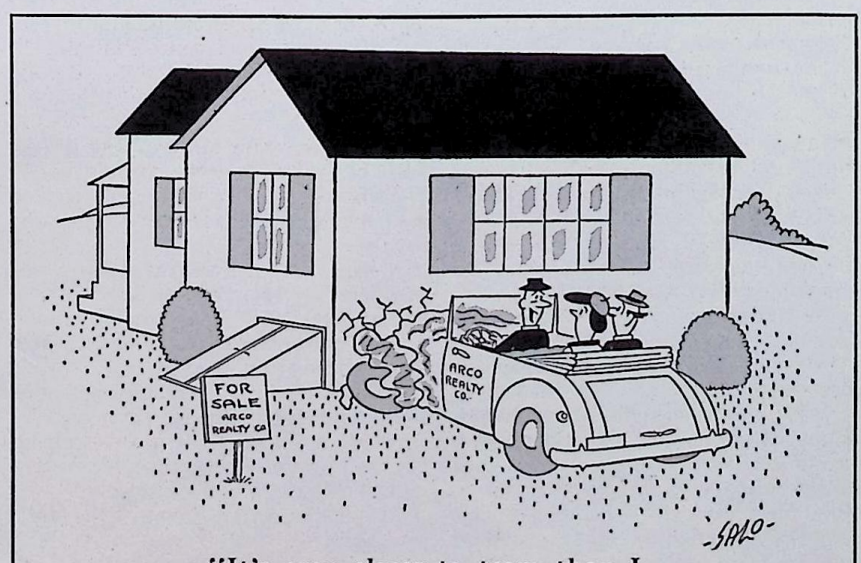
Johnny Cork walked swiftly through the trees and stood beside the Summerhays buggy, shook hands with Grant and Mrs. Summerhays, and looked at Mary.

"Got room for another plate tonight?" Johnny Cork asked.

"There's always room for you," Summerhays said simply. "You knew that before, Johnny. You haven't been out for a long time."

"I know," Johnny Cork said. "I'll ride out this afternoon. Want to tell you a couple things, ask about that section to the west. . . . Mary, why don't you ride in about three miles and meet me?"

Mary Summerhays smiled and looked at Johnny squarely, an honest and completely warm stare of new happiness and understanding. "I'll meet you at the creek," she said, "and tell you the truth before dad can fill you full of lies about the land." THE END



"It's even closer to town than I thought it was. About two feet closer."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DON'T MARRY MY MOTHER

(Continued from Page 26)

"You're joining a very elite group, Margie," he smiled, pointing to a row of photos over his mantel. "Only those I love make that line-up."

Margie eyed the line-up with awe. There was a mustached picture of his late father, one of his favorite aunt, one of a scowling brother, one of a war buddy in flying togs, and one of a German short-haired pointer with its tongue out.

"Your picture," Red told Margie, "goes right smack in the middle."

"And my picture?" Sue prodded eagerly when Margie told her later of the hanging scene. "Where did my picture go?"

"In his desk drawer," said Margie.

Sue carefully selected a warm, blossom-scented evening to mention the Mills ranch again to Arthur. They were outside in the patio and she had sighed with relief when Red finally put Margie to bed and came back outside.

With Margie's distracting influence removed, Sue hoped he might, for a change, notice that the child's mother was not without some charms of her own. She crossed her shapely legs and leaned toward him. "Arthur, what are you going to do with that run-down rock pile of yours?" she asked.

"I really don't have much choice," he sighed. "The back taxes and debts are more than I can handle. I'll have to sell."

"Fine. Sell to me."

"I'm sorry. I couldn't do that. John may have been a bad manager, a careless farmer and childishly prejudiced, but, after all, he devoted his life to that ground. I can't disregard his final wishes concerning its disposition."

"I don't share your sticky sentiments."

"Margie would," he laughed. "A child of rare sensitivity."

Sue reached over and tapped him on the knee. "Just what are your intentions toward my daughter, Mr. Mills?"

"Honorable," he grinned. "She's asked me to marry her and I've accepted. I'm to wait for her."

Sue smiled quizzically. "I hope you'll be very happy."

"Thank you—mother." He lounged back in the chair and lit his pipe as Sue winced. "Let's see." He exhaled thoughtfully, eyes laughing devilishly. "In twelve years she'll be eighteen and I'll be forty-four. Surely a female of eighteen is ——"

"A female of eighteen is just fine," said Sue. "But do you mind if we elevate our conversational sights just a little? Let's say to—well, to females of twenty-six, like me."

"Well, I got to be going," said Red, rising.

"What?" She had come to her feet swiftly. "Why, it's only a little past nine. I thought we might ——"

"Impossible," said Red. "I've got to be up at dawn. Margie wants me to take her fishing."

She watched him disappear toward home, then went inside and phoned up-valley to Conrad Bowman. "Conrad," she told the fat, wealthy old vineyardist, "you may have to buy the Mills place for me, after all. My female persuasion doesn't seem to be working."

"He seen you in shorts?" Bowman bellowed back in his raspy basso.

"Frequently," said Sue.

"Then he's either senile or a biased, obstinate woman-hater like his brother," said Bowman.

"He's neither," she informed him. "It's just that my daughter wants to marry him."

There was a long pause at the other end of the line, then Bowman's voice came back suspiciously, "You been in the wine cellar?"

"I mean," Sue explained, "she's monopolizing all his time."

"First I ever heard of a triangle involving a six-year-old infant."

"I suppose I can't blame her for being possessive, since he's the first man of her own she's ever had"—Sue sighed—"but the way the selfish little miser hoards him is positively vile. She considers him her private property."

"I see. So we go ahead as originally planned, eh? I buy from Mills, then resell to you later?"

"That depends. Don't do anything definite until I have a chance to work on him without Margie around."

"Infanticide?" Bowman asked.

"Summer camp," said Sue. "She leaves Sunday with the church counselors for Minerva Lodge. She'll be gone two weeks. Before she gets back," she promised, "that big redhead is going to have something on his mind besides bedtime stories."

It was apparent, before Margie had been gone a week, that Red had something on his mind. Sue suspected it when they were golfing, she felt it more strongly during the picnic, and she was positive of it when he strode purposefully into her kitchen before breakfast, after a night of dancing, and said, "Sue, with Margie gone these last few days, I've come to realize something very important to all of us. I've—well, I've been talking to the local superintendent of schools about a teaching post here in Mt. George."

"Red," she cried happily, "you're going to stay?"

He crossed his heavy arms and leaned against the refrigerator, facing her. "That's up to you," he smiled.

Her heart accelerated with a sudden spurt. "Me?" She swallowed.

"Yes. You see, I can manage a loan for the back taxes, and the creditors tell me they'll be patient if I can show them the land is being worked properly and will pay off. But I don't know anything about being a prune mechanic; so I was wondering if, for a percentage of the profits, you'd run my place along with yours."

"I see. And if I don't?"

He shrugged. "I'll sell it to old Conrad Bowman. He's a big up-valley grape grower. Offered me a nice price."

"Yes. I've heard of him."

"Will you accept the percentage deal?"

"That depends."

"On the percentage?"

"No. On your reason for wanting to stay here."

She was standing within arm's reach of him, and he suddenly took her hands in his and looked into her eyes. "Don't you know?" he said softly.

"I—I hope I do, Arthur," she breathed ecstatically, "but I want to hear you say it."

"All right. I want to stay because of Margie."

"Margie!" She had jerked her hands loose.

"Why, yes," he exclaimed, startled. "I wasn't supposed to tattle on her, but she's been phoning me from that Minerva Lodge place every evening, telling me how terribly she missed me."

"Sell your ranch to Bowman and go back to Oregon," said Sue. "When Margie gets back from camp, I'll tie a bow in her hair and ship her to you parcel post."

Conrad Bowman called the following afternoon. "Mills was up nibbling at the bait again," he shouted.

"Oh?" said Sue.

"Yes," said Bowman. "Only now he wants to stay in Mt. George, keep the acre the house is on and sell only the orchards."

"I expected something like this," Sue groaned.

"What now? If he stays, he's sure to find out about our hookup sooner or later," Bowman boomed. "He's a pretty good-natured sort of animal, but I doubt if it'd make him deliriously happy."

"I know."

"Of course, if you don't give a hoot what he thinks, it doesn't matter. But if you've got any romantic ambitions concerning ——"

"Go ahead and draw up the contract of sale," said Sue ruefully. "Margie's got the romance. I'll have to be satisfied with the prunes."

It was two days later when it happened. Sue was in the garden when Arthur interrupted her bean picking to tell her elatedly of his agreement with Bowman.

"So," he summed up, "I now can stay and still pay off the debts. Margie will be overjoyed. And I'm so pleased I could ——"

Suddenly he seized Sue around the waist, hoisted her bodily to his own level and planted a lengthy, positive kiss on her willing mouth. Kissing back enthusiastically, Sue felt as if a covey of quail suddenly had taken off from the pit of her stomach and flown out the top of her head. When she finally spiraled down from space, Red was licking his lips.

"Tasted good," he admitted. "But it's well your daughter didn't witness that orgy." He grinned. "She'd start looking for blunt instruments with which to bang you over the head. I got my nightly phone call last night." Rubbing his chin, he chuckled. "I don't think she likes the idea of leaving me alone with you."

"I'm the one who should be looking for blunt instruments," said Sue.

"Oh, come now," he smiled, shrugging. "You know how it is with six-year-olds. Nothing seems fantastic to them. She takes seriously this little wheeze about me waiting for her. After all, it's harmless, so why disillusion her? She's at the critically impressionable stage and might break out in pimples or develop psychoses or phobias or something. What she needs is ——"

"What she needs is a father!"

"Yes, a ——" Arthur glanced over at his orchards. "H'm'm," he mused.

"What do you mean, 'H'm'm'?" Sue asked.

"Nothing," said Arthur. "See you later."

"If it weren't for Margie," Sue hissed, "I'll bet that big moose would ——" She whirled, went into the house, packed an overnight bag and headed for the car.

Margie let out a yelp of delight and ran dripping from the swimming pool when she saw her mother come boiling up the camp road to Minerva Lodge three hours later.

"Daughter," Sue said, kissing her as she scrambled wetly into the car, "I need your help. Instead of waiting twelve long years for Arthur, how would you like to have him right now?"

"Arthur says that's against the law," said Margie.

"I don't mean for you to marry him," said Sue. "I mean how would you like me to marry him? How would you like Arthur for a father?"

"You mean like Mr. Lyerla is Allen's father?"

"Yes."

"Like Mr. Constantini is Barbara's father and Mr. White is Greg's father?"

"Yes."

"I wouldn't like it," said Margie.

"What? But that's ridiculous. Of course you'd like it. Why on earth wouldn't you?"

"He'd live with us," said Margie.

"Well, naturally. You'd have him all the time."

"I got him all the time now." Margie shrugged. "If he lived with us, you'd want to play with him."

"True," Sue granted, "but not on your time." She shifted her position and held her daughter out at arm's length. "I love him too!"

"I saw him first," said Margie.

"Listen," Sue tried, "twelve years is a long time. Some other gal may tag him and we'd both lose out."

Margie shook her head. "He wouldn't do that," she said confidently. "We're engaged. I gave him a ring. It's only a washer and it won't fit any of his fingers, but he says it's just as good as a real one."

"Yes, dear," said Sue. "You're engaged and Arthur is the soul and breath of constancy. I believe that too. But an engagement is just sort of a lien on the property you want. It's not nearly so good or certain as actual legal possession." She pulled Margie over and held her closely. "I'm sure Arthur wouldn't want to break your engagement," she continued, "but twelve years is such an eternity and so many things can happen. For instance, for economic reasons or something, he might have to move away. Now, if he belonged to us, and we to him, he could take us with him. But, as it is now, he couldn't."

Margie looked up into Sue's eyes. "Why not?" she puzzled.

"Because we don't belong to him."

"I do. And he belongs to me."

"No, Margie. That's what I'm trying to explain." She took a deep breath and waded into the dangerous depths of allegory: "It's like the difference between owning and renting, honey. When we first moved to Mt. George, the house and land didn't belong to us. We just rented, or engaged it. We had the use of it, but it still, really, didn't belong to us. Then, we bought, or married, the place, and now it's ours. It belongs to us." She took another breath. "Now, let's suppose Arthur is a ranch."

Margie tried to imagine Arthur as a ranch. Picturing him with miniature prune trees growing out all over him, she giggled.

"Arthur is a ranch," Sue persisted doggedly, "and because of your engagement, or rental, you have the use of him. You love him and want him, but he still, really, doesn't belong to you because you haven't bought him, haven't married him."

"And I don't belong to him?" Margie queried.

"No. You're just rented too. That's why he couldn't take you with him if, for any reason, he had to leave Mt. George. But if I were to marry Arthur, then ——"

"Then he'd belong to you."

"Well, yes, but he'd also belong to you."

"Why?"

"Because you're my daughter. You know, like our house. It belongs to me, but it's also yours because you're my daughter."

"And if he belonged to me, if he were my father, then he could take me with him if he had to go anywhere?"

"Yes."

Brow furrowed, Margie scratched her leg thoughtfully. "I guess I better buy him," she said finally.

"Amen." Sue exhaled exhaustedly. "I did it."

It was four P.M. the following day when they arrived home. "He's out by the barn," Sue pointed. "After you inform him about your decision, tell him he's to have dinner over here."

Margie headed for Arthur's with a joyous shout as Sue entered the house, phoned Bowman and said, "Conrad, the deal's off; I no longer want the Mills place."

"Where the devil you been?" Bowman bellowed. "I've been trying to get you since noon. The deal's off all right. That confounded redhead found out about the whole thing."

"What?" Sue gasped. "But how ——"

"Blamed snoop. We were all ready to sign the contract of sale when he finally got suspicious of why an up-valley vineyardist would be interested in a broken-down prune orchard in Mt. George. Got to nosing around up here this morning, and learned you and I have had business dealings before. That soured the mash."

"It won't stay soured," Sue replied.

"Eh?" Bowman hacked.

"Margie," said Sue confidently. "She'll fix everything."

Sue's heart leaped nervously when the kitchen door opened a half hour later. It dropped when Margie entered alone.

"Where's Arthur?" Sue asked immediately.

"He's not coming," said Margie.

"Not —— Why not?" she yelped.

"I don't know." Margie shrugged. "He just said for me to run along home; he wasn't coming over."

Sue grabbed Margie's shoulder. "But didn't you tell him you'd changed your mind about marrying him?" she cried. "Didn't you tell him you'd decided you want him for a father, that you wanted him to marry me?"

"Yes," Margie nodded.

"Well, good grief!" Sue exclaimed, with hands on hips. "What did he say when you told him that?"

"He said, 'What made you change your mind?' and I told him."

"Told him what?"

"I told him he was a ranch we wanted to marry, so he'd really belong to us."

"You —— Oh, no!" With a moan, Sue clapped her hands over her eyes and sank into a chair. "You don't realize what you've done," she groaned. She leaped up. "Wait here."

"Where are you going?" Margie protested, as Sue breezed out.

"Off the deep end," Sue called back. "I've got nothing further to lose."

Arthur was heading toward the house from the dilapidated barn when Sue emerged from the orchard and called to him. He hesitated with one foot on the back steps and said, "Hello, Iago."

"Arthur," said Sue, "I did not scheme to marry you for this ranch. I was using rentals and purchases to help explain engagements and marriages to Margie. She misunderstood and misquoted. That's all."

"H'm'm." He studied her a moment with his lips pursed, then turned his back on her and went up the steps.

"You don't believe me?"

"You'll have to admit it sounds rather thin," he replied, turning.

"Arthur," she tried, going up to him, "would you believe me if I told you I no longer wanted this weed patch?"

"Certainly not," he snorted.

"Would you believe me if I told you I loved you?"

"It's my prunes you love, not me. I've known it all along."

"Then you think there's no depth to which I would not sink to get my hands on this ranch?"

"You proved that." He wagged a finger under her nose. "I consider the Bowman trickery merely amusing. I enjoyed outthinking you. But this marriage maneuver is deplorable. It's unforgivable."

"I see." She looked at him silently for a while, saw that his mind was as stubbornly set as his jaw, then nodded with finality, inhaled deeply and said, "Very well, I admit everything."

"That's best," he approved righteously.

"I'm a criminal, conniving knave."

"True."

"However, I see no reason why this should affect your fondness for Margie, do you?"

"None at all," he waved. "I don't endorse guilt by association."

"Then I know you'd not want to do anything to hurt her, would you?"

"Most assuredly not," he averred emphatically.

"In that case," said Sue, "you'd best haul out that contract of sale and substitute my name for Bowman's."

"What do you mean?" he frowned.

"I mean," she stated flatly, "that unless you sell to me I'll never again let my daughter see you."

"What?"

"Precisely. I'll chain your betrothed to a bedpost if she attempts to come over here against my orders."

"But this is monstrous!" he gasped.

"If I have to," she vowed, "I'll post armed guards around my place to prevent trysts."

"Of all the villainous —— I believe you actually would!"

"Definitely. Here's another prune to chew on: The Bowman and marriage ideas were quick, inexpensive ways to get this thicket away from you. They failed. But in the long run, there's really no possible way you can prevent me from getting the orchards."

"Isn't there?"

"You know there isn't. You're forced to sell to pay off the debts, and no matter who the buyer is, eventually, with Bowman's financial help, I'll money-talk the new owner into selling to me."

"So?"

"So why needlessly make Margie miserable when your brother's silly wish never can be fulfilled anyway? Think how she'll miss those bedtime stories, the baseball games, the fishing trips, the romps, the ——"

"Stop it," he ordered. "You're inhuman."

"You'd be inhuman to refuse," she pursued. "She adores and idolizes you, Arthur. Think how brokenhearted the poor little thing's going to be if she never can see you again. You talk of pimples, psychoses and phobias—why she might ——"

"That—that's enough." He held up a restraining hand and walked uncertainly across the porch, Sue dogging his heels.

"Well, Arthur?" she goaded.

He didn't turn. "If it weren't for Margie, I'd ——"

"She's at home right now tearfully praying you won't make a stupid, wrong decision, Arthur." She seized his arm. "Well?"

"I ——" Suddenly he spun around. "Take the ranch!" he exclaimed. "And I hope every prune has the pip."

"Don't be bitter," she smiled sweetly. "Shall we sign the contract?"

"Yes," he retorted. "Let's get it over with."

On the kitchen table they signed the papers. "That settles it," he growled. "I hope you're finally satisfied."

"Not quite," said Sue, standing. "There's one more thing."

"One more ——"

"This." Violently, she ripped the contract to shreds and threw it down. "There's your scaly ranch!" she shouted.

"You—you really don't want it?" He blinked, leaping up.

"No," Sue cried. "And if you care to check with your precious Margie, you'll find I converted her yesterday, before you ever uncovered the resale deal."

"Sue, I ——"

The screen door banged. "I'm hungry," Margie objected, pounding in. "Aren't we going to have dinner?"

She obviously had not been tearfully praying, Arthur saw. "Yes," he sang out happily. "We're just leaving." He kissed Margie affectionately, then straightened and looked at Sue.

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"No," said Sue.

"What?"

"No," she repeated firmly. "You only want me for my daughter."

"What's she mean?" asked Margie.

"I mean I made a mistake," Sue exclaimed. "He doesn't love me. You can forget about having Arthur for a father. I'm not going to marry a man who doesn't ——"

"Look!" Margie cried suddenly, pointing through the door to the living room. "You've been hung! You've made the line-up!"

From the precise middle of Arthur's elite group, right alongside Margie, Sue's picture smiled down beautifully, triumphantly, from above the mantel.

"It's—ah—been there quite some time," said Arthur. "But figuring you only wanted the ranch, I ——"

Margie didn't wait to see if the kiss ever was going to end. With an exuberant cry, she took off to inform all the neighbors of the good news.

"My mother," she told them happily, "is going to marry my father!"

THE END

YOU BE THE JUDGE

By JOSEPH M. DAWSON

A VERY hefty iceman, nicknamed "Tiny," started up the back stairs to Mrs. McGinty's house with the usual fifty-pound block of ice. Suddenly the stairs collapsed, throwing him to the ground with a jar that broke several bones. As soon as he could get a lawyer, he sued Mrs. McGinty.

"The owner of a house is obligated to keep it in a state of repair that will prevent stairs from collapsing and injuring visiting tradespeople," Tiny contended through his lawyer.

"Perhaps so, but those stairs didn't fall down when the laundryman, the grocery boy and other delivery men used them," Mrs. McGinty countered. "They gave way only when this 250-pounder overtaxed them. After all, they were built for people of average weight. A home owner shouldn't have to put in special foundations to handle the heaviest people who might come along on an errand."

If you were the judge, would you rule that the stairway collapse was Tiny's own fault?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Tiny collected nearly $1000. While recognizing that he was unusually heavy, the court pointed out that he had used the same stairs several times a week for two years and was entitled to assume they would support a load that, man and ice, came to 300 pounds.

Based upon a 1947 decision of the Louisiana Court of Appeal, Second Circuit.

You Be the Judge is primarily for entertainment, not advice. As state laws vary, these decisions may not apply everywhere nor at all times. This department is well stocked. Further contributions are not wanted.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

(Continued from Page 24)

forty-eight square miles, served by a terminal-railroad system which moves most of the 9,000,000 tons of freight which the port handles in a normal year. Berths for ocean-going ships total forty-seven, with as many more for coastwise vessels. A sheltered area, known as Coal Harbor, provides an anchorage for the deep-sea fishing fleet. Seven elevators can store more than 18,000,000 bushels of grain, and around the shore are shipyards which produce freighters and naval vessels, and major dry docks. Fifteen miles up the Fraser River is another deep-water port, New Westminster, handling more than 1,000,000 tons of freight and visited by 500 sea-going ships a year. Though the two cities retain separate identities, their economies have merged into one great coastal community. To the casual visitor, in fact, it is not easy to tell where one ends and the other begins, though residents of New Westminster break into a slow burn when their map location is mentioned as "just outside Vancouver."

Ever since the railroad arrived, muses Charles Thompson, a prosperous automobile dealer, who until a few months ago was mayor of Vancouver, some fool outlander has been predicting that the town would come to a bad end. In the beginning, the scoffers wanted to know how anybody could make a living in a shacktown where two streaks of rust met an empty basin of water. But the pioneers flocked in anyway, and the place prospered. Later, the prophets of doom predicted that a decline in the transpacific trade would wipe the place out. The town and the trade kept growing. By the time the movement of goods to and from the Orient and Australia went out of kilter after World War I, as a result of revised trade agreements and, later, political and military upsets in the Far East, a great interocean traffic, via the Panama Canal, had taken up the slack. During the same period coastal trade began to develop enormous tonnages. Even when the cold hand of the '30's gripped North America, a handful of Johnnies-come-lately and old-timers were tinkering with the vast resources of the hinterland, and, presto, while most places were still nursing economic hang-overs, Vancouver was front-running again. As Thompson sees it, "Nothing can stop this town! She hits too well in the clutches!"

This civic evangelism is highly communicable. When seasonal or externally induced economic landslides hit the city, the inhabitants remain convinced that everything will be fine tomorrow. On these occasions, posters sponsored by Canada's National Employment Service appear in post offices and railroad stations across the country, urging work seekers not to head for the Coast. Vancouver winces visibly on reading this "bad publicity," and the remark is sometimes heard that it would be a good idea if the federals, back east in Ottawa, would mind their own business. In any case, the jobless pay little heed. No matter the state of business east of the Rockies, job hunters cross the mountains in thousands every winter, presumably on the assumption that if the worst happens, it is less unpleasant to be unemployed where the weather is likely to be reasonable than in the deep chill of the Canadian prairies. One result is that in the best of times more panhandling goes on in downtown Vancouver from New Year's through April than in any comparable Canadian area.

It is sometimes said that the admittedly temperate climate suffers from the malady of oversalesmanship. Though summers are sunny and the thermometer seldom climbs above seventy degrees, the winter at sea level is wet and addicted to the vapors—fogs which obscure the magnificent view of the mountains across the harbor, even from so adjacent a vantage point as a high window in the swank Hotel Vancouver. The brochure writers casually ignore such figures as an annual rainfall in excess of fifty-eight inches and stress a slogan which proclaims Vancouver as Canada's Evergreen Playground. The phrase, they insist, is responsible for a major part of the annual influx of more than 1,000,000 visitors, who leave $30,000,000 in the hands of hotels and storekeepers. It has also been known to annoy drenched winter tourists who came west expecting sunshine. Occasionally even the greenery disappears, and snow blankets the city, accompanied by near-zero temperatures, as happened for three weeks during January, 1950. At such times the tourist promoters are men bereft, to the amusement, it must be added, of their fellow townsmen. The day the No. 1 Evergreen Playgrounder, an enthusiast named Leo Sweeney, caught a plane south to escape the freeze, Vancouver chuckled aloud and in print. As one columnist explained, Mr. Sweeney's hurried exit made the "typically eastern" cold spell more bearable for stay-at-homes, shivering in houses unequipped with storm windows—an item which suggests a healthy communal sense of humor.

How things are in Vancouver is always plainly visible right where Van Horne started his ruckus—at the point of contact of the harbor, the railroads and the business district. When times are good, gigantic log booms in tow to waterside sawmills or into storage areas in the Fraser with a capacity of 800,000,000 board feet weave through the port traffic from first light to dusk. Units of a fleet of 250 seagoing tugs haul barges loaded with freight cars to and from Vancouver Island points. Others make the swing into an adjacent fiord, Howe Sound. From its upper end, a remarkable mountain-goat railroad, the Pacific Great Eastern, takes off into the rugged northern interior to serve lumbering and mining operations and some fine ranching country in the valleys between mountain ranges.

In recent years Vancouver has become primarily a center for the processing and shipping of natural resources from its hinterland, the supply of which is locally regarded as inexhaustible. True or false, it is clear that the back country is doing fine for itself and for the city it feeds. Its lumber industry is rated at $468,000,000 a year, and mining is worth another $150,000,000. Mills tucked into coastal inlets roll out more than 800,000 tons of pulp and paper and 120,000 tons of rayon pulp annually. Fish-processing plants press against the mountains in almost every bay, clear up to the Alaska panhandle, and the Fraser itself is the greatest of all sockeye-salmon rivers.

The outcome of these activities, in dollar terms, funnels into Vancouver, where the lumber magnates, the papermakers, the fish shippers and mine-owners look down from shiny offices into Hastings and Pender streets, once the heart of shacktown. The inflow turns the wheels of more than 1850 manufacturing plants in the metropolitan area. The volume of goods produced annually has increased by 500 per cent during the past twenty years, and the city's industrial payroll has passed the $200,000,000 mark.

Upcountry activities also pour droves of picturesquely garbed lumberjacks and miners into town in search of relaxations which, all things considered, are strangely decorous. Holidaying loggers, seamen off ships of a dozen nations, prospectors out from the interior, a Chinese population second only to San Francisco's and the largest Hindu community in North America, give a daub of gaudiness to the downtown scene. But the rakehell habits which might be expected of this cosmopolitan assembly are either absent or invisible.

At no point in its hurrying career, in fact, has Vancouver attracted serious attention as a frontier hellion. Occasional snooty visitors have used such words as "bumptious" and "brash" to describe its ways—and have been greeted with merry laughter by the liveliest press in Canada—but if anybody ever took time out to charge the inhabitants with loose or vicious habits, the item has been carefully concealed. It may be that complicated ground rules about drinking, invented by the provincial government, tone down communal deportment; a debatable point. Liquor is available by the bottle in government stores, but the purchaser may consume it legally only at home or in his hotel room. Taverns serve only beer and separate the unescorted female drinker from the male. Hotel dining rooms, restaurants and night spots are bone-dry. Yet clubs, which anybody willing to post a two-dollar entrance fee may join, are allowed to sell highballs and cocktails. And when Vancouverites step out after dark, those who like a drink simply ignore the rules and park their bottles under the table. A plain-spoken campaign to amend the rules has been going on ever since V-J day, notably in the editorial columns of the widely read, crusading paper, the Sun. Up to now the legislature, which sits at Victoria, on Vancouver Island, has not troubled to act. The opinion is strongly held by many Vancouverites that the lawmakers, most of whom reside elsewhere, enjoy inconveniencing the metropolis—a clue to the local antipathy to external interventions.

In contrast to the postponing ways of the provincial administration, there is nothing sluggish about the manner in which Vancouver goes into action in matters within its own control. A fine example is the face-lifting program of the Town Planning Commission, a continuous performance. The commission's executive engineer, J. Alexander Walker, makes the point that the city fathers have never taken the trouble to accept an over-all program officially. The council simply carries out the planners' recommendations, with a score of approximately 90 per cent over the past twenty years. Like everything else in town, Walker adds, the plan is in a constant state of flux. The frequent jumps in population would upset any rigid program. The citizens also insist that the role of an administration is to get things done or make way for one that will. An important result of this dynamic attitude is a freer flow of traffic than is found in most major cities. Instead of holding interminable debates about ways and means, when snarls develop Vancouver breaks its bottlenecks before they congeal and worries about the bills later.

This free-and-easy attitude about money stems directly from faith in the future. While older and more conservative communities were closing the door on what remained of civic bank rolls in the 1930's, Vancouver was pursuing a policy described in its optimistic argot as "spending for tomorrow." As its colorful and flamboyant mayor, the late G. G. (Gerry) McGeer, saw it, idle contractors would be glad to accept bonds in lieu of cash. Land values were down, and the cost of building materials was low. A civic construction program would take citizens off relief rolls. Why not build a new city hall, even though the till was empty? Vancouver applauded, while staid eastern financial writers solemnly predicted a trip to the bankruptcy court. What resulted is regarded locally as "the finest city hall in Canada," not without good reason. Vancouver evinced no surprise when the bonds were paid off on schedule. In its own opinion, the town can meet any obligation, any time. Recent statements by real-estate experts that the hall's current replacement value is at least five times the original cost are regarded as an illustration of normal western foresight.

A favorite folk tale concerns the building of the finest of Vancouver's

"There! I told you it was fireproof!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

many bridges, the superb lattice of steel cables, etched against a mountain backdrop, which spans the narrow harbor entry, known as the Lions' Gate. As the story goes, a local real-estate man named A. J. T. Taylor was gazing out a sea-view window in the Vancouver Club, back in the 1920's, when his eye became conscious of empty spaces high on the Hollyburn Ridge, across the inlet.

Mr. Taylor promptly got up off his chair and left for England. Some time later he returned in a private railway car, accompanied by members of the Anglo-Irish brewing family, the Guinnesses, headed by the Earl and Countess of Iveagh. The party repaired immediately to the window Taylor had left so abruptly. After one look, the admiring visitors bought and incorporated a Canadian Alp, and set about landscaping a development currently described, with magnificent understatement for Vancouver, as "a window on a great city."

To reach the Guinness mountaintop by road from the city involved driving several miles up one side of Burrard Inlet and as many down the other, before even starting up 1200 almost perpendicular feet. Lord Iveagh signed a check for $6,000,000 to bridge the Lions' Gate. His troubles were only beginning, however. The federal government, 2500 miles away in Ottawa, fussed about having its navigable waters spanned. Various do-good groups fretted about the magnificent trees which would be felled along the approaches—anything capable of sprouting greenery is sacred hereabouts. Municipal administrations on each side of the gate played hard to get. Several years passed before the title was cleaned up. When construction was finally about to begin, another "government"—that of the local Squamish tribe—protested the removal of a large rock where the southern anchor for the bridge would go in. The rock, the braves pointed out, actually was a lady named Sa-nuz, who had been turned into stone for some long-forgotten misdemeanor.

The Guinnesses, probably jaded by years of debate, simply had the plans changed.

The "longest single-span suspension bridge in the British Empire" was opened in 1938. The record notes the crossing of the first pedestrian, a professional hiker named Abe Lomas, who had strolled twenty miles into town to win immortality. It also gives the name of the principal in the first funeral cortege and that of the first person to jump from a guardrail. A more mundane statistic reveals that almost 15,000 people now cross the bridge every day, a clue to what happened as soon as the span was finished—a mass movement over the Lions' Gate to practically everywhere on the north shore but the Guinnesses' high acres.

Vancouverites are the first to call attention to this phenomenon, as a clear illustration of the faith which the invigorating Pacific air instills even in strangers.

That people flocked to build along the shore, not up the hill, did not cause so much as the flutter of a brewer's eyelash, according to this line of boostering. The Guinnesses had faith in Vancouver, and faith that ultimately its homemakers would begin to climb, which is precisely what happened.

When the Guinnesses returned to Britain, they left an amiable relative, Charles Peregrine Heathcote Drummond Willoughby, in Vancouver to keep an eye on the family investment, which now tops $13,000,000. Their semiperpendicular suburb is now filling up rapidly. The average resident, according to a personable young woman named Muriel May, who sells the lots and is regarded locally as "Canada's top real-estate salesman," is the young executive of promise—and presumably a little cash. The lady speaks of the son-in-law and daughter of the Norwegian consul general and the family of a Second World War brigadier by the name of Murphy as typical mountaintoppers.

The eyrie has also attracted fugitives from such frontier regions as Oregon, Washington and California, South Africans and South Americans and a few old China hands. For these fortunate people, life is like a constant air-liner ride. Their suburb in the sky is equipped with amenities no luxury plane can offer, however. The fanciest of these is a $500,000, 6850-yard golf course just below the summit of the ridge, where a sliced drive is likely to flush a pheasant or contact a browsing deer, and the duffer can throw away his clubs and cast a trout fly into one of three lakes that were originally intended as water hazards.

Also across the Lions' Gate, in full view of the business district, are such streams as the Capilano, where "the biggest steelhead trout ever caught in British Columbia" was taken recently. Fine tyee-salmon water is not far away. Nearby are the magnificent ski slopes. In respect to these, the Vancouver Tourist Association likes to note that it is possible for the athlete to latch onto his skis at a log chalet, almost 4000 feet up Grouse Mountain, slide down, hop a bus and within half an hour be bathing in warm salt water in the inner suburbs of Kitsilano or English Bay, over on the city side.

Less hurried mortals, back from riding the ski lift just for the view, tend to drive slowly through these pleasant neighborhoods and on out to Point Grey, a long sandstone finger protruding into the Strait of Georgia. Hereabouts the first white man to set foot in the vicinity of Vancouver, the Spaniard Don José Narváez, came ashore in 1791 and, like Captain Vancouver a year later, promptly put to sea again. A roadside plaque, commemorating Don José's courtesy call, is no longer Point Grey's principal attraction, however. The promontory is now the site of Vancouver's proudest possession, the University of British Columbia, standing in a campus of 548 acres.

The setting of U.B.C. has been described with becoming modesty in an official brochure as "sharing with Cape Town (University) the honors for the finest in the world"—a tie for first place which has involved a not-inconsiderable achievement. The school, born in dingy downtown quarters in 1915, trekked to Point Grey in 1922 and literally tore the campus out of virgin bush, with the barehanded help of a student body which has been digging and building ever since. U.B.C. alumni are Canada's most alma-mater conscious. Having literally bludgeoned funds for the first Point Grey buildings, as students, out of a reluctant provincial legislature—by whipping up the enthusiastic support of the townsfolk—senior grads accept as *noblesse oblige* the chores of raising money for expansion, and their juniors follow suit. Undergraduates, constantly needled by a motto, *tuum est*—"it's up to you"—provide labor for landscaping projects and to clear playing fields. In this atmosphere of perpetual excitement, Canada's youngest university already has become its second in enrollment—en route, of course, to the top.

As might be expected, U.B.C. professors like to say that no ivory towers will ever be built on Point Grey. Many courses are tailored to frontier needs, including an outstanding school of oceanography and what may easily be "the finest forestry faculty in North America," which operates its own logging and conservation projects back in the Rockies. Even in its teaching of long-haired subjects, U.B.C. takes the lively approach. Its late Prof. G. G. Sedgewick, recognized as one of North America's outstanding Shakespearean authorities, owed much of his renown—and certainly his popularity with the student body—to his ability to "make the Bard seem to be living in modern Vancouver."

Over Faculty Club lunch tables, staff members like to spin anecdotes lighting up the school's addiction to the sprightly spirit of the town. An oft-told item has to do with how its action-loving president, Norman A. M. (Larry) Mackenzie, solved the housing problem for married veterans. The story goes that Doctor Mackenzie, wearying of exchanging letters with the federal authorities, went on a scouting expedition and, at New Westminster, "found" a number of unoccupied Quonset huts, guarded by a detachment of Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Returning during an overcast night with a convoy of borrowed trucks and a battalion of students, the prexy carried the huts away to Point Grey while the Mounties kept their shades conveniently drawn.

True or false, such tales endear Mackenzie, a man of great scholarly attainments, to the community which abuts on his campus. Vancouver has always preferred the doer to the dreamer. When its elderly Lawren Harris, one of two or three people who might qualify as the dean of Canadian painters, suggested that the city needed a new art gallery, he had no trouble picking up checks for more than $200,000 for a building fund. And the fact that it would be "Western Canada's first full-time symphony orchestra" is said to have clinched the bank roll for the excellent organization which went on to give an unconscionable number of concerts per season under the baton of Jacques Singer.

In Vancouver, according to General Manager V. Ben Williams, of the Pacific National Exhibition, the smart trick for a man in search of help is to "stress that you plan to go to the top, and you're in." Mr. Williams should know. His exhibition, comparable to a major state fair, plays to more than 500,000 people during Exhibition Week, which happens toward the end of summer and is British Columbia's show window for its industrial and agricultural products. At least another 500,000 people visit the $2,500,000 plant, set in 167 landscaped acres, during the rest of the year to watch hockey games in the arena, play an eighteen-hole golf course, skate on artificial ice or try the roller-skating rink. The exhibition began as a small-time fair in 1908. Now a civic enterprise and money-maker, it is up in second place among Canadian exhibitions. The reason, says its general manager, is that his directorate of senators, magnates, labor leaders, professional men and professors are typical Vancouverites—the shirt-sleeved type who take on chores with a determination to do them.

It is considered a major crime hereabouts, in fact, to sit back and admire either personal or communal laurels instead of doing something to add to them. An outstanding case in point is what goes on around Stanley Park, 1000 acres of beauty occupying a peninsula jutting into the harbor, which nobody doubts is "the finest urban park in Canada." Among its qualifications are a golf course, twenty-three tennis courts, two tidal pools and two beaches, thirty miles of bridle paths, a nine-mile-perimeter driveway, a theater under the stars, grounds for such diverse pursuits as cricket, lawn bowling, softball, soccer and archery, botanical gardens, a bird sanctuary, an excellent restaurant, blooms which included 110,000 daffodils last year, no keep-off-the-grass signs, a fine collection of totems, an artillery piece—fired by remote control from the city—which booms every night at nine while Vancouver sets its wrist watches, and, of course, some of the world's tallest and thickest trees. There is even a children's zoo, where youngsters are allowed inside the cages to play with young coyotes, deer and, of all things, baby skunks! Another feature is checkerboards, twelve feet square, enthusiastically patronized by elderly gentlemen. Anywhere else, the citizens would be ready to call it a complete park. But every year something new and super is added to Stanley.

A profound observation maintains that Vancouver is the City of Unfinished Business. A ramshackle building may lean against a wall of the smart Hudson's Bay Company department store. Fine. Somebody will tear the old structure down tomorrow to start a new skyscraper. All this hustle to get ahead results in a strange mixture of the handsome and the ramshackle; the air of a city that is up on its toes and going places. Citizens boast that there isn't a sacred relic anywhere, unless it is the first locomotive that came hooting out of the Fraser Canyon in 1887, now perched on a short length of track near the beach at Kitsilano.

Its hemmed-in isolation on the flats between the impregnable mountain barrier and the sea has never turned Vancouver's eyes inward—yet the isolation is not altogether imaginary. Storm and fog can close the harbor mouth. Avalanches and slides of mud and rock often block the canyons out back. Floods can devastate the farmlands which feed the town. But when the fog clears, or the floods subside, or the railroaders dig their trains out of the avalanches, the sprawling giant is still there, growing bigger and richer all the time. The tryst, as Vancouver sees it, is with Destiny, up at the top of the league. It aims to keep it—or bust a gusset trying! THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

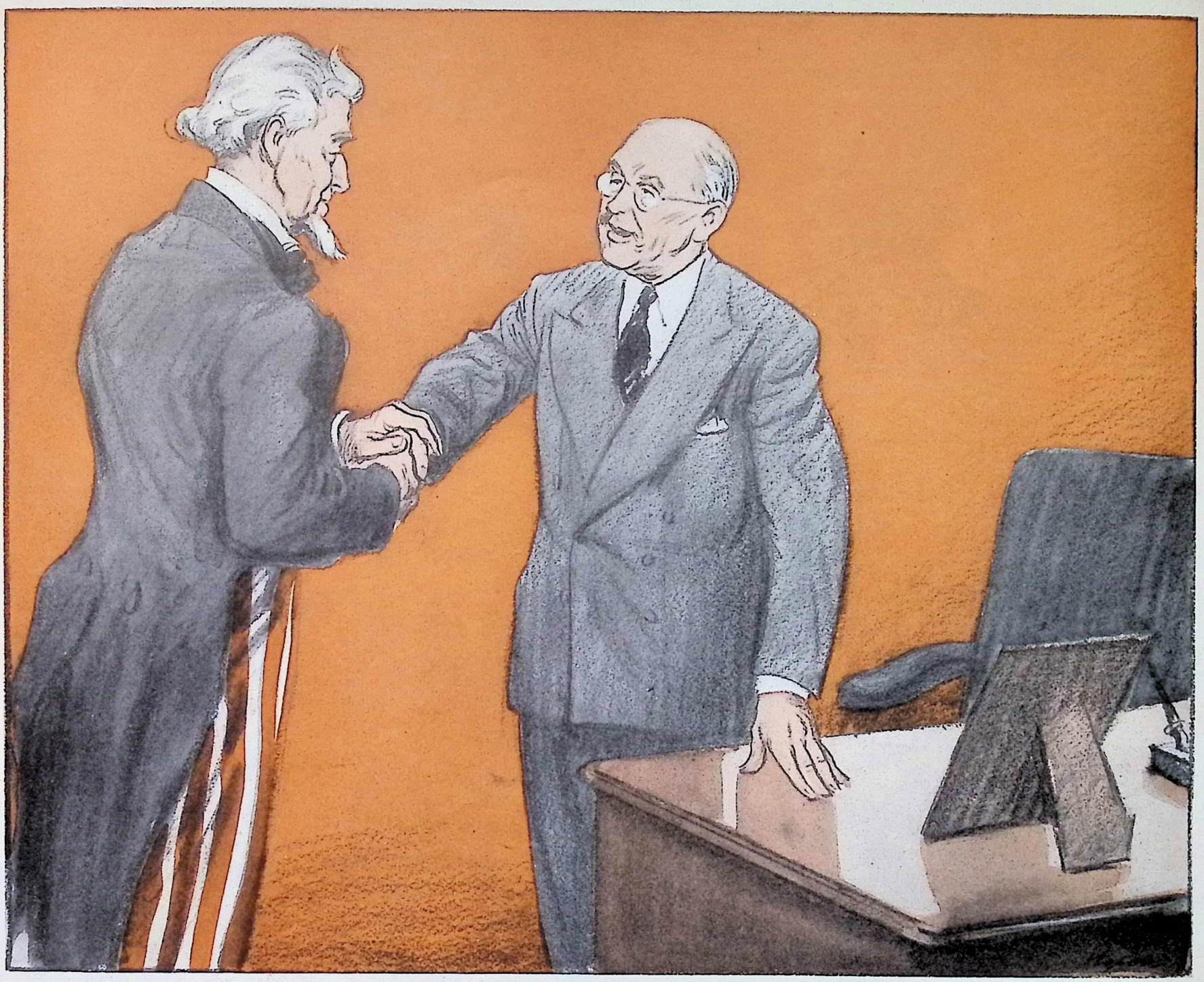
MISS APPREHENSION

By Irene Warsaw

Among the maxims Franklin penned
For working out life's plan,
I saw these words: ". . . let every New Year
Find you a better Man."

I must admit that startled me
And lashed my waning pride.
If any year found me one man
I'd be quite satisfied.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Business leaders *volunteered*, too–

and 10 years ago The Advertising Council was born

It all started during the first dark days of World War II.

One of Uncle Sam's biggest problems was how to get a thousand and one things done *voluntarily* on the home front. Public-spirited business leaders offered their services *free*.

They formed The Advertising Council to tell the story. They called upon America's unmatched communications forces to help. Soon millions of messages were going out in magazines, newspapers, radio and posters, without cost to the taxpayer.

Wars take money. So the Council got behind the Treasury's War Bond Drives, and the nation responded as it always does to a just cause.

Wars chew up raw materials fast. So the Council helped Uncle Sam conduct salvage campaigns for metals, fats and paper. Again, *you* met the need.

Forest fires were robbing the country of one of our most needed raw materials. Millions of acres of valuable timber were being lost through human carelessness. The Council and Smokey, the fire-preventin' bear, soon made the public forest-fire conscious—and more careful. Vast stores of timber were saved.

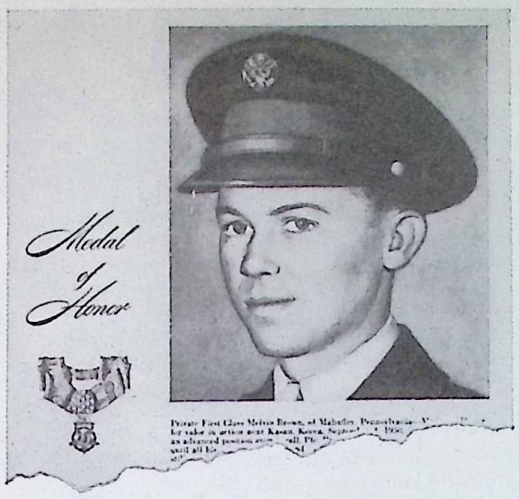
Then came campaigns on Victory Gardens, "loose talk," rationing, nurse recruitment and many others. And each time, when they learned of the need, our people acted.

But this voluntary service did not end with the war. By popular demand, it began to help such peacetime causes as Savings Bonds, Highway Safety, Community Chests, Red Cross, Economic Education, Crusade for Freedom, Better Schools, Civil Defense and Blood Donation.

Over a billion and a half dollars in advertising space and time have been given freely by American business to do these vital jobs in the public interest. Hardly an American but knows about them and has had some part in their progress.

This publication salutes The Advertising Council on its Tenth Anniversary as a wonderful example of American teamwork. Its achievements are a tribute to the whole American people—to business that supports its activities—to all those devoted workers, in so many fields, who have helped year after year to tell you what needed doing. But most of all to *you* who *did* it!

Although there are more picnickers and campers in the woods each year, the number of forest fires has been cut by about 10,000 annually. When the campaign began, there were more than 200,000 destructive forest fires per year, most of them caused by human carelessness. Smokey has helped us all to be more careful and prevent such waste.



Reminded by ads like this, contributed by the magazines of America at no cost to Uncle Sam or the taxpayer, you now own over $35 billion in Defense Bonds.

When scrap is needed quickly to keep our defense plants rolling, ads like this, sponsored by leading business and trade publications, help to make that need known.

The Advertising Council

What it is and what it does

As it starts on its second decade, The Advertising Council is a fine example of the conscience of America in action. It is a voluntary organization—independent, non-profit, non-partisan—dedicated to the welfare and progress of all our people. The Council donates its services to the causes it aids.

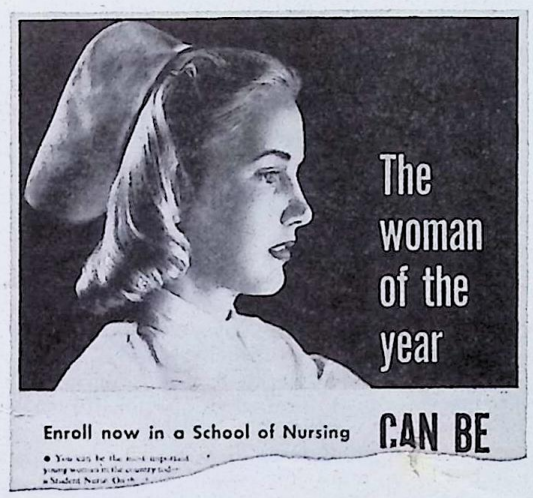
It is composed largely of advertisers, advertising agencies and media, including magazines, newspapers, radio and television, the outdoor and transportation advertising groups.

The Council's budget is contributed by business generally. Space and time for Council programs are donated by advertisers and media. Advertising agencies provide free creative talent for the preparation of campaign materials.

As the first organized, systematic method of getting important messages to the public quickly, the Council annually reviews hundreds of requests for help from government agencies and leading non-profit organizations which have learned that advertising—through simplification, dramatization and repetition—spot-lights needs and gets things done.

Closely associated with the Council is an Industries Advisory Committee consisting of 38 business leaders and a Public Policy Committee which evaluates requests for campaigns. The latter includes 20 leading representatives of management, labor, education, agriculture, religion, medicine and journalism.

All these good Americans have accomplished much by working together. But so much *more* still remains to be done! This publication is confident that The Advertising Council will continue to do its part by giving you the facts about national problems as they arise, so that in the future as in the past, they will be met in the traditional voluntary American way.

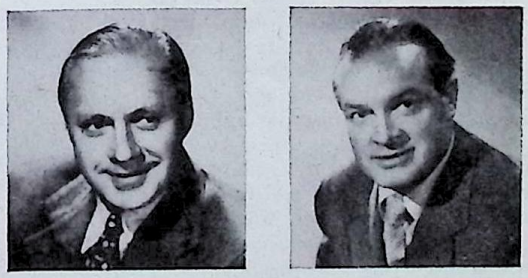


You learned of the nurse shortage from ads like this, many contributed by daily, weekly and labor newspapers. In five years, 418,000 young women have responded.

We must increase productivity all along the line if we are to meet our defense needs and maintain a strong civilian economy. House magazines of leading companies carry ads like this regularly.

Take your time - not your life!
• CROSS AT THE CORNER
• LOOK BOTH WAYS
• WALK WITH THE LIGHT
Don't Jaywalk - the life you save ... may be your own!

The posters you see along the thoroughfares and in your transportation vehicles often carry messages in the public interest. Posters like this have helped to cut down percentage of fatal accidents to miles traveled. The space is given by the Outdoor and Transportation advertising industries.



The messages you see and hear over radio and television on behalf of national causes such as Better Schools, Blood Donors, CARE, Fight Inflation and Racial and Religious Prejudice are scheduled by the Council. Stars, advertisers, agencies, networks and local stations all cooperate.

THE COUNCIL ALSO SERVES the American Cancer Society, American Heritage, American Relief for Korea, Boy Scouts, Brotherhood Week, Christmas Seals, 4-H Clubs, Flag Day, Girls Clubs of America, Girl Scouts, Heart Fund, Religion in American Life, Salvation Army, Sponsorships for D.P.'s, United Negro Colleges, and many other projects in the public interest.

A PUBLIC SERVICE PROJECT
THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL

This advertisement is contributed by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST *magazine as a public service.*

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH TRIPLETS?

(Continued from Page 29)

it is often possible to thumb through height-weight charts for 100 children and pick out those of identical twins. The identicalness extends to X rays of bone development. The bone structure is so much alike that an X ray of one identical's hand usually can be almost exactly superimposed on the other's at any given age. As alike as their hands are, nevertheless, their fingerprints are easily distinguishable—a fact that doubtless will come as a great disappointment to mystery-story fans.

Psychologically, the one-egg pair among triplets make strikingly similar responses to various tests of their personalities and mental attitudes, a fact evident in testing their ability to withstand stress. One of the Fels techniques is called the cold-pressor test, and it consists of holding a foot in a bucket of icy water. The identicals reached the limit of their endurance quickly and at almost the same time. Their second-egg, or fraternal, brother, in contrast, showed a much greater capacity to take it. This is in accord with the general observation that the fraternal member of triplets, being different, tends to become much more of an individual—sometimes perhaps more resourceful, or friendlier, or naughtier.

In its totality the Fels project involves the observation of more than 250 children from prenatal to adult life. It is still in progress, but the McClellans, the Kramers, the Bremers and the Hardys have not waited to reach conclusions as to how triplets shaped their lives.

Invariably, it seems, life with triplets starts in a state of shocked surprise. Mrs. Robert D. Bremer, 72 East Beechwood Street, Dayton, mother of Dale, Daniel and David, who are ten, gained so much weight during her pregnancy that the doctor accused her of not following the diet he had given her. When she became ill, mainly as the result of going hungry, he ordered an X ray and saw triple.

Shortly before the discovery, Mr. Bremer, an electrical engineer, and their daughter, Margaret, then three, had been vainly waiting on a street corner for Mrs. Bremer. Concerned about what might have happened, he went to the doctor's office. It was after office hours and the waiting room was empty. As he entered, Bremer heard the nurse back in the X-ray room say, "There are two," and then, "No, there are three." He was speechless.

Mrs. Bremer's first words were, "What will I ever do with three babies?"

Mrs. Fred J. Kramer, 725 Wellmeier Avenue, Dayton, burst into tears when her doctor told her that she would have triplets and they probably would not all survive birth. Those triplets, Henry, John and Fred, are now twenty-three and in the Army, two in Korea and one a wounded returnee. Mrs. Sylvester Hardy, wife of a Negro postal employee, 622 South Plum Street, Springfield, Ohio, did not know in advance, and burst into tears when informed that her "child" was triplets. Sandra, Shirley and Sylvia are now thirteen.

The news was just as taxing on Hardy himself. At the time the triplets appeared, he was a happy mail carrier who planned to move his wife, daughter, Joan, and "the new baby" into a new home as soon as Mrs. Hardy returned from the hospital. She had suspected twins, but the doctor had assured her it would be one.

The Hardys were still in their old house, without telephone or hot water, when her labor pains began. He went to a neighbor's house to phone the doctor. Mrs. Hardy had intended to go to the hospital, but, by the time her husband returned, the pains were coming regularly, severely and close together. He rushed out and called the doctor again.

When the physician arrived, a baby was already on its way, leaving him only enough time to put on rubber gloves and welcome the little stranger into the world. Showing the infant to Hardy at the bedroom door, the doctor said, "Well, here's your baby. It's a girl." Hardy had hoped for a boy, but felt glad nonetheless, and ran downstairs to tell friends and relatives in the living room. The doctor called him back. "There's another one coming," he said. The idea of being the father of twins pleased Hardy, and he started down again. He was on the stair landing when the doctor called him once more. "Wait! My gosh," he yelled, "here's another one!"

It was a shaky man who went downstairs the third time. Unable to say anything to the people there, Hardy weakly held up three fingers. His spouse later insisted that his knees didn't stop shaking for a week. It is a fact that he took a few days off from work while his wife and the three babies went to the hospital. When she first learned that she was thrice blessed, Mrs. Hardy wept and wailed, "What will I ever do with three babies?"

Later, when she was a little more composed, she chided the doctor about his prediction of a single baby. "What do you say now?" she wanted to know.

"Well," he said briefly, "congratulations." When he billed them for three deliveries, however, the Hardys felt less felicitated than imposed upon by an unkind fate.

Triplets, it may be generalized, make life three times as complicated, three times as rewarding and three times as exhausting. Said Mrs. Bremer, "When I had my first baby, she took every minute of my time; the triplets took three times as much." Every mother agreed that gracious living flew out the window when the storks flew in, in squadrons of three. All four mothers said good-by to bridge clubs, church affairs, P.T.A. meetings, weekly visits to the beauty parlor and such frivolities.

Diapers are a good example of the way things pile up with triplets. Mrs. McClellan, who fortunately had a diaper service given to her, said that her triplets required 360 diapers a week, or about fifty-one a day. Mrs. Bremer said that she washed fifty-seven diapers a day, including Sundays, or 399 a week. Mrs. Hardy's reply was simply "I sure used a heck of a lot." This was certainly a justifiable statement, considering that she had to borrow every clothesline in the neighborhood when she hung out her washing. Mrs. Kramer, whose three boys were born in 1928, said that she preferred to forget the entire diaper episode.

The drama and distinction of having triplets provide some compensation for the trouble they cause their parents, and all mothers except one said they soon recovered from their first shock and became very happy with their three babies. One frankly admitted she was still opposed to the whole business.

Her attitude can be comprehended, of course, when you consider the problem of raising triplets. Usually the babies are of less than average weight and robustness at birth, and must remain in the hospital for several weeks after the mother goes home. That's an expense. This, above all else, is what gets the fathers down as time goes on: the hard economic fact that everything must come in threes—clothes, books, toys, chairs, beds, tricycles, everything including crying in the night, running noses and doctor bills. They are gratified, but not fully relieved, by the practice of various dairies, glassware, diaper, crib and other companies devoted to the promotion of babies to furnish one free service or another for some limited period of time.

When the triplets come home, the mother gets a secondary shock. She finds that all of a sudden she needs three hands or, better, three pairs of hands. There is no time for mothering, and most of the modern theories of baby care fall apart when inflation hits the nursery. Close physical communion between the mother and her newborn baby, which psychiatrists say is so important to the child's feeling of security and future happiness, is almost completely lacking. None of the Fels-study triplets, for instance, was breast-fed and none was ever held while feeding from a bottle.

From the start, all the triplets got their nourishment from a propped-up bottle and all were fed strictly according to schedule. None was demand-fed. None was picked up and fondled when it cried, or cuddled at any time. The only handling they all got was during bathing and diaper changing. It wasn't that their mothers were hardhearted or lacking in maternal instincts, but simply that there are limits to what a human being can do in a day's time.

Getting calories and vitamins into triplets becomes an acute problem during the spoon-feeding period. Cheryl, Nancy and Karen McClellan all had wonderful appetities as tots. Mrs. McClellan found that it took her forty-five minutes per child per meal, or nearly seven hours a day, to spoon-feed them one at a time.

When they got so that they could sit in high chairs, she arranged the three around her and spooned their spinach into them in rotation. This did not save any great amount of time, but at least all were fed together and all finished together.

Mrs. Bremer is an abundantly energetic woman who, like Mrs. McClellan, makes all of her children's clothing. She began with a healthy respect for the germ theory of disease, including the sterilizing of utensils and general precautions against cross-infection. Dale, Daniel and David Bremer each was equipped with his own bowl, spoon, plate and cup. The feeding process was not only tedious but messy. Dishes were dropped and milk was spilled.

Then, in desperation, Mrs. Bremer mixed all the food in one big bowl and, using one spoon and one cup, shoveled and poured food and drink into the three as they sat there like baby birds with their mouths open.

"When you have triplets," she observed, "you can't worry about germs. Besides, if one gets something, all will have it anyway, so there's no point in caution."

Mischief-making and the destructiveness that goes with it also treble. For example, there was the time that the Bremer boys started breaking eggs in their grandmother's barn. In a great, joyful burst of mob psychology, the three managed to smash four dozen eggs before they were apprehended. Moreover, they had stimulated one another in some novel thinking on ways to break eggs—such as over the backs of the hens.

The disciplining of triplets presents some interesting wrinkles. Mrs. McClellan finds it difficult to tell which of her little girls has been the naughty one. So, resorting to a practice that falls somewhat short of absolute justice, she sometimes spanks them all when one has done something wrong.

This does not seem to strike the girls as unjust, although they at times put things off on one another. On occasion, an innocent one has been punished when the mother took their word on the offender. It doesn't really matter, apparently; when one starts crying, all cry. The same is true of thumb-sucking; when one left thumb pops into one mouth, all left thumbs pop into all mouths.

(Continued on Page 74)

Can You Spell Down Our Authors?

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT

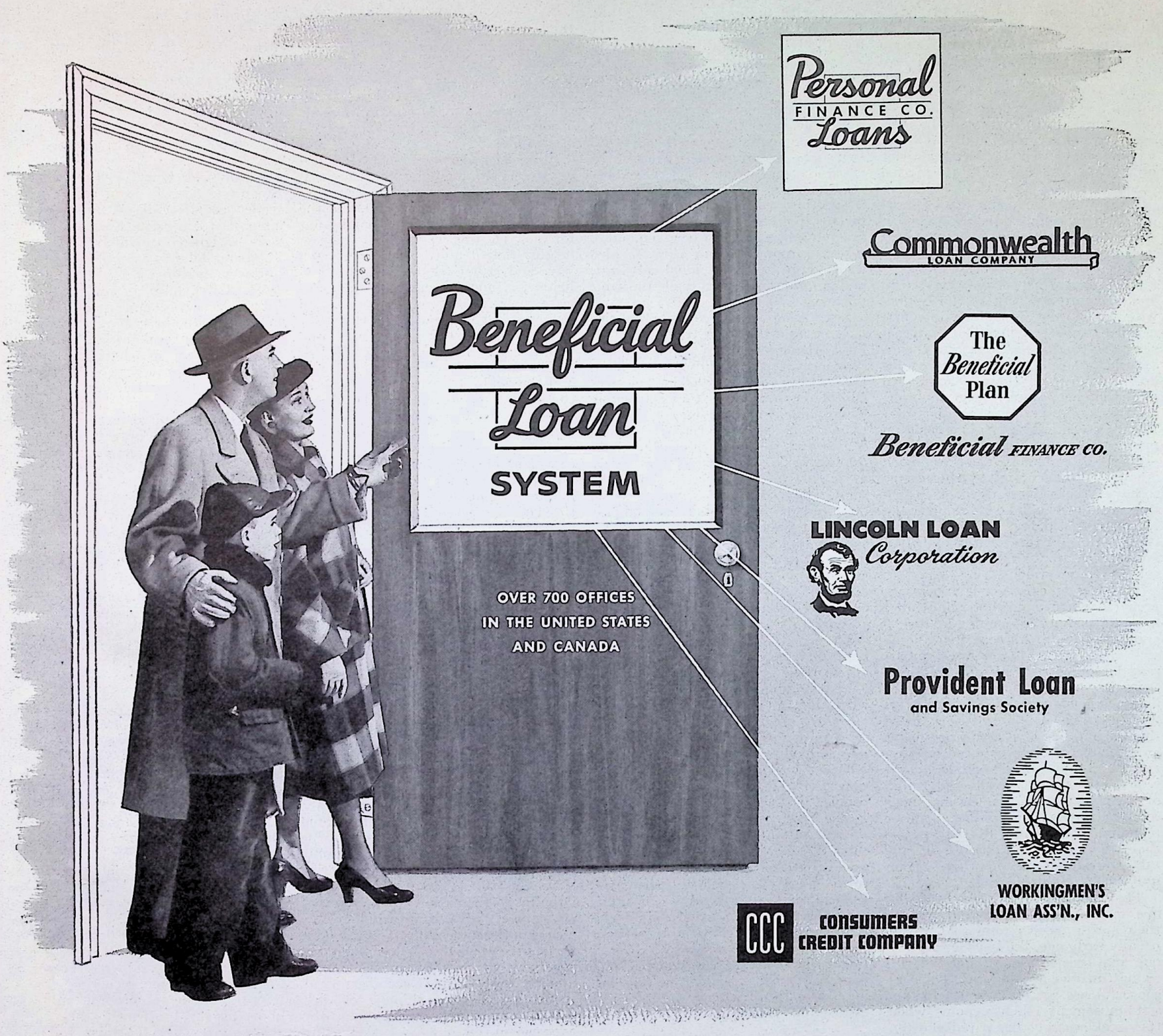
EXACTLY half of the words listed below are misspelled. Can you apprehend the culprits? These misspellings have not been selected arbitrarily, but are words that have been misspelled in Post manuscripts that have crossed my desk.

1. albumen
2. albumin
3. appocryphal
4. aquaduct
5. bellys
6. Buenos Airies
7. caroussel
8. chancellery
9. cogitating
10. concurrance
11. curcumstances
12. debilitated
13. discomfitted
14. Donneybrook
15. equilateral
16. feiry
17. gallinaceous
18. hacienda
19. Hambletonian
20. inanities
21. lattice
22. lettuce
23. magician
24. nectarine
25. oscillation
26. Pakistinian
27. persperation
28. princling
29. raillery
30. roccoco
31. rucus
32. saltcellar
33. sattelite
34. siezure
35. spagetti
36. swap

—HARLEY P. COOK.

(Correct spellings of the culprits on Page 74)

For a booklet containing twenty-six of these spelling quizzes, address The Curtis Publishing Company, Box 1917, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Single copies 20 cents. For school and college use, $2.00 a dozen; $15.00 a hundred.



Doorway to over a million beneficial loans...

THROUGH THE DOORS of these *subsidiary companies* of Beneficial Loan Corporation passed the people to whom more than a million small loans were made this year. These loans were family size, averaging $297.

When IS a loan beneficial?

The ***Beneficial*** symbol above identifies these subsidiary companies and symbolizes their philosophy that a loan is beneficial *only* if it serves the best interests of the individual. Families who seek loans regard this symbol as the sign of a long established and responsible organization rendering a friendly and helpful loan service geared to family requirements.

Loans on character and personal possessions

These are responsible people who need a *temporary loan* to meet an emergency or to take advantage of an opportunity. More than one third own their homes . . . 71 per cent carry life insurance . . . 28 per cent have savings accounts . . . 20 per cent possess savings bonds or postal savings.

This ***Beneficial*** service is made possible because thousands of investors have made *their savings* available, through these companies, for this worthwhile purpose.

Beneficial Loan Corporation

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

(Continued from Page 72)

Triplets, it is noteworthy, seem to make up what they lack in attention from their parents through the love and affection they bestow on one another. As a result, they probably wind up with no more tendency toward feeling rejected and insecure than the average single child. The bond is particularly strong between the identical twins of triplets which include a fraternal member.

The McClellan identicals, Cheryl and Nancy, to illustrate, held hands in their cribs and showed a closer interest in each other than in the odd triplet, Karen—whose hair, incidentally, is straight in contrast to the others' curly locks. Sandra and Shirley Hardy likewise reached out from their cribs and clasped hands, leaving their fraternal sister, Sylvia, in loneliness. Sylvia subsequently developed a greater love for dolls and hugged them a good deal more than her sisters. As time has gone on, the Sandra-Shirley axis has gradually disintegrated, and Sylvia has been more completely accepted.

On the other hand, Dale, the odd one among the Bremer triplets, never seems to have been a victim of the exclusion technique, although he is definitely the individualist, doing better at most things. He and the identicals, David and Daniel, are manifestly content together and never fight.

This halcyon existence left them unprepared when a neighborhood bully fell into the habit of beating up one or another of them. All would run home screaming. Their father was embarrassed by this timidity and informed them it was sometimes necessary to fight for one's rights. The next day, when the big boy pitched into one of them again, he got the surprise of his young life. All three pounced on him, and he found himself getting three blows for every one he delivered. Proud of their teamwork, the Bremer boys soon were repeating the three-on-one technique with any lad that crossed them. The eventual absence of any takers restored neighborhood tranquillity.

The eagerness of triplets to do for one another both amazes and gratifies their hard-pressed parents. At an unusually early age, the boys learn to tie one another's shoelaces, and the girls to button one another up. Their resourcefulness, mutual self-help and self-amusement reach a point where they seek scarcely any parental attention at all.

By all odds, the unhappiest member of a family containing triplets is the older sister or brother. Margaret Bremer, for example, was three when her baby brothers arrived and preempted all her mother's time and all the visitors' pleasant prattle. The little girl begged her mother to take the three babies back to the hospital.

Larry McClellan suffered just as acutely when Cheryl *et al.* came home. After visitors would remark how sweet and darling the triplets were, he would go to his mother and ask, "Do you think I am sweet too? Do you like me too?" Larry, now going on nine, was able to rise above his wallflower status in highly useful fashion. At three and a half, he was not only the first person in the family who could easily distinguish the three babies from one another, but in another year or two he was behaving as big brother and protector, helping them dress and heaping attention on them. He even gets breakfast for them. In fact, since he was five, he has fixed his own breakfast of cereal and cream and departed for school without bothering his mother. He seems to have recognized that she has a full day without him.

Amazing coincidences of thoughts and actions which so often bemuse students of twin behavior are just as numerous among triplets, although the Fels study has produced nothing so spectacular as the story of the identical twins who sat on opposite sides of the classroom and wrote practically identical answers in a Latin examination. Suspecting them of cheating, the teacher took them to the principal, who ordered that a new test be given, but in separate rooms. Again they tackled their Vergil in almost identical words and grammar and even made the same mistakes.

Some scientists will concede that this may be an example of true telepathy, but others point to investigations showing that the brain waves of identical twins, as recorded in electroencephalograms, are virtually the same. Thus, coincident behavior could be explained on the basis that the twins' brains and nervous systems are near duplicates and, having been closely associated in experience, respond the same. The results are fascinating to the observer, in any event. In the laboratory playroom, for instance, the McClellan tots show no need to talk to know what the others want. One may get up from the floor as if distracted, and another will pick up a doll, walk over and hand it to her. Satisfied, all go back to their play.

Everybody, including teachers who tend to give them the same grades, are apt to treat twins, triplets or quadruplets as standard, interchangeable parts, when they are not. Indeed, the triplets often are annoyed that the world insists on confusing their identity when it is so obvious to them that they are different from one another. In retaliation, they often deliberately deceive people.

The Bremer boys began doing this at the age of six, when the teacher sent them all out to the cloakroom and asked that they come in one at a time to see if the class could identify each. Instead, one came in three times, unrecognized as the same boy. The Kramers did practically the same thing in their teens when a new girl came to town. One of them, she thought, took her to a movie. Actually, one took her in, a second sat with her and the third escorted her home.

Corrected list for

Can You Spell Down Our Authors?

Page 72

3. apocryphal
4. aqueduct
5. bellies
6. Buenos Aires
7. carrousel, carousel
10. concurrence
11. circumstances
13. discomfited
14. Donnybrook
16. fiery
26. Pakistanian
27. perspiration
28. princeling
30. rococo
31. ruckus
33. satellite
34. seizure
35. spaghetti

Nevertheless, the Kramers prove that even identicals are not so alike as three peas in a pod. They are the product of one egg cell which divided into halves, with one half dividing again, and hence they are true identicals. Furthermore, Mrs. Kramer made a conscious effort to treat them precisely alike.

Still, as friends note, Henry is different from Fred and John. Starting with his baby-food formula, Henry presented more health problems, and the others got in the habit of looking out for him. He was well behind them in height, weight and agility as a small boy, and still is slightly shorter and lighter, although well built and muscular now. Not good at sports and slower in learning to dance, Henry was more apt to be the idea man and planner. As the men of action, his brothers carried out his wishes willingly enough. He also has been the comic of the trio, getting the laughs while the two others acted as straight men.

In the matter of high-school dating, they had only one car among them, but there was rarely any conflict over it. The first boy to get his date was entitled to make the plans for what all three would do with their girls that night, and they almost always went out together. If there was any further question of program, a vote would decide it.

Their strong attachment to one another was clearly evident in their restlessness when separated. If one stayed home sick and the others went to school, they always telephoned during the day to find out how he was. During their one year in the University of Dayton, Henry moped a good deal because he took business administration and Fred and John took engineering, placing them on different schedules.

Kramer, a building contractor, and his wife did their best to impress on the boys that they were individuals and would each have to live his own life eventually, but they found it an uphill battle. Indeed, it took a war to bring about the triplets' first real separation. Despite its regulation specifying that all members of a family shall not be placed in the same unit, it appeared for some time that the Army would not separate them. The Kramer boys were drafted together in December, 1950, and then trained and shipped together. Discovering that they were about to go overseas on the same boat, they called home from Seattle last April thirtieth and complained that the Army was breaking its rule.

Their father called Congressman Edward Breen, of Dayton, now retired, and together they engaged a colonel in Seattle in a three-cornered long-distance call in an effort to get one or another of the boys off that boat. The colonel made the old Army try and failed. Mr. Kramer then sat down and wrote the following letter to President Truman:

Dear Mr. President: Our triplet sons, only children of myself, Fred J. Kramer, and Frances, my wife, were shipped out . . . Monday, April 30th, for possibly Japan and Korea replacements and to possible death. . . .

Is it not possible for one of these brothers to be stationed in this country to help maintain his brothers in the field or send each one to a different area in the world and not in the same danger area?

We appeal to you, Mr. President, as a father, to immediately intercede with the proper Army authorities . . . so that our entire family will not be in danger. . . .

The father closed his letter with his sons' names and serial numbers. The Kramers received no direct reply from the President, but presently a letter from the Department of the Army informed them that if the three men were ever in the same unit, they should complain to their commanding officer and a transfer would be arranged, and it was hoped "this letter will satisfy your anxiety." Mrs. Kramer wept. The letter seemed so cold-blooded to her.

Meanwhile, however, Congressman Breen had been busy in behalf of his triplet constituents. After a certain amount of confusion, Fred and Henry were assigned to different infantry units and John to a supply depot—all, however, in Korea.

The burst of correspondence which followed, as each endeavored to keep in touch with the others, was enough to break the morale of an Army mail clerk. In any given mail call, a Kramer was good for anywhere from eight to thirteen letters, and at one time Fred had an accumulation of fifty. Mother and father expedited matters by writing all their letters in triplicate.

Better than any amount of scientific testing, the triplets' letters to one another and to their mother and father reveal the strength of their ties. In one letter home bristling with P.S.'s, John noted: "P.S.: This is one of the happiest days of my life." That was on July second, and he had just received a letter from Fred and another from Henry, both near the front lines, telling how Henry had taken a chance the day before, a Sunday, and hiked ten miles to Fred's regimental headquarters. By luck, one triplet found the other practicing on a .30-caliber machine-gun range.

As Henry wrote afterward: "Boy, was he surprised to see me. His eyes looked like two full moons. He got out of parade and got a car to take me back to the company. We went to church together. Talked about home and what has happened since we left."

Much had, and more was to come. On July thirtieth, Fred was seriously wounded in his right arm. By odd circumstance, he is the only one of the triplets who is left-handed. After he had made an unsuccessful effort to phone John, stationed twenty-three miles away, Fred was flown from an evacuation hospital to a general hospital in Japan. While there, he received a letter from Henry reporting the latter's promotion to corporal, one rank above his Pfc. brothers.

Wrote Henry, in the warm, full manner in which the triplets express themselves to one another: "Well, Fred, I really don't know much more, except I miss you so and love you so. May God bless and keep you safe. Can you read my printing any better? Please let me know. Well, I'll just have to get that beer ration—six cans tonight."

In October, Fred was flown back to the United States for operations to restore the use of his hand and wrist. The Army transferred him to the Percy Jones General Hospital, in Battle Creek, Michigan, to put him as close to home as possible. There, as a true identical, he finds that his thoughts and prayers are still with John and Henry, who somehow are closer to him than brothers.

As he once wrote John: "You have such a way of telling me how you feel, and I feel the same for you. . . . I love you, my dear brother, and am praying for the day we can all get together once again. What a day that will be and how I long for it! May God bless you and keep you safe. I am with you even if we are miles apart in distance, but not in body and soul." THE END

THE CHARGE OF THE JUNGLE BATTALION

(Continued from Page 15)

on Jesse, keeping him off balance, and he said again, "Wait." Not loud or nasty, but like it was important too.

Then the face peeked up again, and I like to died in my tracks. A pair of mean little eyes in a kind of baboon-looking face with sort of black mutton-chop whiskers streaked with gray fanned out to the sides and an ornery grin that showed nasty-looking fangs. To be honest, I don't know what it was. Too little for a baboon and too big for a monkey, and mostly it looked like a nightmare.

"Well," said Jesse, "I be damn'." He swung up the carbine, and Luther grabbed it again.

"Don't shoot him." Still like it was important. "Don't shoot him."

It was a funny thing. The ape didn't run. He just squatted there, watching. And Luther walked right toward him.

I never saw anything like it. Luther walked right up to him, and the critter sort of pushed the grass back with his hands and waited. Luther stopped maybe ten feet short of the critter, and squatted down. The ape wasn't so big, but he looked like he could give a man a bad time at close quarters. I wouldn't have messed with him.

But it was a funny thing. Luther never did anything. He squatted there and looked at the critter, and the ape sat there and looked at Luther. And then the ape rocked forward onto his knuckled hands, and I heard Jesse suck in wind as he leveled the carbine again. But the critter just swung himself around like an acrobat on his hands and was gone, back into the grass.

Luther got up and came back, with a sort of a half-smile on that smooth, dreamy, dumb-looking face of his.

Jesse let the carbine down, and he looked at me kind of helpless, over at Luther and back to me again. "I be damn'," he said again. "Where do you suppose that thing came from?"

Luther looked at Jesse with that dreamy little smile and jerked his head back in the direction of the opening, where not even a ripple showed in the grass now, and said, "He lives back yonder. Up in the cliffs."

Jesse looked, and I looked. There wasn't no cliffs that we could see. Just jungle. Lots of jungle.

"How do you know?" said Jesse. He swallowed twice.

"Why, he ——" said Luther. Then that dumb face of his stopped looking dreamy and got confused. "Why, I—just know, that's all," he said. He looked away from Jesse and went back to where he'd dropped his shovel, and that's the last we got out of him on that one.

I guess you'd say Luther was a loner. Not the sulking kind, not like he had a mad on at the world, like some, or anything like that. He just didn't seem to need company. Easy enough to get along with, too, though most of the boys had him figured for a little simple, and he did his work as long as it wasn't running a machine. He turned out to be a pretty fair sore-thumb carpenter, and though I don't think he scaled much over a hundred and sixty, he could pick up his end of an eight by ten and take it away.

But it was that day-dreaming way of his that got me. He had a low, soft voice, sort of down-yonder; I pegged him for Alabama or maybe Georgia who'd been away from home some, but he never said. Never said much of anything, as a matter of fact. I saw him every day for two years, and I never knew what his home town was.

He had some odd tricks, all right. He could pick a bee on the wing right out of the air with one hand—I've seen him do it. Just reach out and gather it in as easy as I'd pick up a pebble.

He never got stung, either. I wish I had a dollar for every time I saw him do it. Saw him with three in one handful one time; and some of them jungle bees were as big as hummingbirds. He had 'em loose in his hand, and he bent his head down as he eased his fingers open, and it looked like he was blowing on them soft and easy.

I went over to see what gave, and he looked at me and gave me one of his slow grins. "Look at 'em, chief," he said.

I looked. They just looked like bees to me—or maybe hornets or yellow jackets. I don't know anything about bugs except I can live without them.

"Look at the way those wings is veined," he said in that soft slow voice of his. "Ever see anything prettier in your life?"

I had. I had seen a cold glass of beer once. It had just come out of the cold pipes into a tall thin glass, and a little fog came on the glass and the bubbles crept up inside. It had been quite a while, but I had seen it, and I remembered it distinctly. Right then I'd have traded straight across, the whole blasted island, Luther, and his bugs thrown in for free. I'd seen plenty things prettier than those bugs.

So I said like a chief's supposed to say, "When you get around to it, Mr. Stillcum, would you mind fillin' in that rock hole in the grade there? I'm sure the truck jockeys would appreciate it. I would appreciate it. The Navy would appreciate it. When you get around to it."

It went clear over his head. He just said in an ordinary voice, "Sure," and lifted his hand, palm up. The bees walked around on his hand like they had been there all their lives, and then they started buzzing and flew off.

Luther got his shovel and started filling the hole with long easy tossing motions, and I went away. It didn't seem to hurt his feelings. Many a time after that he'd show me some bug he'd picked up. Once it was a thing like a little crooked stick, only it had legs and was alive. I'd probably walked past a hundred of 'em and never seen 'em. But he did, and he'd pick 'em up and look at 'em like he was studying 'em, and then he'd let 'em go. And nothing ever bit him or stung him. Some of them jungle bugs would put a welt on you the size of a baseball, but none of 'em ever bothered him, even when he picked 'em up in his bare hands. It sure takes all kinds.

It wasn't just bugs. He'd have made a hawk look near-sighted. If anything walked or crawled or wiggled, he spotted it. Once it was one of them four-foot tree-climbing lizards. I know the books say there ain't any on that island, but I saw one. Luther pointed it out to me.

I remember it because there was a jaygee on one of the ships who was a bug collector, and he came ashore with a net and a case of bottles and such junk, and he came along on the job just in time to see Luther pluck a big moth or butterfly, or some such, out of the air.

"Hey," said the jaygee, "let me have a look at that."

"Sure," said Luther. He held out his hand, flat, and that blamed bug just sat there, batting its wings slow and quiet.

"Well, I'm a sonovagun," said the jaygee, peering real close. Then he reached out with thumb and forefinger and nipped up the butterfly without touching its wings. He popped it into a wide-mouthed bottle, and clapped the lid back on. The bug fluttered awhile, and then its wings whipped once and stopped. Luther just stood there staring.

Then he looked at the jaygee and said real quiet, "What did you do that for?"

The jaygee said, "Man, that's a rare one. He goes in my collection." Then he got generous, and said, "I'll pay you for him, if that's what's bothering you, sailor."

Luther just stood there, looking like he wanted to spit on the jaygee's nice shiny regulation shoes, but he'd been around long enough to know better than that. Finally he just turned and walked away without saying a word.

The jaygee heard about the lizard later, and came and wanted Luther to help him find one. Luther wouldn't do it. Still mad about that bug, I guess.

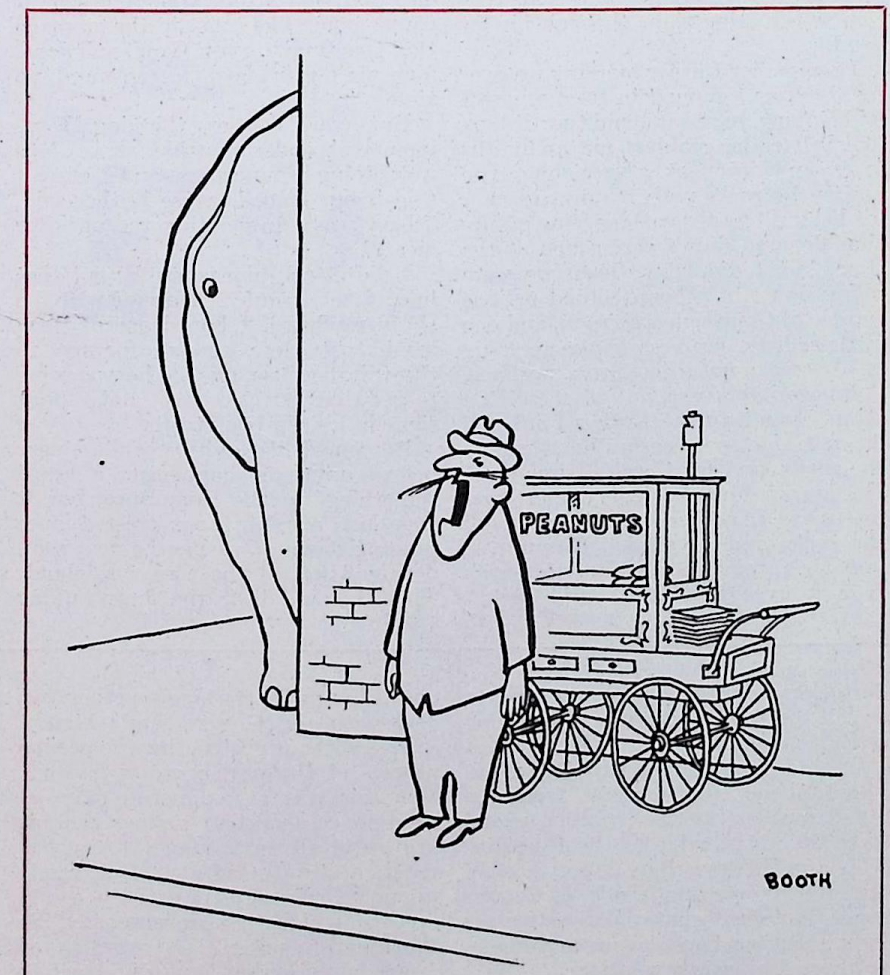
Another time it was a croc. We throwed a bridge across this river, or big creek, maybe, half mud and rotted jungle stuff and stink, and I came along to see Luther hunkered down on the bank, watching. The croc laid out in the water, not six feet from him, just his eyes and nostrils and a little of his backbone showing. I wasn't exactly stamping my feet, but Luther must have heard me, because he said without turning around, "Take it easy, chief."

Then he flipped a little chunk of mud out with his thumb, and the croc chopped at it with jaws as long as my arm, it looked like, and then it just slid down in the water and was gone. My Tennessean shot it a couple days later and skinned it out, but the jungle rot got it before he could get it dressed right. And then him and Luther didn't talk to each other for a while.

I remember Jesse Lee told me one time, "You know, that Luther reminds me of an old Umatilla medicine man I knew once, back in Oregon. He was pretty old—could remember killing buffalo with a bow and arrow, and he had a funny kind of religion, I guess you'd call it. Guess it's about the same all the Injuns had. Like everything was brothers. You know, the deer and the jackrabbits and the coyotes—and the wind and the grass and I don't know what the hell else. Sounds kind of silly, but that's the way the old Injun said it."

And I guess that's the way it was with Luther Stillcum. He had a—what's the word I want—he had a sort of affinity, I guess you'd say. I've seen men that had it that way with horses or dogs—they could go up to the snortin'est stallion or the meanest dog, and just say hello, and the brute would calm right down. Only it wasn't just dogs or horses with Luther. I don't know whether or not he could even write his own name, but he was the kind of guy you couldn't sneak up to, even fast asleep, without him knowing. I never had any idea that someday that might mean something pretty important to me, but then there's a lot of things we don't know about, unless maybe you're one like Luther.

We finally took the bench and got the airstrip going. No way to clean out all them Japs without shaking down every bush on the island, but there wasn't enough left to make much difference, and one day the Forts came in and touched down on our new strip, and the Army and the Marines went away, except for a couple of companies left for perimeter guard, and the war



"Peanuts—fresh, hot roasted peanuts!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

sort of moved off and left us for a while, and we had a chance to ease off a little.

The Seabees never won the war, but there wasn't nobody held up on account of us, neither. We'd done our job, and we eased off, that's all. There was no place to go on liberty, and they didn't have the ships lined up to take us where we were going next, so the boys killed time in their own way.

The machinists got some steel and made up a batch of Samurai swords to sell to the next batch of recruits, and some of 'em made ash trays and lamp bases out of old shell casings, and some went down our nice new two-lane boulevard to the beach and picked seashells and polished them, and stuff like that. Luther Stillcum wound up as captain of the head, naturally, and when he wasn't hosing the place out or cleaning the showers, he'd just wander out in the jungle.

I don't know what he did out there, but some of the boys who saw him said he just sat someplace, with that simple look on his face like he was listening for something.

Then one day he came by my tent and said sort of shy-like, "Chief, how'd you like to go visit the monkeys?"

Not "go see the monkeys"—"visit."

I said, "Where are they?"

He looked out past the airstrip kind of vaguely, and said, "Out there. Up in the cliffs."

I didn't know about any cliffs, and none of the gyrenes had ever said anything about any, but he said it like he knew, though I don't know how. But I guess you can go island-happy just as good one way as another, so I finally said, "All right."

I took my carbine, in case we ran into any of those hold-out Japs. I'd had to get tough with Luther about arms. He couldn't or wouldn't take care of a rifle or a carbine, back when we were building the road. He was always laying it down someplace and leaving it. So I'd hung a GI .45 and web belt on him and made him wear it. Far as I know, he'd never unbuttoned the holster flap. I got clearance from the O. D., and we took off.

I'm no babe in the woods. I used to do a lot of hunting, and I can walk without falling over my own feet. But I never saw the day I could drift through the brush like Luther Stillcum. We followed little animal trails through the rank stuff, and sometimes we cut across where we had to hunch down and almost crawl. Half a dozen times he stopped and pointed with his chin, and I saw more stuff that day than I ever did anywhere. Birds and bugs and lizards and stuff, like you never saw. And once, in a little creek pool, jillions of tiny little fish not as big as your little finger, looking like they was hammered out of soft gold and then set up with platinum fins by a jeweler that loved his work. And then finally we came out on a little rise where the jungle petered out and a sort of scab-rock slope went up spang into the foot of a straight up-and-down rock ridge. The cliffs.

I stopped when Luther stopped, and after a while I saw what he saw. The sheer face of the rocks was pocked and pitted with little caves and pockets, and here and there a ledge ran across, slanting up or down, and that's where the monkeys were. I saw maybe thirty or forty, in five minutes, big and little. Old boars with gray in their whiskers and black topknot crests; females and young'uns; and hanged if I still knew what to call 'em. Practically no tails, and they walked hunkered down on all fours like a baboon, but all black with a brownish underlay where the sun hit their hides. I guess you'd call 'em apes. Didn't look like monkeys, really. They had one old big'un out walking post guard—regular old captain of the line with salt-and-pepper sideburns.

Next time I looked, Luther was sauntering across the scab-rock slope, angling sort of toward the center of the cliffs. I heard a lull in the gossipy barking and chattering up in the rocks, and then they started again.

I moved out, too, figuring maybe I could manage to catch one of the little ones for a mascot, or maybe pick one off that I could skin and get one of the boys to tan and stuff.

I never got very far with that thought, though. Because all of a sudden Luther stopped stock still and yelled, "Look out, chief!"

And right behind that came the flat whip-crack that had to be a damned Jap 6.5, and somebody took me across the leg with an eight-pound maul. I spun halfway around and fell flat on my face.

Things got a little mixed up after that. I'd read a thing once that some bright correspondent wrote, about those "little .25 caliber" guns the Japs used. According to him, they weren't much worse than a bee sting. Right then I remember wishing he had that particular bee sting right through his fat head.

I remember Luther looming up over me, high as a mountain from where I laid looking up at him, and then it hurt like hell as he grabbed me under the arms and went at a crouching run across the rocks with me draped over his back. I lost the carbine sling off my shoulder and didn't care much at the time, but I did later. Then we were piling down in a heap behind a little jumble of tipped-up scab rock, and one of those little Jap bees went screaming off the rocks not a foot from my face.

I began to come out of it a little then, enough to see Luther hunkered down beside me, peering out through the rocks, and for the first time since I'd known him, he looked alert and interested. Another bullet howled off the rocks and I yelled, "Dammit, if you ain't goin' to use that side-arm, pass it over here!" He still hadn't even undone the holster flap on the .45.

He looked at me sort of dumb, and then he fumbled around and got the thing out and handed it to me, and nothing ever felt better than that big checkered butt filling my fist.

The slide worked as stiff as a bear trap, and there was a gob of dried-up cosmoline still stuck to the recoil-spring housing, but I hoped the barrel was clean. I didn't have time to look. I squirmed around and got my fist out with a rest against a slab rock, and poured three fast ones down where I saw a flash of movement. I think I helped that one get sick, 'cause he squealed pretty loud and I didn't hear any more from him.

But there were others, because they kept shooting.

I said, as much to myself as anything, "Wonder how many of 'em there is out there."

Luther said, "Four." I didn't take time to ask him where he got his information. I got off a couple more shots, but couldn't see I'd hit anything.

Luther said suddenly, "There's one comin' up on the side, there."

I swiveled around on my belly and blamed near passed out when I twisted that leg, and when I saw a round helmet dome I squeezed off two more—and then the slide stayed open on an empty clip. I kicked the clip out and reached back.

"Another clip," I said.

Then Luther said in that quiet, wondering voice of his, "There ain't no more clips."

And I said, "Now ain't that just dandy." I remember I was a little surprised at the sound of my own voice, just like I was passing the time of day. Then I didn't feel a bit calm or casual about it, because it suddenly came to me that we didn't have a lot of time left.

It's a funny feeling, and I don't mean laughing funny. It's always somebody else that gets it, not you. And then it comes home like a fist in the stomach that this time it's you. You're all done. You ain't goin' no place no more, no time.

But you keep on thinking. I remember wondering what those Japs were doing around here, and I guess I said it out loud, because Luther said, "They've been shooting the apes for meat."

I didn't ask him where he got that info, either. I squirmed around with the .45 in my hand. I hoped one of them would get close enough for me to throw it, because if he did he was going to get that fistful of steel and walnut right in his big buck teeth.

It seemed like quite a while longer before anything happened. I heard something up the slope once, but it was just one of those crested apes peeking down at us like he was wondering what all the fuss was about. Then I could hear the Japs talking down below, and then Luther came up into a sort of a crouch. He had about as much armament as I did—a rock in each fist. "They're coming," he said.

This is the part I've never told anybody. We heard them coming, just below our rocks, and I thought, *Well, let's get it over with.* I got one knee under me and came up and let fly with the .45. I heard it clang off a helmet. Luther was right up alongside me, and he yelled at the top of his voice and whipped his two stones down there like old Diz dusting off a tough one. And right then, so help me, the hill just came alive with topknotted apes.

Twenty—fifty—a hundred—I don't know. The slope swarmed with them. They barked; big deep-chested coughing roars, and they whipped rocks away with their skinny hairy arms till they sang like bullets.

I've told myself a hundred times since that it was just the old "monkey see, monkey do." I've told myself that, but I don't really believe it. Because they came bounding down to us, and as they came up even, Luther jumped up and charged out with them, and every last one of them was heaving rocks. I saw one big one, maybe that same one I'd seen up on the sentinel rock, heave a stone as big as a baseball so hard I could hardly track it—and then my leg gave out under me and I went down again with every signal rocket in the Navy going off in my head at once.

I guess that's about all. Next thing I knew, Luther had me on his back and was packing me in; and a good trick, that, with me outweighing him by fifty pounds. But he did it. And no Japs tried to stop us.

I never told it before, not to the doc or the corpsmen or anybody. I wasn't about ready to take a psycho discharge yet.

But Jesse gave it to me straight. He was out there, and he got some souvenirs off the bodies. And he said there was one dead with bullets in him, and two with not a bullet mark on 'em, and tracks where one had broke and run. He tossed something on my bed, too, and said, "Look at what them Japs had been eatin'."

It took a little while to figure out what it was; an arm of a young ape that had been roasted over a fire. Luther saw it when he came to see me later and took it out and buried it.

So I've never told it until now. Like I said, it was in the paper, about this roustabout that went into a burning tent and got most of the animals loose to escape the flames. He didn't make it himself. I like to think those dumb brutes knew what he did for them. Somehow, I like to think they did.

Because I'll never forget the sight of that lanky black man charging down the hill into those Jap rifles with his rabble of rock-hurling apes at his flanks.

He had—what would you call it—affinity? With him, we were all brothers.

ARE TOP SECRETS DEMORALIZING WASHINGTON?

(Continued from Page 22)

the White House, the Pentagon and Republican and Democratic investigators. His most disconcerting moment, he told me, came at a cocktail party during the hearings when an effusive lady exclaimed to him, "What a wonderful opportunity you are having to see all the top secrets you are cutting out!"

The admiral estimates that he eliminated about twenty items from the stenographic transcripts which would have been invaluable to the Russians. This totaled less than 2 per cent of the testimony, and much of it was repetition, since senatorial investigators kept referring back, again and again, to these dramatic revelations.

Here, then, was striking proof that responsible American leaders in and out of Congress, working together, can deal with the Government's highest secrets without obstructing the normal process of the parliamentary system. But this was accomplished only by genuine co-operation among ranking leaders in all sections of the Government, a state of affairs which rarely prevails. Ordinarily, the security-loyalty system which has mushroomed in Washington since 1945 operates on much lower levels. It is divided into two separate but overlapping programs—security and loyalty—and affects all of the 2,500,000 Federal employees, as well as the military.

The technical picture of the security system is outlined in the manuals now prepared for all Government departments and agencies. These manuals contain the intricate network of laws, departmental regulations and presidential directives which have multiplied so rapidly that the Government hires hundreds of so-called security officers to keep them straightened out. Until a few weeks ago the security system was confined to twelve so-called

"sensitive" agencies—Defense, State, Justice, and so on—but President Truman then issued a controversial order extending the system to all departments and agencies. The American Society of Newspaper Editors attacked this presidential order as a dangerous threat to freedom of information. But the President insisted that, because the cold war is getting hotter, the whole machinery of Government has become "sensitive"—and the need for secrecy greater. The newspaper editors remain unconvinced.

I have found, however, that most Washington observers agree that the chief concern of the security system is, and should be, the supersecrets. One explanation for Mr. Truman's alarm after reading the Yale survey may be that he failed to understand the distinction between supersecrets and lesser secrets. Certainly the supersecrets are less than 5 per cent of the Government's classified information, and many responsible officials concede that the other 95 per cent would not be of vital importance to a potential enemy. By definition, the great bulk of lesser secrets—if revealed—would not endanger the national security.

The real test of the security system is how well it protects supersecrets, and for this purpose a number of special categories have been devised. The catchy phrase "top secret," which has captured the public imagination, is the title of one of these categories. Top secrets have got so much publicity since the war that even some Washington officials assured me that we have had them for generations. But they were mistaken. An officer working for the Joint Chiefs of Staff finally produced evidence for me showing that our first top secrets are dated "March, 1944."

The British are responsible for this formidable American category. During the war, when we began to plan joint operations with the British, we discovered that they had four categories of official secrets while we had only three. Both governments used the three categories of "secret," "confidential" and "restricted," but above these the British marked some documents "most secret." Our people thought that sounded too British for us, and an anonymous American came up with the suggestion that our supersecrets should be labeled "top secrets."

Civilian agencies which handle secret information followed the military example by adopting this new category. The State Department's manual defines a top secret as "material which, if disclosed without authorization, would cause exceptionally grave damage to the nation, such as a definite break in diplomatic relations, a war, or any other comparatively grave consequence."

The Army manual lists, as examples of top secrets, war plans of future or special operations; very important political documents dealing with such matters as negotiations for alliances; and critical information of new and important munitions of war.

All the manuals warn that very few documents belong in this top-secret category, because they require elaborate and costly devices to protect them. For this reason, the right to label any document "top secret" is confined to the highest official ranks, and top secrets frequently are reviewed to see whether they can be put in a lower category. They can be transmitted only in code or by couriers who have passed severe tests for loyalty and reticence; and a careful record is kept of every person who sees them, and for what reasons.

Moreover, no Government officials have access to top secrets except those who have received a special top-secret clearance, which means a thorough check-up by several investigative agencies. This clearance implies that no shadow of doubt remains about a man's past life and associations, his family, his character and habits. For example, anybody who drinks too much, even occasionally, and talks about his work to outsiders, is not supposed to get this clearance.

I asked several officials with access to this very hush-hush material to venture a rough guess about the number of top secrets, whether they can be counted in dozens or hundreds or thousands. They replied that even a rough guess is impossible because every official is shown only those top secrets which directly concern his work. This is called the security principle of compartmentalization—designed to prevent anybody from looking at top secrets indiscriminately.

But it is my own guess that there are at least 1000 top secrets, and probably more. That guess is based upon the fact that the atomic age, plus the bewildering multiplication of American involvements throughout the world, has bred new secrets at an unprecedented rate. For example, when the Atomic Energy Commission was created, Congress placed atomic secrets above all the categories then existing, and imposed additional safeguards to protect them.

Atomic secrets, by the terms of the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, are placed in a new category called "restricted data," divided into two types. The most important secrets are labeled Type A, which means that they are available only to persons who have been especially investigated and cleared to handle such material. The act also provides that no person shall be given more information about atomic research than is necessary for his particular job.

The most formidable of all the secret categories is one which has received little publicity. The topmost of all top secrets are labeled "Eyes only," which means that nobody can copy or make notes from documents thus labeled, and must read them in the presence of the responsible security officer. This supersecret category is attributed, rightly or wrongly, to the late Harry Hopkins; it was first used in the White House during the war. The secret agreements made at the Yalta Conference were thus labeled.

As far as top secrets are concerned, it is evident that they are protected by elaborate precautions. The only persons with regular access to them are senior officials with unspotted records who have been cleared by several investigative agencies. But there is one group of Americans who can see top secrets without special clearances, and that is members of Congress. Undoubtedly congressmen cause more worry to security officers than all other groups combined.

All congressmen are properly privileged to request secret information needed to perform their duties, and all such requests are referred directly to the heads of departments concerned. But it is known, from unhappy past experience, that a few members of Congress are such notoriously loose talkers that the FBI would never give them a top-secret clearance. They have been responsible for "leaks" of official secrets which would have brought court-martial or dishonorable discharge to men in the Army or civil service.

What does a department head do when a senator or representative believed to be a bad security risk asks for top secrets? If he gives the requested information, a leak is possible. If he refuses it, he may antagonize a member of the body which controls departmental appropriations. In practice, most departmental chiefs give congressmen whatever information they ask for, emphasizing the importance of keeping the material secret. If a leak occurs then, only Congress itself can deal with the offender; and this is such a delicate matter that most legislators shy away from it.

However, nobody has even hinted that there are traitors in Congress, and it is traitors with whom the security-loyalty program is now chiefly concerned. The shocking disclosure that Soviet agents were able to penetrate the inner ring of atomic secrets uncovered gaps in the security system which have since been plugged. By sharp reduction of the number of persons with access to supersecrets, the risks of disloyalty among these few have been correspondingly diminished.

An illustration is the case of two British Foreign Office employees who vanished almost without a trace, presumably into Russia. One syndicated columnist printed the sensational statement that these two Britons knew how many atom bombs the United States possesses, and had been shown so many other top secrets that both the British and American governments flew couriers to all parts of the world to change their codes.

Fortunately, the tightened security system was able to prevent such a disaster. The two Britons had been given no detailed information about atomic production, because their work did not require it. Their only connection with the atomic program was the diplomatic arrangements which they helped to make for exchange of information among the United States, Great Britain and Canada. As for changing codes, the columnist apparently did not know that coding and decoding has recently become almost entirely a mechanical process, performed by machines. Even if our Government had considered it necessary to change its codes after the Britons disappeared—which it didn't—the change could have been made without flying couriers anywhere.

Sensational reporting of this type makes lively reading, but it also creates confusion by ignoring the separate handling of supersecrets and lesser secrets. As Mr. Truman revealed at his October press conference, this confusion can extend even to the President of the United States—the one man in Washington who has the right to see any and all top secrets at any time. If the President had been able to spare the time to walk into any Government department and glance through the lesser secrets, he might not have been so much disturbed by the allegation that 95 per cent of classified information has been published. He would have seen that the mumbo-jumbo which surrounds these lesser secrets often can be described as just plain silly.

The two lowest security categories, "confidential" and "restricted," contain little which would be worth much to an enemy. Their chief legitimate purpose is to protect individuals from needless publicity, and to permit the Government to receive forthright reports from its representatives, including private conversations. But incom-

"When I agreed to see you home, Doris, I didn't realize your father was a Justice of the Peace."

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petent security officers, more numerous in the lower ranks, frequently play safe by marking almost everything "restricted."

Here is an example from my own recent experience. When I was in Paris last year, the American Embassy there gave me permission to use some material in an article for The Saturday Evening Post which was about as secret as a front-page story in The New York Times. Coming back to Washington, I wanted to confirm some of the figures I had seen in Paris, and went to the State Department to get them. But a minor security officer was horrified to learn that I had seen this restricted material and refused to let me see it again. I finally got the figures by taking a taxi across the city to the British Embassy, where a sensible Englishman I had never met before promptly gave them to me. It is Nervous Nellies of this kind who give the security system a bad name with correspondents and the public.

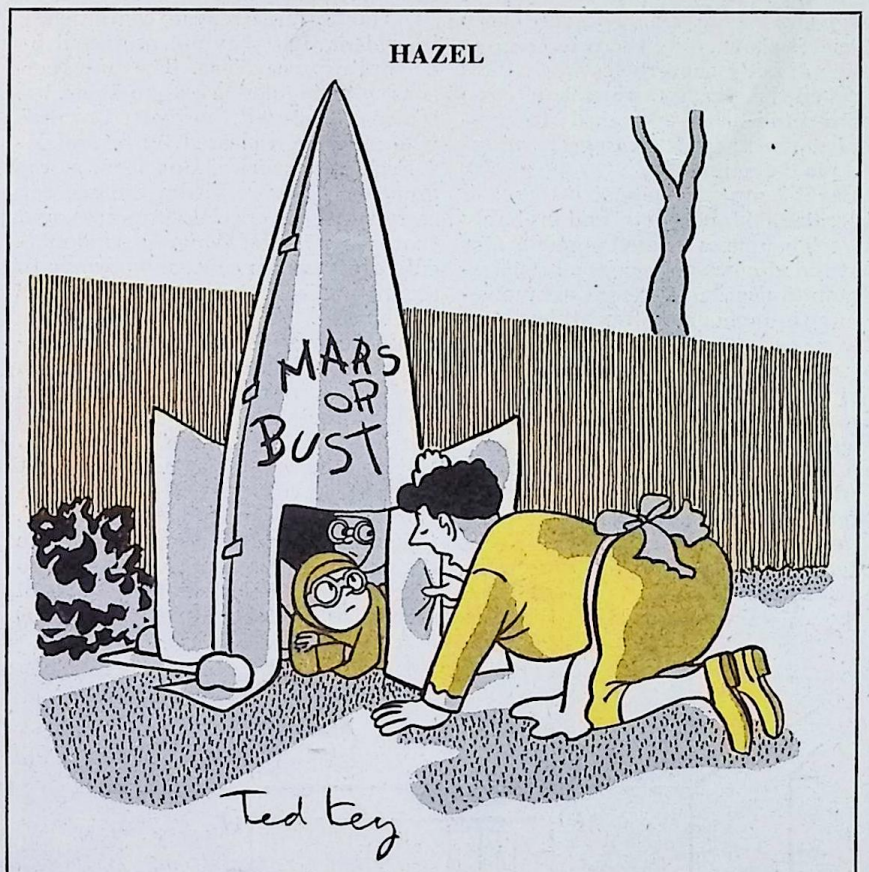
However, it is understandable why the State Department is supersensitive about security nowadays, because it has been the chief target for those politicians and journalists who warn us that concealed communists may still be working high up in the Government. The shadow of Alger Hiss still darkens the State Department; the conviction of this one trusted official naturally suggests that there may be others like him. The Hiss case has played a big part in the present confusion in Washington about the overlapping problems of security and loyalty, a confusion which threatens to do serious damage to American principles of justice.

In theory, the loyalty program initiated in 1947 is independent of the security system. The loyalty program was designed chiefly to clear communists and other potential traitors from the ranks of Federal employees. It serves a real need because it has been proved that unreconstructed communists owe their primary allegiance to Soviet Russia, an avowed enemy of the United States. Communists openly boast of their conspiratorial methods, and if they could place a few party members in Government posts with access to top secrets, they would defeat the whole purpose of our elaborate security system.

That genuine danger has been utilized since early in 1950 by Sen. Joseph McCarthy, of Wisconsin, in his nonstop campaign against communists in Government. The senator has got so much publicity from his supporters and hostile critics alike that by this time casual newspaper readers may believe that he created our loyalty program almost singlehanded. But I have been unable to find one item, good or bad, contributed by Senator McCarthy to the loyalty program—a program which existed before he got interested. What he has done is to turn the spotlight upon serious flaws in that program for which the Administration itself is responsible.

Some leaders in the Truman Administration admitted privately to me that they were extremely slow to recognize the danger of concealed communists in Government posts. The President and some of his associates made the political blunder of pooh-poohing this danger before they had seriously studied the matter. Then, realizing their mistake, they rushed through an ill-considered loyalty program, more or less in a panic. The original program has since been repeatedly modified to redouble the precautions against communists getting access to our top secrets.

So far, so good. But the Government has paid an enormous price for its loyalty precautions. In the first place, it has multiplied investigative agencies until thousands of Americans are at work duplicating investigations which one first-rate agency could do much better. These duplicated investigations hamper the work of Government departments and harass and embarrass everybody who holds or takes a Federal job. In the second place, the loyalty setup has degraded a very large group of Americans—Federal employees—into second-class citizens not entitled to the same brand of justice the rest of us get. That is an extreme statement, but it seems to be justified by the unpublished details of loyalty cases which I have obtained.



"Be back for dinner, I presume."

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These cases involve several members of the State Department's China Service, a group organized in 1924 to specialize in the Chinese language, history and politics. After many years of dangerous and difficult assignments in China during and since the war, the loyalty of these men has been publicly questioned in connection with the communist conquest of China. They have been investigated over and over again and have had hearings before the loyalty-security board of the State Department and the independent Loyalty Review Board. All except one, as this is written, have been exonerated.

But their hearings were closed, and the public has not been informed of the specific charges against them or how those charges were made. I believe the unpublished procedure in these cases is a matter of public interest, and they are described here for the first time.

Almost all the charges were made anonymously; the accused men were not permitted to face their accusers or even to know who they were. Worse than that, the judges in these cases—members of loyalty boards—were in the same position. They, too, didn't know who made that part of the charges submitted by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The FBI does not reveal its informants or pass judgment upon their reliability or good faith.

Most of the anonymous accusations fell roughly into two categories: guilt by association and "dangerous thoughts." These officials were accused of associating many years ago in China with known communists and alleged sympathizers. The list of "doubtful associations" attached to the charges included the names of well-known American professors in leading universities. Anonymous informers alleged that in the distant past these men had shown signs of being "pink" and "procommunist"; those adjectives were used without defining them.

The charges against these men were based wholly upon their work in China, where their chief function was to supply facts to the Government about what was actually happening there. They admitted associating with all kinds of people, as good reporters do, in order to get the facts. They admitted learning what they could from Chinese communists, who have been a major factor in China since 1920. In other words, they behaved exactly as I did when I worked with some of these men as a reporter in China. The reports of these officials, which are on file in the State Department, show that they accurately estimated, well in advance, the relative strength of various Chinese groups. If American policy in China failed, it was not for lack of the facts which were reported by these accused specialists and confirmed by events.

Why, then, were these officials subjected to the painful ordeal of publicity which cast doubt upon their loyalty? Why were hearings considered necessary upon charges which would have been thrown out of court by any American judge? The answer seems to be that the Government's loyalty regulations have lost sight of rights which American citizens have considered inalienable. Alan Barth, an editorial writer for the Washington Post, has summarized this loss of rights as follows: "The presumption of innocence supposed to surround an accused person has been abolished. The doctrine that guilt is personal and cannot be imputed on the basis of mere association does not apply. The right of the accused to confront and cross-examine his accusers is forfeited. The immunity from rearraignment on a charge that has been disproved is abandoned."

The case of one man in the China Service illustrates the last point made by Mr. Barth. This specialist has appeared three times before loyalty boards on the same charges, and each time has been exonerated. But he has no assurance that he will not be called up again at any moment, whenever anonymous informants submit new testimony on the old charges. These men in the China Service were particularly vulnerable because American policy in China got mixed up in domestic politics. But all men handling official secrets are subject to these same regulations.

Fourteen years ago, after I had worked for several years as a reporter in Soviet Russia, I came to the conclusion that extravagant demands for secrecy were one of the worst defects in the Soviet system. They are chiefly responsible for the terrorizing web of political police, arbitrary arrests, hidden government spies and swarms of malicious informers which has entangled the Russian people, and is spreading to all countries dominated by Moscow. This horrible example should serve as a warning to free peoples.

Of course it would be a gross exaggeration to compare Washington's present obsession with secrecy to the evils of the Soviet system. But even in Washington it has been demonstrated that an obsession with secrecy, once it has taken root, can easily get out of hand. It can even mislead the President into making himself look foolish.

We know now that some of our most vital secrets reached Russia because, during and immediately after the war, the security system was full of holes. That was also true in Great Britain and Canada. All three governments devoted a great deal of time and attention to plugging those holes. While admitting that no security system is foolproof or traitorproof, the men responsible for our supersecrets now consider them reasonably safe.

But there are two aspects of the secrecy problem which Washington admittedly has not yet solved. The first is how to sharpen the distinction between supersecrets (less than 5 per cent) and lesser secrets (more than 95 per cent)—how to make quickly available to press and public the great mass of Government information which probably never should have been marked secret, and in any case should not be secret for long. It would be useful if every Federal agency should assign at least one high official to examine all lesser secrets frequently and make sure that timid security officers were not classifying as secret, information which the public could and should receive.

Washington also has signally failed to solve the problem of how to weed out potentially disloyal Americans without sacrificing American principles of justice. The Government has not yet learned how to provide as much security for the loyal Americans who handle our secrets as it has for the supersecrets themselves. THE END